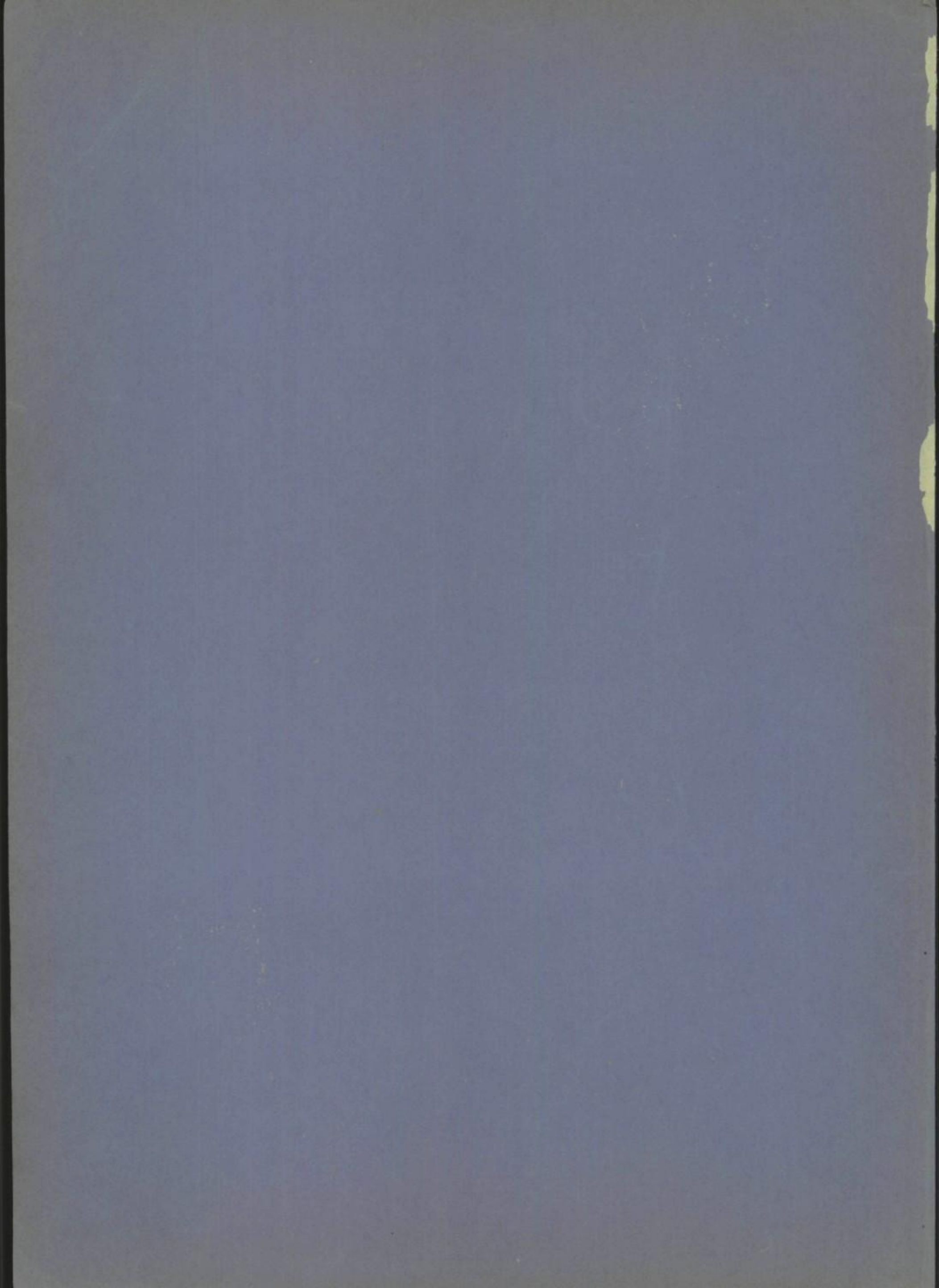


Mary Connelly

Jan. 10, 1931

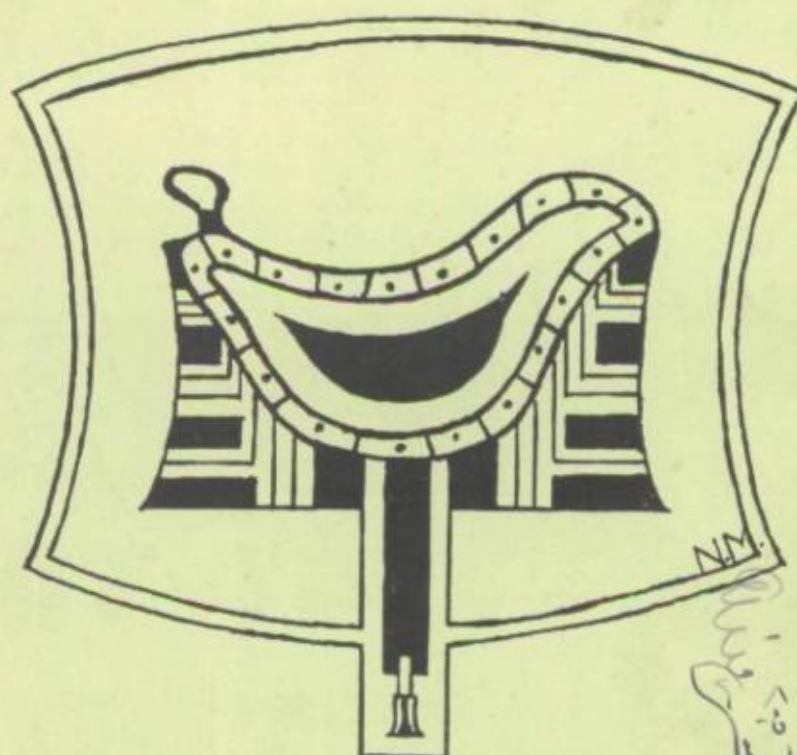
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BWANA

W. D. ...

*Mrs Mabel A. Norman.
Consul*



ROOSEVELT

VOL 7 **1931**



**THIS
VOLUME
DEDICATED
TO THE
AMERICAN
COWBOY**

To a bad little girl from
a bad little boy?

Moore

THE COWBOY'S MEDITATION

At midnight when the
cattle are sleeping
On my saddle I pillow
my head,
And up at the heavens
lie peeping
From out of my cold,
grassy bed,

From a Cowboy Ballad.





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BWANNA

THE TRUE AND THE BEAUTIFUL

A Message from Mr. Hart

THE celebrated English author who used the caption here given as the title of one of his well-known works was undoubtedly influenced or inspired by the teachings and writings of the most cultured and resourceful of ancient peoples, namely the Greeks. For they above all others by example and by precept taught the necessity of the true and the beautiful in literature, art, and life itself. The poet who penned

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

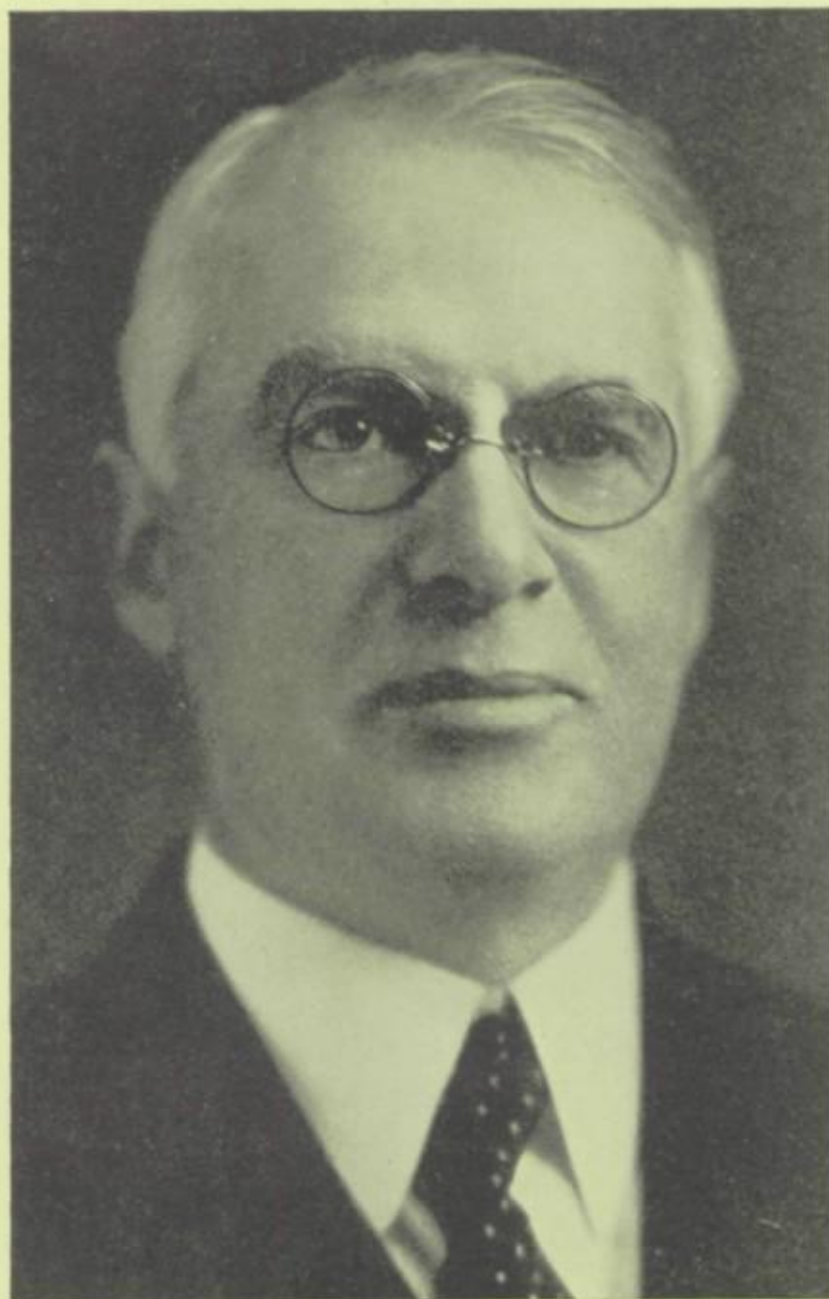
must also have imbibed the spirit of Ancient Hellas. To have an enduring value, all that is really worth while must be true and beautiful in the highest sense.

Let us make the application to our own lives. Do we always seek the true, the beautiful, and the ennobling in all that we think, or say, or do? If such is the case, our thinking will be coherent, logical, and even colorful. Our words, whether spoken or written, will be well-chosen and persuasive, and our actions will ever be appropriate and fitting. Again, courtesy, that graciousness of manner which knows no repentance, consideration for others, and patience will characterize our demeanor. Let us try, then, at all times and in all places to exemplify the true and the beautiful and so accomplish our bit in making this a better and happier world. We should keep before us "the fitting thing." This is art, and true art is ever beautiful.

MAYNARD M. HART



BWANA



MR. MAYNARD M. HART, Principal

BWANA



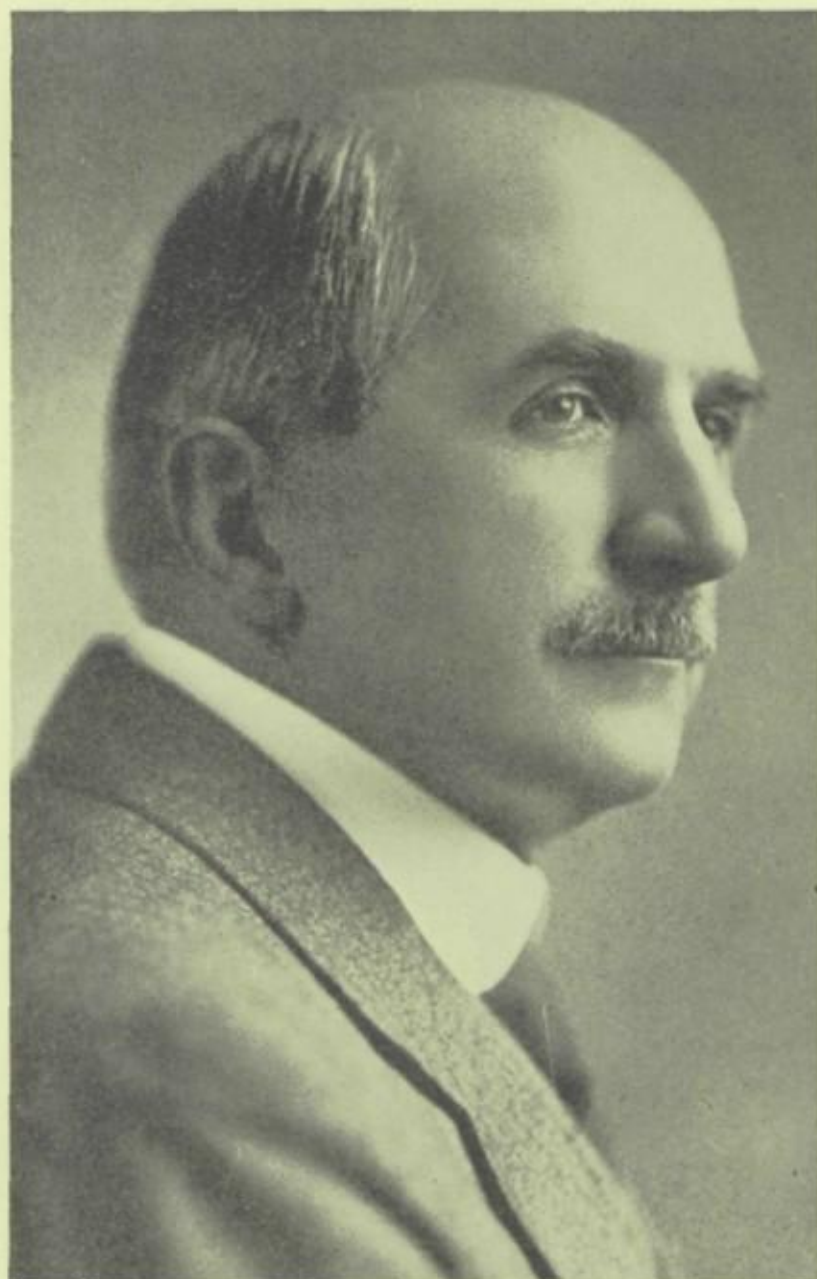
ROBERT MUELLER



LAWRENCE McDOUGALL

Our Roosevelt Mayors

BWANNA



MR. CHARLES AMMERMAN
Assistant Principal

B V A N A S

ROOSEVELT SONG

(Tune: Alma Mater Cornell)

Come and join our song, together
Loud our voices raise
In a song of deep devotion,—
Roosevelt all praise!

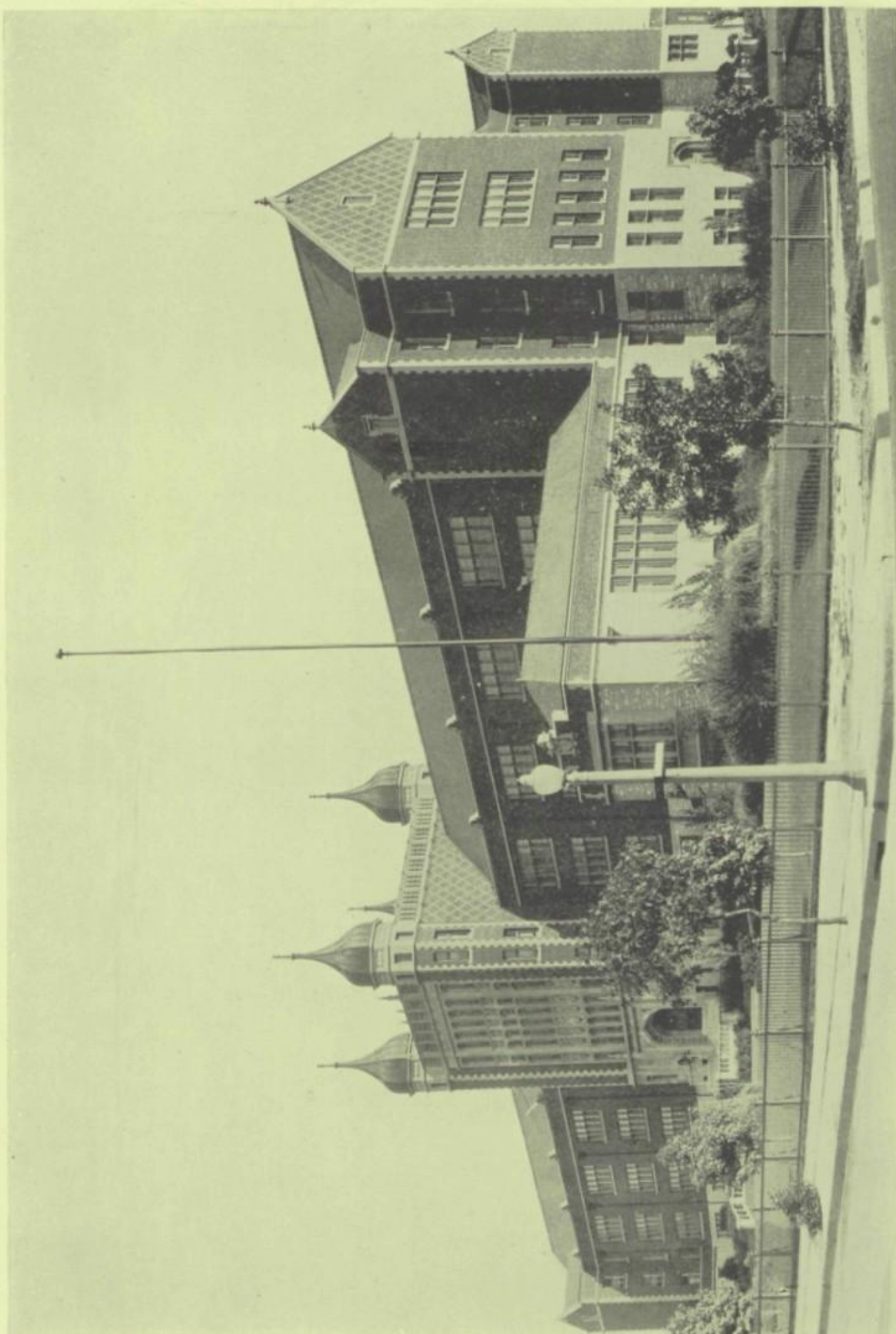
(CHORUS)

School belov'ed, now and ever,
Laud and honor be;
May thy glory be our watchword,—
Hail, all hail, to thee!

Over sun-flecked lawn and campus
Let our chorus swell,
While the echoes from the heavens
All thine honors tell,—Chorus.

Senior old and youthful Junior,
Heart to heart we stand,
By our love for thee united,
Guided by thy hand.—Chorus.

Through the years that span the future
May thy fame resound,
High exalted; ever onward,
With all glory crowned.—Chorus.



ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL

B W A N I A S

THE COWBOY'S DREAM

(Sung to the air of "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean.")

This is a well known cowboy ballad.

*Last night as I lay on the prairie,
And looked at the stars in the sky,
I wondered if ever a cowboy
Would drift to that sweet by and by.*

*Roll on, roll on;
Roll on, little dogies, roll on, roll on,
Roll on, roll on;
Roll on, little dogies, roll on.*

*The road to the bright, happy region
Is a dim, narrow trail, so they say;
But the broad one that leads to perdition
Is posted and blazed all the way.*

*They say there will be a great round-up,
And cowboys, like dogies, will stand,
To be marked by the Riders of Judgment
Who are posted and know every brand.*

*I know there's many a stray cowboy
Who'll be lost at the great, final sale,
When he might have gone in the green pastures
Had he known of the dim, narrow trail.*

*I wonder if ever a cowboy
Stood ready for that Judgment Day,
And could say to the Boss of the Riders,
"I'm ready, come drive me away."
For they, like the cows that are locoed,
Stampede at the sight of a hand,
Are dragged with a rope to the round-up,
Or get marked with some crooked man's brand.*

*And I'm scared that I'll be a stray yearling,—
A maverick, unbranded on high,—
And get cut in the bunch with the "rusties"
When the Boss of the Riders goes by.*

*For they tell of another big owner
Whose ne'er overstocked, so they say,
But who always makes room for the sinner
Who drifts from the straight, narrow way.*

*They say he will never forget you,
That he knows every action and look;
So, for safety, you'd better get branded,
Have your name in the great Tally Book.*

—From the Lomax collection, Cowboy Ballads.

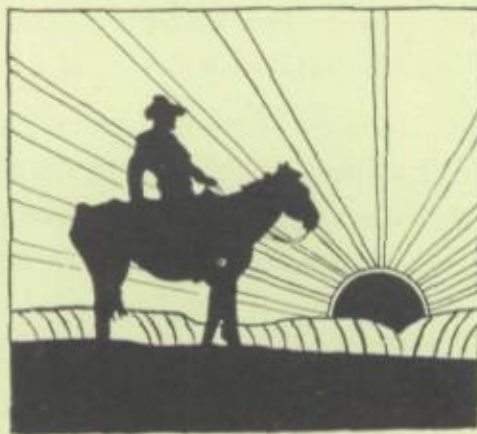
BWANA

CHOOSING A SUBJECT FOR BWANA

WHAT a world of imagination the word "cowboy" suggests! We see him through a heroic mist, a strikingly familiar figure who is always colorfully dressed, riding wildly, freely, with the glory of the setting sun enveloping him. No wonder he is the nucleus of every small boy's dreams, the goal of his hopes and aspirations! To us the life of a cowboy is prodigious. For that reason, his life is a popular theme upon which innumerable plots of modern romances are based. We thrill to the reckless gallantry of the cowboy in the movies; the public caters to a bucking-bronco rider. And whether he has appeared as a veritable being on the screen, or as a wholly fictitious character in Beach's latest novel, he is still a romantic figure, envied by school boys and almost everyone except, perhaps, another cowboy.

Of course we should not say boys have the pre-eminent interest in the cowboy; girls, too, delight in the thrilling adventures of these Westerners; and what adult is so antiquated that he cannot enjoy a good cowboy story? There has always been a deep interest in these rough riders. From the earliest times when they first settled in the West, fighting Indians, shooting buffalos, making history for our country, up to the present, they have played such an important part in the development of the West that our interest has been increased rather than lessened. He is indeed unique. Considering his educative value, his importance, both past and present, in the history of America, besides the pleasure and entertainment to be derived from his life and work, we believe that the Bwana Staff of Roosevelt High School chose wisely when it selected "The American Cowboy" for the subject of the school annual.

THE EDITOR



BWANA

THE COWBOY'S PART IN THE DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF THE WEST

THE American cowboy occupies a position sufficiently important to entitle him to a considerable share of public attention. To him, as a representative of law and order in the ranch country, belongs the credit for such security as was enjoyed by the agricultural population. To him, as a pioneer of civilization, is due recognition for the public service he has performed.

The cowboy's occupation is unique. It is always one of excitement and romantic interest. His waking hours, when riding the trail, are spent in the saddle; and at night he makes his bed upon the lap of Mother Earth. Besides the excitement and romance of his work, the cowboy often encounters grave dangers. It is impossible, however, for one who has not had actual experience in riding the trail to imagine the difficulties involved in driving a large herd of cattle over mountain ranges, across desert lands where, in some cases, food and water are not found for many miles, and across streams which are liable to dangerous floods.

It is not a strange thing that such an occupation and such an environment should have created a class of men in whom, due to the dangers and misfortunes which they constantly met, were developed unusual qualifications. The very nature of their work demanded good horsemanship. The man who must spend hours each day in the saddle, riding over country that only a cow-pony could traverse, must at least sit in his saddle with the maximum of comfort and the minimum of fatigue. Obviously, too, his skill with the lariat must be par excellence since there is an art to lassoing an animal that apparently has no definite destination. His frequent encounters with hostile Indians and dangerous animals develops within him a high degree of courage. His physical alertness also has to be highly developed since on entirely unexpected occasions he may be called upon to repel an attack of Indians, or to ride out in the small hours of the morning to gather a few straying cattle. Cloudbursts, sandstorms, and lack of water are common experiences during which work has to be carried on. Many times the cowboy spends from twenty-four to forty-eight hours in the saddle, catching his sleep as he rides. There is no "union day" for the cowboy.

The cowboys were protectors of life and property among the early settlers. They constituted throughout their region a corps of mounted scouts. Their search for wandering cattle took them into mountain fastnesses and lurking places in river bottoms; consequently, no hostile movement on the part of Indians and unscrupulous whites escaped their notice. The cowboy's reputation as a "bad hombre" gave him an advantage when it came to administering justice, a mere threat often being sufficient to cause the wayward to reform. Horse thieves and other serious offenders often found that justice was adminis-

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tered by means of the cottonwood tree and a coil of rope. But even though the cowboy may have been severe at times, he was always just.

The cowboy's role as protector did much towards subduing a vast area to the arts of peace. Without his protection, settlers would never have dared to venture into the land of the Indians. Without his constant vigilance, they could never have remained. Without his presence in the West, cattle raising would never have become, as it did, one of the most important industries of the West.

In spite of their harsh exteriors, cowboys have developed characters that are generous and heroic. Contrary to the movie thrillers, the true cowboy is not the noisy, quick-shooting, hat-puncturing ruffian that we have been led to believe. He is quiet, unassuming, and modest—his only serious failing being his love of fine clothes. Here his imagination runs riot. Gaudy shirts, colorful vests, decorated chaps, and expensive boots, hats, and gloves constitute his wardrobe. Many times the fastidious cowpuncher spends from one to two years' salary to outfit himself. However, it is small wonder that he does, since there is nothing else for him to buy.

Like a multitude of other things primitive, unpolished, and picturesque, the calling of the American cowboy, so long a feature of the West, is passing away. It is passing as the bison has passed, as the Indian has passed, and as the pony express and the stage coach have passed. Modern inventions have been a big factor in his decline. The railway has made all parts of the West accessible. Unlike the old method of leading the horses to water, the irrigation projects are now leading the water to the horses. In the old days, the herds roamed at will, while now the use of barbed wire keeps the herds within definite confines. Whatever of importance and development has taken place in the West, it is traceable to the work of the cowboy. Organization, discipline, and order are the results of his work. The tragedy of progress is that the picturesque and romantic side of life is lost in the commercial. The bison is practically extinct; the Indian has so adopted the white man's ways that he passes unnoticed among them; and the time is not far distant when the only cowboys to be seen will be found on "dude" ranches.

CHARLES FLACHMANN.



EWANA

THEODORE ROOSEVELT—COWBOY

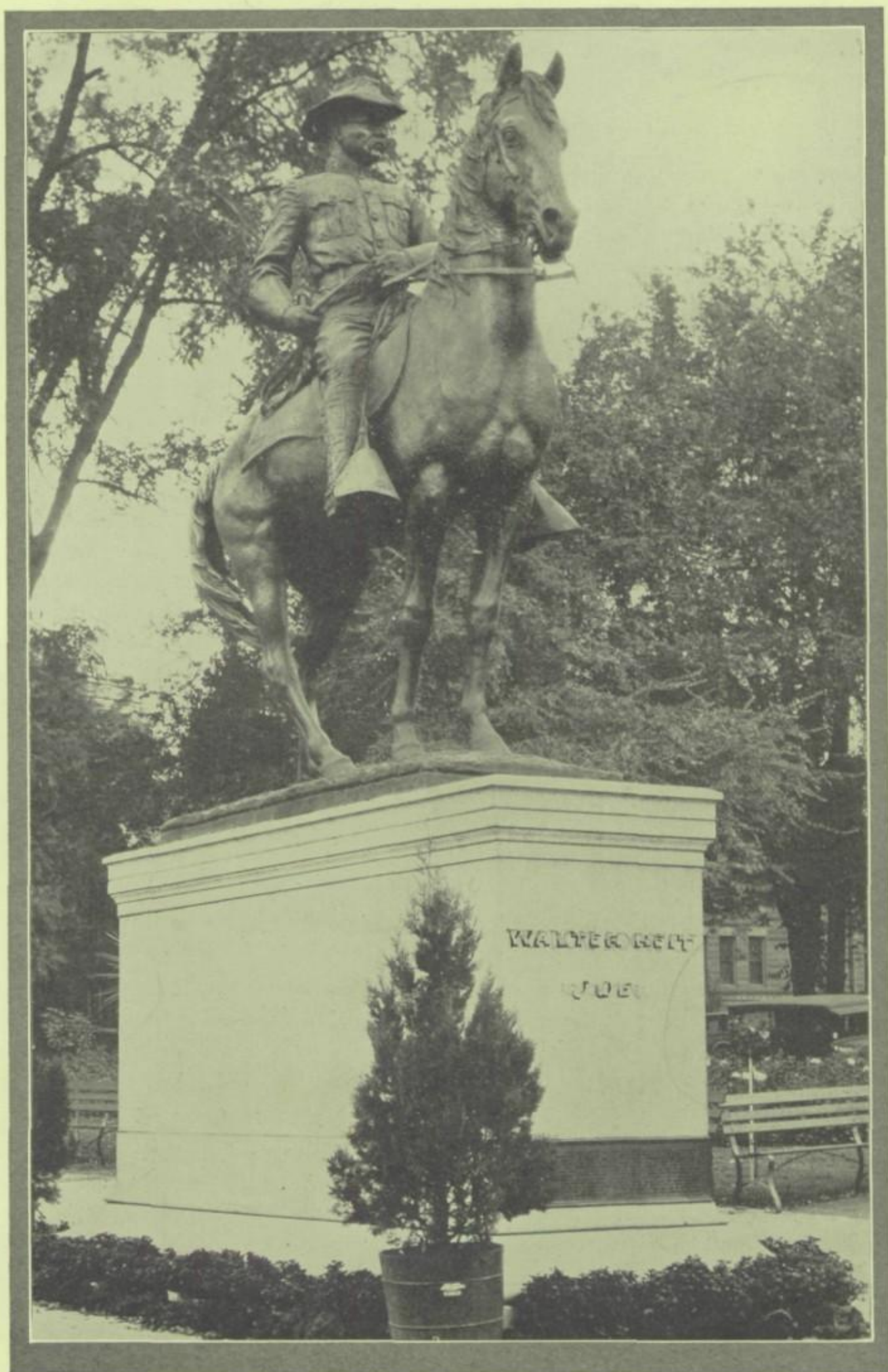
IT was during a lull in Roosevelt's political career that he decided to go West. Roosevelt liked camping and rough life, and he also wanted to develop his strength further. So he bought an interest in two cattle ranches, the Elkhorn and the Chimney Butte. These ranches were both located in the Bad Lands of North Dakota along the Little Missouri River. Roosevelt very easily adapted himself to the life of a Westerner. He liked out-door life and made friends easily. He soon became adept at branding and rounding cattle and in the other tasks of the cowboy.

Although the life of a cowboy suited him, Roosevelt was confronted at first with the problem of the "tenderfoot." Some cowboys of a lawless type, who loafed in saloons and "amused themselves by running amuck and shooting-up the town," made life difficult at first. They called him "Four Eyes," for they associated spectacles with Eastern schoolmasters and incompetence; but they soon discovered that Roosevelt was not a "tenderfoot."

While Roosevelt may have been termed "green" by some, he was not a "tenderfoot" when it came to shooting. He was an excellent shot and was fast on the draw. A Frenchman, the Marquis of Mores, who was a cattle-thief, learned of this. He "picked a quarrel" with Roosevelt and challenged him to a duel. Roosevelt thought that dueling was a silly practice; but, in the West, anyone who declined a challenge had best leave the country at once. Roosevelt accepted and chose his weapon, a pistol. The Marquis had seen and heard of Roosevelt's excellent marksmanship and knew that he could not compete with him. Accordingly, he sent word that he really had not meant his note as a challenge, but had simply meant it as a request for the settlement of the dispute. Because of his marksmanship, Roosevelt was regarded with a high degree of respect by the lawless cowboys.

Another requirement of the West is good horsemanship, and Roosevelt could ride as well as he could shoot. It was a common event for him to be in the saddle from dawn until dark. One day, however, he was out riding in the woods when he saw a group of Indians about to attack him. Very skilfully he evaded the Indians until he came to a plain where he wheeled about and faced the plunderers. He kept a good distance away from the Indians who were gradually encircling him and at last saw an opening. His horse responded to Roosevelt's touch and broke for the opening. It was then that he did his hardest riding, and he was able to trick the Indians and get back to the ranch some hours later. Roosevelt's splendid horsemanship got him out of many "tight" place.

Roosevelt was not only a splendid rider and an accurate shot, but he was also an all-around good sport. He cooked many meals, besides procuring



THEODORE ROOSEVELT, Rough Rider

*By Courtesy of the Chamber of
Commerce, Portland, Oregon*

BWANA

game for them, and he shared the hardships of rough life with the cowboys. He was friendly with everyone, but he would not endure bullying or the use of offensive language. A cowboy at camp surpassed all others in the use of excessively bad language. Roosevelt told him that he liked him but that he didn't approved of his ugly speech. Bystanders expected to see gun-play, but instead Jim looked sheepish and acknowledged the charge. The cowboy remained Roosevelt's loyal friend. At another time, the local bully, pointing two guns at Roosevelt, ordered the "Four-Eyed Tenderfoot" into the saloon to set up drinks for the crowd. Roosevelt obeyed and approached the bar where the bully stood; but, instead of ordering drinks, he suddenly hit the fellow a sledge-hammer blow. One of the pistols went off, but no one was hurt. The would-be hero was carried off. Roosevelt loved the life of the cowboys, but he drew the line at things he did not consider good sportsmanship.

Roosevelt admired the cowboys and took an active part in their interests; he often joined them in hunting cattle and horse-thieves. He was actually deputy sheriff at one time. Three horse-thieves took a boat belonging to Roosevelt, and he immediately started down the Little Missouri River after them with two cowboys from his ranch. They captured the thieves, but the hardest work was in taking them to the nearest town, about three hundred miles distant. While they were on the way, the river froze; the going was very difficult; and the prisoners had to be under constant guard. Toward the end of the weary trip, there was no food left, and no game could be procured. Roosevelt sent the two cowboys back to the Elkhorn Ranch; he, himself, finally got the men to prison after two or three sleepless nights of guarding. For this he received the sum of fifty dollars! But, more important than the reward which he was given, was the gratitude of the ranchers.

Thus Roosevelt in his life as a true Westerner became a leader just as he later became the leader of the country. "To have gained solid health, to have put his social nature to the severest test and found it flawless were valid results of his life on the Elkhorn Ranch. It taught him the immense diversity of the people of the United States."

Roosevelt's life in the West made him better able to take the reins of government into his hands. "It gave him a national point of view, in which he saw that the standards and desires of the Atlantic States were not all-inclusive or final. He learned the fact that there are moral fundamentals not to be measured by geography, by time, or by race. Lincoln learned this among the pioneers of Illinois; in similar fashion Roosevelt learned it in the Bad Lands of Dakota with their pioneers and exiles from civilization, and from studying the depths of his own nature."

DOROTHY GUTMANN

BWANA

COWBOY CHARACTERISTICS



The American cowboy, that picturesque and romantic figure in the history of our country, is fast disappearing. The western development of our nation along with its attendant results: the development of the great plains, the increasing use of machinery in the West, and the scientific raising of cattle, has slowly pushed the cowboy aside. During the last few decades a great change has taken place in the West. No longer can huge bands of cattle be seen roaming across vast, fenceless areas, no longer are there the great ranches in whose employ were these daring riders. Yet, although the days of the cowboy are gone, let us always remember these carefree Westerners as they really were.

The general impression of the majority of the youth of our country is that cowboys are divided into two classes: the handsome hero type and the rough, unshaven, villain type. This impression, which has undoubtedly been derived from stories and moving pictures, is absolutely false. Cowboys are usually lean, sinewy fellows, with weatherbeaten faces. Their dress is unique, combining the practical with the ornamental. They are always adorned with a broad-brimmed hat. They invariably wear highly-colored flannel shirts with gay bandana handkerchiefs fastened around their necks. Jingling spurs are fastened to their leather boots. They are usually to be seen astride a spirited mustang. Their saddle is always of the best quality, for a cowboy will forego the pleasure of eating if thereby he can keep an expensive saddle. On the whole, a cowboy's garb tends to be quite practical, although somewhat gaudy.

While the cowboy is not always the perfect man that he is painted, he has certain commendable characteristics. A cowboy is always cheerful in spite of troubles he may have. He has the ability to see the brighter side of everything. A cowboy may be heard whistling cheerily no matter what plight he may be in; he is just as cheerful when he is penniless as when he has a large bankroll. When in the company of his "buddies," he likes to play pranks upon his comrades. Theodore Roosevelt, who spent many years among cowboys, says that he knows from experience that cowboys jokes are inclined to be rather rough. He relates how once he spent the whole night tied to a corral fence as the result of one of these cowboy pranks. Another commendable characteristic of a cowboy is his extreme loyalty. A cowboy will often do anything, even to the extent of risking his life to protect his employer's property. Cowboys are very daring and courageous at all times. It certainly takes plenty of daring to ride a wild broncho, yet a Westerner thinks nothing of mounting the fiercest of the wild mustangs. We often hear

BWANIA



ILL-SUITED TO BE A COWBOY

stories of cowboys who, instead of fleeing for their lives when the cattle are on a stampede, will try to bring the frightened cattle to a stop. Is it a wonder that the former President Roosevelt thought so highly of these rugged men in whose bodies were hearts of gold?

There are certain qualifications that a cowboy must have, certain abilities that are required of all cowboys. The prime requisite of every cowboy is a knowledge of horsemanship. The grueling work of every cowboy demands that he often ride a horse all day long; consequently, a man not used to riding would be ill-suited for the job. He must also know the tricks, as well as the ailments of horses and the remedies for each. Then, too, he must be adept at handling the lariat, for the unskilful roper has often caused a stampede by his erring throw. The cowboy must be able to shoot accurately and quickly. He must also be skilled in the breaking of horses. Along with the development of the West, there has been a tendency for the work and the requisites of a cowboy to become more specialized. Thus the glamor and beauty of the work is being lost.

However, let us not bemoan the disappearance of this adventurous life, for Theodore Roosevelt himself stated in one of his addresses: "It is right and necessary that this life should pass, for the safety of our country lies in its being made the country for the small homesteader." Although this life was glamorous and romantic, it represented only a temporary stage in the history of America and could not last forever.

LOUIS TIRMENSTEIN



VILLAIN TYPE

Walter Schumann



By Courtesy of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat

STAY WITH HIM, COWBOY!
(This picture was taken at the Calgary Rodeo, 1930)

BWANA

THE COWBOYS' REUNION IN LOS VEGAS, NEW MEXICO

ONCE each year in the city of Los Vegas, New Mexico, there is held a great rodeo or, as it is commonly called, "The Cowboys' Reunion." It is there that the cream of the cowboys of the Southwest gather annually during the early days of July to swap yarns and stories and to engage in various skill-testing contests.

For sixteen years this rodeo has been in existence with but one purpose behind it—to perpetuate the stories and traditions of the old West that would otherwise exist only as memories. In this span of time, the Cowboys' Reunion has established an enviable reputation for "square dealing" and for presenting each year a three-to-four-day exhibition of cowboy and rangeland sports. There is nothing just like it east or west, north or south; real cowmen, real cowboys meet there once each year. The "Cowboys' Reunion" is an exhibition of cowboy sports, owned and managed by cowmen and cowboys—real, active men of the range.

Some of the "old timers" view these contests with good-natured derision, for what was once their everyday, commonplace duty is now but the sport and entertainment of once a year. We cannot, however, fail to recognize the spirit of loyalty manifested by the "new guard," for they give of their time and money, risk life and limb not only for the pleasure to be derived from the events but also to keep alive the spirit and cherished memories of the "good old days" that are now so rapidly passing.

Situated as it is in the great Southwest, Los Vegas offers an ideal place to stage such a gathering. It is the center of the cowboy district; its history is rich in cowboy lore; and, as a result, each succeeding year finds an increased attendance at the rodeo.

Picture one in Los Vegas on the opening day of the rodeo. Crowds of people from the whole United States, as well as from the neighboring territory, have gathered to witness the spectacle, and one notices, as he walks about, that a holiday spirit prevails. Early in the day, as on all other opening days, there is held a great parade of all the contestants which winds its way first through the old quarter of the town, then through the new, and finally out to the fairgrounds where the rodeo is held. At the fairgrounds one finds a grandstand, an oval track, and in the center the great, open, grassy space where the contests are staged. On the far side of the field are the stables and corrals where the outlaw horses and other animals for the rodeo are quartered.

With the opening ceremonies disposed of and the grand entry completed, there come the actual events, and the crowd settles down with an air of expectancy for the thrills that they know will follow. All rodeo crowds are good-natured and give vent to their enthusiasm by cheering lustily each contestant as he appears on the field.

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The first event of the day is the bronco-busting contest. This always furnishes many thrills for the spectators, for it is one of the most dangerous of the entire show. The horses to be broken are usually the most unmanageable that can be obtained, since it is customary for the managers of the rodeo to buy for this event some of the worst brutes obtainable. With such animals to ride, the cowboys are required to stay on for a period of but thirty seconds, instead of staying with the animal until it is completely broken, as was formerly the case.

Following this, comes the steer-roping contest. In this a steer is released and allowed to run about twenty yards down the field. At a given signal the cowboy on horseback must rope, throw, and tie the steer's feet, either "side lined," that is, two feet on one side; "hopples," that is, the hind feet tied; or "hog-tied," which means tying three feet. For this a minute is considered slow time, for thirty seconds, or even less, is often sufficient.

Another roping contest, which is quite a favorite, is goat roping. Some of the goats have such an uncanny knowledge of the exact moment that the rope is about to settle over their horns that the rider, who has received this particular goat by lot, may have to make three, or even four, casts. On one occasion, it is said, there was a certain black goat that could not be roped and that trotted over the field contentedly after the disgusted cowboy had tried and tried without success.

The most dangerous event of the rodeo, and that which always provides the greatest number of thrills and spills, is next on the program. This is the bull-dogging contest. In this a steer is set galloping at full speed, the cowboy following him on a cow-pony. A quick cow-pony will soon catch up, and, just at the moment that the pony forges beside the steer, it is the duty of the rider to throw himself from the galloping horse to the neck of the speeding steer; to grasp the horns in such a manner as to turn the animal's head; then, after throwing himself to the ground by main force, to twist its neck and drag the steer over to the ground, taking much care as he does so that the animal's horns do not become pinned in his body. To perform such an act successfully requires strength, skill and dexterity. An unwary person would soon find himself getting the worst of such an encounter. Thus we find that any contestant completing this act perfectly receives a tremendous ovation, and truly does he deserve it.

Besides these, there are several other contests, such as bareback riding, relay races, pack races, and a number of free-for-all horse races over varying distances. In the bareback-riding event the horse is not saddled, and the rider must guide the horse with only one hand on the reins. In the pack race, probably the most humorous event of the show, the horses are put into the corrals by the judges, and no one is allowed to see them until starting time. One helper is allowed. The rider must be in bed with boots and hat

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off; he must put on boots and hat, catch a horse, pack and saddle it, and ride one-half mile to the finish where the process is reversed. This completes the contest. Thus one day's contests are completed, and the crowds go back to town to spend the evening in merry-making.

With one day's contests completed, the remaining days are spent in eliminations for the finals, and when these are completed, the cowboys return to the range, the spectators to their homes. Both groups carry with them fond memories, memories that will linger for a long time, if not forever, of a short time spent witnessing one of the world's most enjoyable spectacles.

WILLIAM AULT.

SANTA FE

*Westward, ever westward,
Toward the setting sun,
Westward, ever westward,
Till the course was done,
They blazed the forest pathways,
They forded rushing streams,
They saw in luring vision
The far West of their dreams.
A land of golden plenty,
Released from grim despair,
A land of sun and flowers,
Awaiting for them there.
The long, long trail was finished
The hard, sad labor o'er,
With home in California
And who could ask for more?
Westward, ever westward,
Toward the setting sun,
Westward, ever westward,
The daring race was run.*

—Carroll Huffstot
Term 7



WESTERN VIEWS

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GAUCHO—THE COWBOY OF THE PAMPAS



Silhouetted against the grey of the dawn, and mounted on his ever ready steed, the Gaucho is the cattle man of Argentina. His brightly-hued poncho falls like a cape about his shoulders, while his soft grey sombrero shades a face which is strikingly handsome. As he pauses to scan the surrounding country, he pulls his hat from his head and proceeds to push back the unruly black hair from his tanned forehead. His dark piercing eyes, aquiline nose, and strong jaw, all aid in characterizing him as the Cossack of South America. He is high-booted and especially proud of his great spurs, which are continually clanking about his heels. Suddenly, as he stares more keenly at a dark moving object in the dis-

tance, he draws his knife from his belt, only to replace it as he recognizes a friend. As he resumes his journey, riding madly across the plains, he cuts a bold, picturesque, and an altogether pleasing figure.

It is but natural that he is such a dashing person, for in his veins flows the blood of the civilized Spaniards and that of the savage Incas. Indian attacks and the strife of the Argentine civil wars developed this type of frontiersman and cowboy. The Spaniards, on arriving in South America, found a few nomadic Indian tribes, rude and uncivilized. Intent only upon plundering the natives and enriching themselves, the conquerors did little towards settling and making permanent homes. For three centuries the Gaucho, though he has some native blood, has won Argentina from the natives and helped in making it a nation. Wherever there has been a war, the Gaucho has emerged a central figure from the heat and confusion of the fight. In 1810, during the revolution which freed Argentina from Spain, this cowboy with his excellent horses formed the greater part of the cavalry. At this time he shared in the triumphs of the Creoles. He played a prominent part in the civil wars which followed; and he figured prominently in the progressive years after the fall of the dictator Rosas. Thus, though he is part native, he has always fought in favor of the more civilized and advancing Spaniards.

His love of the plains and his hatred of the city are but another expression of his wild nature. He lives in a mud hut whose only adornments are a few boards which serve as furniture. The Gaucho is frequently seen in the pulperia, or drinking place, where he displays such excessive politeness that he sheathes his knife as he invites a friend to share a drink. When a Gaucho enters the shop, an expression of disdain on his face, he appears very different from what his names implies, a simple countryman. His love of brawling

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and gambling has caused much trouble among the peaceful towns of the plains. The cowboy's favorite food is "carne con cuero," or meat roasted with the skin on it. A large circular piece of meat is cut from the back of a cow. This is roasted with the hide on the bottom, forming a saucer which succeeds in holding the juice admirably. This is a rare treat and without doubt is as delicious as venison. The Gaucho's likes and dislikes have made city life unbearable to him, and he has become a rider of the plains.

While riding, he sings his ballads of the Pampas. They are crude and unpolished, but they reflect a nature which, though uncultured, is striving to express nobler emotions. He is one of the gayest figures at the fetes and often serves as an improviser. He and his inseparable guitar furnish most of the best entertainment at fiestas.

Truly the Gaucho is a horseman, born to the saddle and equally handy with his lasso and his gun. When the Spaniards came to America, they brought a large number of horses, which were turned loose on the plains. These animals multiplied so quickly that by the beginning of the eighteenth century vast herds of horses roamed the Pampas. The hardships which they endured developed a breed which is noted for its endurance and wildness. One of the finest sights on the Pampas is to see a Gaucho break in a colt. After a group of wild horses has been driven into the corral and the door shut, the cowboy singles out a full-grown colt; and as the animal runs wildly around the arena, he lassos its front legs, causing the horse to fall to the ground. While it is struggling, the Gaucho, holding the lasso tight, grasps one of the animal's hind legs, draws it up, and binds it to the front legs. Then sitting on the horse's neck, he fixes a strong bridle on the animal. Then binding its front legs with a leather thong, he loosens the lasso. The man then leads the colt from the corral. Having another man hold the animal's head, the cowboy puts on the saddle. The horse, throwing itself on the ground, will not rise until beaten. When the saddling is finished, the man mounts the horse and releases the leather thong. The colt, wild and astonished, starts to gallop; when it is exhausted, it is led back into the corral and freed. The mustang, an altogether vigorous breed, is bay, grey and yellowish and is frequently found in Argentina. These sturdy little animals have contributed much to the success of their masters' long rides.

Not only is the Gaucho noted for his development of horses, but also for his excellent cattle-breeding. His is the life of boot and saddle, for he rises at dawn and spends the whole day working in the cool crisp air. Cattle are raised all over the pampas, and developing fine breeds is the goal of the present ranchers. The Gauchos can perform feats of lassoing which are very exciting. The cowboy on horseback rushes towards the steer, throwing one lasso over his horns. Another cowboy must lasso his hind legs. The animal, stretched powerless on the ground, can do no harm since his hind legs are tied. Then the first man can loosen the lasso from the horns and mount his horse. The second cowboy, stepping back and releasing the lasso, frees

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the conquered beast. When hunting, a few Gauchos single out several cattle, and with their bolas (balls of stone fastened by a thong which when thrown coils around the legs of animals) they entangle the cattle and leave them for a few days until they are thoroughly exhausted by hunger and struggling. Then, set free and driven towards the herd of tame cattle, they are too terrified to leave and consequently are easily driven. This is a good example of the art of roping steers which is practiced by the cowboys.

His fine horsemanship and his endurance of the extremes of weather has made the Gaucho an excellent soldier. Every person born in Argentina, no matter of what race, must serve in the army two years. The Gaucho, however, has shown his love of wars by his exploits of horsemanship in the civil wars. Owing to his feats of riding, the cowboy is easily transformed into a good cavalryman and soon learns to shoot because of his ability to calculate distance.

Down through the years, the Gaucho appears over and again as a dashing figure in Spanish history. In the past he has been one of the first soldiers, one of the best cattle breeders, and one of the most daring horsemen. Now Argentina's cities have developed quite as rapidly as those in the United States. The romance of this cowboy is needed to counteract the commercial efficiency of the large cities. Will the Gaucho survive, or will he gradually disappear with the approach of the large cities? Only time will tell whether Argentina shall succeed in retaining that dashing figure of the pampas—the Gaucho.

ELEANORE MILLER

THE COWBOY'S FAREWELL

*When it's springtime in the Rockies,
And it's summer on the plains,
When the snow is gone from hilltops,
I might be back again.*

*For I cannot stand the howling,
Of the wind about the eaves.
So I'll get back down to Texas
Where the summer never leaves.*

*For six long months I've lingered here,
So now I must break loose.
I've never stayed so long before,
So I guess I'll just vamoos.*

*I'll see you all on the other side
Of the great dividing line.
For I know not what may happen
To this worn frame of mine.*

*That's all I got to say just now.
So I guess I'll just move on.
Maybe I'll see you again sometime.*

Goodby, old gang—so long.

—Wm. Ruedlinger
Term 8

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THE DAILY LIFE OF A MODERN COWBOY

THE daily life of a Cowboy is one of the most interesting and adventurous of that of all human beings. He has more thrills in one day than most of us have in several months. Altho days pass without a single important incident.

The cowboy arises early, partly because he has plenty to do, partly because there is nothing to keep him up late at night. After eating his meal of beef, or bacon, or beans and cornbread, he visits the stables. If the season is winter, he will attend to the horses in the stables. When this has been completed, each man rides to his particular section. Perhaps it is his day's work to round up some stray horses. Or perhaps he is to brand some calves which were missed in the spring round-up. Some expert cowboys are able to rope and throw a calf, build a fire, and brand it without so much as dismounting from their saddles, but this feat can be done by a few only.

In summer, the range is breezy and pleasant in spite of the brilliant sun. The eye of the cowboy, as he rides across the country, roams ahead. Perchance he may see a horseman whom, because of his trained eye, he can distinguish to be another cowboy, or perhaps an Indian. Or he may see a cloud of dust, which he discovers is caused by a fight and immediately rides over to "see the fun." He draws up close enough not to disturb the combatants and offers mental wagers on the winners while watching. The steers fight until one tires and can no longer return or withstand the mighty shove of his antagonist. He weakens, turning aside to avoid the rapid thrust at his side which follows, and then runs off into the herd which has been watching, fascinated by the spectacle, while the other, bellowing, leaves the field of his conquest.

Often a cowboy will meet a rattle-snake which neither he nor his pony welcomes; so he either shoots it or kills it with his quirt, a range weapon. He may skin the snake, if it is large enough, using the snake fat for softening leather.

As the day draws to an end, the cowboy turns toward the ranch house. On his way back he may notice a cloud of smoke. He rides to the ranch house, collects more cowboys, and together they attempt to put out the fire, rushing into the work, not caring, for the time being, that they are thirsty and hungry. When they have finished, and the fire is out, they eat and vow revenge, then sleep. Such are the incidents in the daily life of a cowboy.

But do not think the cowboy's life is easy. It is indeed hard to become accustomed to the scanty meals, hard work, and outdoor life in all kinds of weather. But no matter what or how many his hardships, he looks upon them only as a matter of course and "quits himself like a man."

MERCEINA WEISS.

BWANA

THE AMERICAN COWBOY IN MOVING PICTURES

SOME years ago, I was passing a neighborhood theater on Saturday night about half past nine when a group of children leaving the show attracted my attention. Their eyes were bright with excitement and their conversation was so animated that my curiosity was aroused to such an extent that I listened shamelessly.

"Gee," said one boy, a lad of about twelve years, "I can't think of nothin' I'd rather have than a cowboy suit, just like the one Tom Mix wore that time he had to fight the six bandits!"

"Yeah," sighed another, "and did yuh see the pictures on his boots? Say, Marjie," turning suddenly on a little girl, "you sure got scared—just like a girl hidin' her face in her hat!"

"Well," indignantly returned the accused child, "I thought he was goin' to be knocked over the cliff. He would have, too, if Tony hadn't whinnied so's Tom Mix turned and saw the bad man."

"Oh, Marj, weren't you simply thrrrrrilled when he told her he loved her?" sighed another little girl.

"I'll say," said the first, welcoming the chance to forget her cowardice. "I just can't wait till next Saturday to see if he saves her from goin' over the waterfall in 'at canoe. I tell you when—" and the rest was lost as they passed out of hearing.

* * * * *

In the earliest days of moving pictures, the American cowboy was a very popular subject for the screen plot. The idea was started by Mr. Goldenberg in 1910, when he presented a series of slide pictures of the Buffalo Bill-Pawnee Bill Great Combination. There were twenty-five slides, all representing Buffalo Bill in the heroic acts of taming bucking bronchos, shooting Indians, and pursuing his native game. In the same year, Mr. Powers made moving pictures of the Wild West Show. These pictures of cowboys, Indians, horses, and buffaloes made moving picture history for 1910.

The cowboy serial originated when the Essanay Company released a one-reel "Broncho Billy" story every Saturday night during this year and for several years thereafter. Every week this same cowboy with the crooked nose and likeable smile loved and rode and fought. Each reel ended leaving Billy in some perilous state and the audience in a worse one for fear that the next week's reel would lead to his disastrous end.

Little did these faithful watchers, mostly children, care, or even know, that real cowboys seldom marry before they become full-fledged ranchmen, or that glistening white shirts, deftly carved wristlets, and kid gloves were an abomination of the actual custom of the time. For cowboys' wristlets

John Orr
The one without the hat



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were usually made from the skirt of an old saddle; a shirt that glittered in the sunlight was a drawback, and no cowboy who cared for his chances of survival ever went into a gun fight with kid gloves on. Rather did the Westerners in later years get their ideas of fancy dress from the cowboy of the movies.

Besides these Saturday night "wonder-plays" there were many other Western motion pictures. They rather predominated the screen for the Western setting was inexpensive and easy to obtain.

At first plots were easily bought from Western magazines or were improvisations of directors who had graduated from back-stage in musical comedies and provincial stock companies. As the public became more sophisticated, better plots were demanded and stories of Zane Grey set the fashion for Western movies.

A number of famous cowboys have been produced by the movies. There are William S. Hart, Ed (Hoot) Gibson, Harry Carey, and Tom Mix, all of whom have been identified with the better-than-average Western Movie.

In recent years, the Western film has died out almost entirely. The few pictures of the West that are shown are advanced far from the old type of gun-play, fast-riding action. One can scarcely help feeling that the younger children of today miss something those of ten years ago had.

ELIZABETH WILLERT.



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THE COWBOY'S CLOTHING AND EQUIPMENT

EVERY article of a cowboy's equipment had at least one good use. His equipment had been developed over a long period of years, so it all had indispensable uses; how then could a tenderfoot, a newcomer to the West, and one who knew little or nothing of the ways of the West, hope to improve this equipment?

When one speaks of the West or of a cowboy immediately a picture is brought to the mind of the cowboy with flapping chaps, high-heeled boots, low-slung gun holster, and red bandana neckerchief, sitting on his wiry cow pony holding a smoking revolver in his hand. The frequent and much mentioned pistol duels of the West were fought with the ".45." Usually some one was killed in those conflicts, because the bullet was blunt and was propelled by forty grains of powder, making a decidedly effective missile. No gun less than a ".44" could be seen on the range without ceaseless ridicule of the owner, though tenderfeet usually brought the little ".32." Many men tried to improve upon their guns; some, especially the "bad men," tied back the trigger, or took it off entirely for faster firing.

When a small boy is asked to do something that a cowboy does, he either says "Bing! Bing!" with accompanying motions, or he gets the clothes line and tries to rope some nearby object. A cowboy's most frequent action was roping. His rope, riata, or lariat, as it is variously called, was rawhide or three-quarter inch rope, about thirty feet long, usually placed on the left side of the saddle. At first the stiff rawhide was dragged for several days from the wagon or saddle; after this treatment, the rope was in the right condition to be used.

Many of us have wondered about the use of those "floppy" chaps. They were used to protect the legs of the rider. The cowboy often had to ride in desert country where there was cactus with sharp thorns and protection was badly needed. At first they were made of heavy calfskin, but it was later learned that goat skin with the hair left on could turn the steel needles of the cactus better.

A very useful thing was the cowboy's hat; it served as his sun-shield, umbrella, earmuff, and pillow. It was made of heavy, durable felt, able to turn sun and rain equally well and usually lasting a long time. This was the universal headgear of the range, and anyone appearing with a straw hat or derby would obtain a rather adhesive and undesirable nickname. A starched collar was similarly ostracised.

A horseman was proud; he was proud that he rode, and proud of his calling and personal appearance. Two of his articles of clothing, his gloves and his boots, he always selected with great care, accepting only those of best materials. The gloves were of the finest buckskin, for this is not affected by water. They were tanned white and had a small fringe attached.

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On looking at a cowboy's boots one could feel a wave of pity for the man. The boots, of fine leather were small, with very high heels. They cramped the feet and were certainly the most uncomfortable of footwear; but we must remember that a cowboy did not walk much, he rode. Besides, his boots did have their uses; the high heels anchored him in the corral; they prevented his foot from slipping forward in the stirrup; and it was very, very seldom that a cowboy's foot stayed in the stirrup during a fall.

The cowboy's most essential and indispensable piece of equipment was his saddle. It was heavy, weighing thirty or forty pounds, but this weight was due to the fact that, as the saddle was subject to great strains, such as stopping the rush of a steer, it had to be strong and durable. Its decoration usually consisted of silver embossings, though sometimes the younger men put fresh rattlesnake skins on to dry and stick, eventually making a complete cover; on the saddle were sometimes several thongs on which to hang necessities, such as the rope. When a cowboy selected a saddle, he became very narrow-minded on that subject and would not part with it, because for a cowboy to sell his saddle was a mark of "degradation and poverty."

Among other things which the cowboy carried were his spurs, a quirt, a rifle, though it did become less necessary as time went on; poncho, which served as an overcoat and raincoat; neckerchief; and blankets, which he needed so frequently. The cowboy's paraphernalia was made for hard and long usage, and not for looks. Much of this equipment was originated and developed by the old Spanish and Mexican rancheros, and underwent very little change, showing how well it was suited to the user's needs.

ALBERT BAUM

THE ROUND-UP

DURING the winter months on the ranch everything is at a standstill. Except for a few of the weaker animals that are kept in so that they may be fed and cared for, most of the cattle are turned out to shift for themselves. When the winter months begin to pass and the ground is uncovered from the snow, new work is also uncovered. All thoughts are then focused on the main events of the year, the round-up.

A spring meeting of the stockmen's association, composed of stockmen of the state, is held. At this meeting, the vast area that they oversee is mapped out into round-up districts, and a foreman over each district is appointed. On a given day, all the cowboys from their respective ranches meet at a designated place where the round-up is to begin.

The journey to the meeting place is sometimes very tedious. Many men, living a long distance away from the starting point, leave their ranches three or four days in advance. Bulky four-horse wagons are used to carry the bedding, cooking utensils, and other supplies needed. The trip is always a slow and tiresome one as the men don't want to tire their horses any more than is

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necessary. When night comes they pitch their tents. Each man has equipped himself with a few pairs of blankets and a tarpaulin, because even in the warmest months the nights are cool. In exceptional years, when mosquitoes are bad, sleeping is almost impossible. The only possible chance for a "snooze" is for one to cover himself completely, and even then, one or two mosquitoes manage to get in. The horses also find it very difficult to sleep and spend most of the night roaming aimlessly and restlessly around. On one occasion Roosevelt says, "I have seen our horses, their bodies streaked and bloody, and the insects settling on them so as to make them all one color, a uniform gray." Sometimes a little relief is afforded the men if they build small fires.

On arriving at the meeting place there is usually a delay of a day or two to wait for stragglers. The first day is devoted chiefly to recreation. The camp becomes a scene of great hurry and scurry. While the foreman of the ranches are together working out plans for the round-up, the cowboys are having a very hilarious time. The hours are spent in "breaking-in" bucking horses, and in having horse-races, wrestling matches, and foot-races. Such a splendid spirit exists that there is little quarreling. Truthfulness is held very high in the cowboys' esteem, and contempt is felt for anyone who shirks his work. This occasion is one looked forward to by all the cowboys during the monotonous days of the long winter.

Then the morning of the round-up arrives. The length of time in which the territory can be worked depends largely upon the number of cowboys. Everyone is up at three o'clock in the morning; and after a hurried breakfast consisting of tea or coffee, one or two biscuits and perhaps some beans, the cowboys are ready for work before dawn. The men are divided into two bands that ride in opposite directions. The riders are scattered over their allotted section in order to cover the territory completely. The riding is sometimes very dangerous, especially in the Bad Lands where there are many knife-like ridge crests. They sometimes have to drop from ledge to ledge like goats in a place where a slip would mean instant death to both rider and horse; but they place every confidence in their little ponies. In the evening the cattle are driven in. If the number gathered that day is small, the cattle are all grouped in one big herd; but if there is a great number of them, they are kept in separate herds. As soon as this group is branded, they are again released, but in the direction opposite to that in which the round-up is going. This is continued until the entire area is thoroughly searched, and every brand is carefully examined.

This type of work requires pluck, self-reliance, and hardihood. The life of the cowboy is full of excitement and adventure, and everyone connected with it is thoroughly interested in it. Although there isn't much time to sleep, the men are kept in fine condition by their good, substantial food. The round-up is considered the main event of the season and is the crowning feature of the cowboy's life.

KATHLEEN FULLER

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CHARLES M. RUSSELL, THE ST. LOUIS COWBOY ARTIST, SCULPTOR, AND STORY-TELLER

IN years to come when no one will have seen an Indian, a real cowboy, or a buffalo, Charles Marion Russell's work in painting and sculpture will make them live again.

Although he was born in St. Louis, in 1862, he was more familiar with the ways of the West. Even as a child, Charles Russell began dreaming of the time when he would be free to follow the paths of his early kinsmen. The stories he had heard of the Bents, his relatives—William Bent, who built Bent's Fort, now Fort Benton in Montana, and Charles Bent, that first Governor of New Mexico, who was killed and scalped by Indians—compelled him, too, to become a pioneer. He was proud of his connections. His father was one of the founders of Parker Russell Mining and Manufacturing Company, a clay products corporation in St. Louis.

When only sixteen, after he had attended Washington University in St. Louis and Burlington College in New Jersey, he left for the West. Strange to say, Charles Russell hated the art class most, mainly because he was not permitted to paint the things he wanted. After leaving college he made his way to Green River, Wyoming, in company with thirteen-year-old Willis Miller. From there they went by stage several hundred miles to Helena, Montana, obtained saddle-horses and pack animals, and started out for Judith Basin, then a vast untenanted range. At this point the party "went broke" and split.

Charles Russell, continuing his journey alone, luckily met a trapper named Jack Hoover and became his partner. The next two years were spent in tending horses, cooking, and sketching. He learned to trap beaver, shoot bear and deer, and prepare their pelts for the trading post.

Then came word from St. Louis that he should return with his cousin. Two weeks later Billings, his cousin, died of mountain fever and Charles Russell turned back to find the old trapper. On the return trip he met a band of cowboys with whom he cast his lot. Then for eleven years he became a real cowboy. He learned to throw the lariat in the round-up; he sat in the saddle day and night punching cows and wrangling horses until he knew everything about them. He had been in night stampedes and in winter famines; he had ridden night herds and trailed cattle from range to range. During these years as a cattle trailer, broncho buster, and hunter, his main preparation for an art career was made.

Later he spent six months in an Indian village. He let his hair grow long and wore moccasins. He joined in the Indian hunting expeditions into Canada after buffalo, deer, and bears. He grew to be a brother to the Indians and became a member of their councils. Even after he left the camp to settle

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down, the Indians came to visit him. Two of his favorite models were Sleeping Thunder, a young Blackfoot brave, and Buffalo Colt, a Cree warrior.

His artistic sense easily responded to the color and atmosphere of his surroundings. Although he made many sketches, he never saved any but those he had in a notebook. Sometimes he rose early and sketched the freshness of a still morning or painted a particularly beautiful sun-rise; these he did not keep, but gave away to cowboy friends and acquaintances. He was very much surprised to find, on several of his stops, that he could get good food and drink for them.

After leaving the Indians, in the spring of 1889, he went back to Judith, taking his old place as cowpuncher. All that summer and the next he trailed cattle, north, to the Milk River. In the fall of 1891, he received a letter from Charley Green, in Great Falls, offering him work at seventy-five dollars a month, painting. He was beginning to acquire an artistic reputation; but due to a disagreement about the terms of the contract, Charles Russell went back to herding cattle.

It happened that during the long hard winter following, the cattle died one by one. The owner wrote inquiring the fate of his stock. In answer, Charles Russell sent a sketch entitled, "The Last of the Five Thousand." It represented an almost lifeless steer, beaten by the wind and snow, head down in utter dejection, awaiting the death spring of a nearby coyote. The picture was so real, so touchingly in sympathy with the actual circumstances that someone sent it East, where it won great renown. He gave up cowpunching forever in 1892; and then, a middle-aged man, took up painting seriously.

In 1896 he married Nancy Cooper, a former Kentucky girl, whom he had met in Cascade, Montana. She helped him greatly by securing contracts for him while he painted. He found plenty to do illustrating stories and painting for his customers. His works were highly esteemed even abroad.

His most successful period was between 1900 and 1920. During this time he painted, "The Attack," "The Sun Worshippers," "The Medicine Man," "The White Man's Buffalo," and many others. The huge painting, just within the entrance of the Ambassador Theater in St. Louis, was painted by Charles Russell. The greatest amount he received for one painting was ten thousand dollars which the Canadian Government paid him for a large picture, called, "Where the Law Dulls the Edge of Justice," later presented to the Prince of Wales.

Many of his admirers consider his work in sculpture more remarkable than his painting. The remarkable feature of his work was that he made his own models out of plastine, a mixture of wax and clay. When he had the action he had been seeking, he placed the models on a stick in the light he wanted and proceeded to paint. Often he would arrange all his characters in a very complicated position before he began painting the picture. Four large bronzes in New York portraying striking action: "Smoking Up," "The Indian Snake Dance," "Counting Coup," and "The Buffalo Hunt," are his work.

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His later life he spent in travel with his wife. First, small trips to St. Louis, where the neighbors would gather round while he told them exciting stories of the West; later, to Europe. Then, for awhile, they lived at Bull Head Lodge on Lake MacDonald in what is now Glacier National Park.

For the remaining years, he returned to his beloved Northwest, where he painted or made models as his fancy led him. Here, in Great Falls, Montana, on October 25, 1926, at the age of sixty-four, he died, having lived to fulfill his boyhood dreams. Could a life of such thrilling experiences, delightful dreams, and wonderful natural talent have ended with anything but world-wide fame?

HELEN WINKLER.

DISCUSSIN' COWBOYS

Eight year old Bill Watson
Leaned on his grandpa's knee.
"Please, grandpa, please tell somethin'
About cowboys to me.
"I've heard pop tellin' stories
'Bout those wild and woolly men,
But I ain't seen none like them
Any place I've been."
"Well, Bill," began Gramp Watson,
"It 'pears right plain t' me
That the cowboy laddies of today
Ain't what they used t' be.
"Why, I remember 'way back thar,
When I wuz but a lad,
Cowboys had real hardships
An' times wuz purty bad.
"But one thing, no snoopin' tourists
Went prowlin' 'bout the place.
Now ever' time you turn around
You stare one in the face.
"I 'spect your son'll see the day
Cowboys 'll cease to roam,
For a mechanical horse run by wireless
Will bring the cows all home.
"I guess a hundred years from now,
As things change constantly,
There'll be more reasons why cowboys
Ain't what they used t' be."

—Lucille Mattingly
Term 5

EWANIA



A TENDERFOOT LOOKS ON

COME with me in imagination to Teelawuket Ranch in southwestern Colorado. We have breakfast, after which our party of twenty-five sets out for a neighboring ranch to take part in a round-up and watch the cowboys brand the cattle. The cook follows us in a truck with the lunch.

It is almost noon time when we arrive at the ranch, and we decide to eat lunch before rounding up the cattle. The cowboys built a large fire and the cook sets to work. There was never a meal that tasted better!

Although everyone wants to rest after eating, we have no time for such luxury. We ride four or five miles and finally round up a hundred head of cattle. Then comes the job of driving them into the corral. The cattle seem to know something is going to happen, and they try to break clear; but the cowboys know how to handle them. All of us have been feeling sorry for one little calf about three weeks old; but when he suddenly scampers off towards the mountains, our sympathy is turned from the calf to the cowboys who set off in pursuit of him. It is not until a half hour later that two cowboys finally return to the camp with the young fugitive.



BWANA



After the cattle are finally in the corral, we all sit on the fence and look on. While the branding irons are heating in the fire, the cowboys single out a little calf for the first victim. One man holds the fore feet and another the hind feet, while a third puts the hot brand on the side. Then, since cattle thieves can erase the brand on the hide, another cowboy cuts off the tip of the right ear and sends the calf, bawling, back to its mother. Of course only the calves are branded, as no one could ever manage a full-grown cow.

As a climax to the day's events, a cowboy actually rides a bucking, rearing steer around the corral and gives everyone a thrill.

Our party rides back to Teelawuket in the evening, all agreed that we have witnessed a spectacle few tenderfeet ever get to see. Only those who have had such an experience can appreciate the fun and excitement we have had today.

VIRGINIA DORSCH.



BWANA

DUDES IN THE WEST

AMERICANS innumerable have felt the lure of the West. In the latter half of the nineteenth century, homesteaders and cowboys, the intrepid pioneers of American territorial expansion, dared the perils of an uncivilized country because of the richness of its promise. Through their efforts the finer characteristics of the West have been preserved, while a progressive and enterprising independence has displayed the lawlessness and apathy of the early West. In recent years, thousands of Easterners, who are called "dudes" by the natives, have visited the West and necessitated the foundation of a new business—dude ranching.

The dude ranch is a comparatively recent development in the West; only within the last fifteen years has it assumed any importance. It was introduced about thirty-five years ago by an Easterner, Howard Eaton, who, incidentally, was one of the truly great characters of the old West. Eaton owned a horse ranch in South Dakota which was overwhelmed with guests; soon he discovered that he was losing more on entertaining than he was making on his horses. At first he required his friends to pay their share of the expenses; but as they came in increasing numbers, he very wisely took advantage of this strange business opportunity to establish the first dude ranch at Wolf, Wyoming. As time went on, many ranchers followed his lead and devoted their ranches exclusively to dudes; others catered to the tourist trade and raised livestock as well. The desires and predictions of the dude ranchers have been fulfilled; and this type of rancher has developed, from a somewhat despised adventurer, into one of the most influential citizens of the West. Today the dude ranches are "peppered" throughout the West; they are located in the mountains of the North—in Montana and Wyoming—and in the Southern plains of Arizona and New Mexico. Dude-ranching is one of the most prolific sources of income in the West, and the dude business—the tourist trade in general—is rapidly becoming one of the most important in the Rocky Mountain States.

The dude ranchers (or wranglers as they are called in the parlance of the West) are usually Easterners with a great deal of Western experience; this experience is essential, for dude wrangling is at times a very trying profession as well as a very pleasant one. Unlike a hotel-keeper, the dude rancher must bear the social and moral responsibilities which are attached to his business as well as the more prosaic duties of providing food and shelter. It is not sufficient merely to turn the dudes loose; it is necessary to see that they are entertained and that they are instructed in a strange and somewhat dangerous country. The wrangler teaches them to ride, urges them not to over-ride, arranges and outfits pack-trips, tells innumerable stories, and answers the inevitable myriads of questions. He encourages the shy, curbs the over-active, rouses the lazy, and acts as solvent between antagonistic personalities. In addition to these multifarious responsibilities, he also faces the problem of a

BWANA

man who endeavors to provide food and shelter for fellow human beings in an isolated country. The experiences of Struthers Burt, who has been a dude wrangler for over sixteen years, gives an interesting insight to dude life. He writes, "It has been my experience that, on the whole, women are better ranchers and campers than men; they are less complaining than men, more eager, more helpful, and not half so sure that they know all there is to be known."

One of the chief duties of the rancher is the arrangement of the daily program; he must see that it is both healthful and varied. The dudes rise early, often at five o'clock. Breakfast is served at seven, after which riding claims the attention of most of the dudes; some, however, prefer canoeing or fishing. The noonday meal is eagerly welcomed by the hungry dudes, whose appetites have been whetted by exercise in the great outdoors. When their ravenous hunger has been satisfied, the guests are free to do as they wish. The equestrians take long rides on their favorite cow-ponies; the swimmers and canoeing enthusiasts splash to their hearts' content in a clear, cold stream; the hunters and fishermen go forth to seek new conquests; the less active dudes seem content to lounge in the shade of the old apple tree or read a book. When evening comes, they retire early, heavy-eyed and weary, confident of an interesting, varied program the next day in which they will participate.

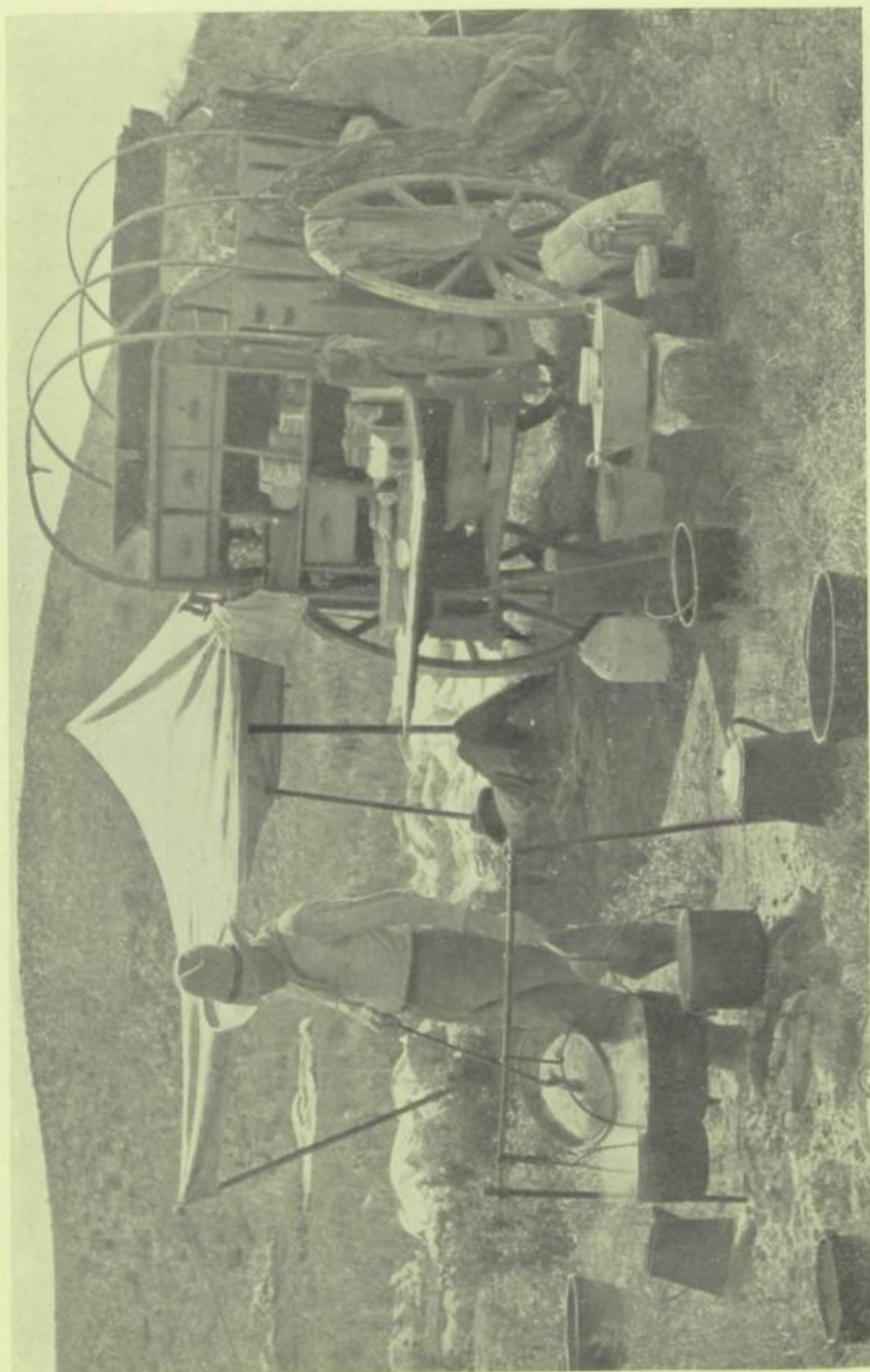
Certainly the varied program and numerous diversions are powerful incentives to make the dudes arise early and enjoy them as fully as possible. Swimming, horseback-riding, fishing, and hunting are the virile sports which attract the dude to the outdoors. In addition to these are the rodeos, dancing, picnics, and campfires that provide opportunities for friendship and wholesome diversion. The indoor sports include checkers, bridge, and billiards. Some of the more modern dude ranches have golf courses and tennis courts; and a few have been so affected by a recent Eastern fad that they have even installed miniature golf courses!

The simplicity and beauty of their new environment enable the dudes to enjoy their participation in the various sports thoroughly; for the desire to get away from the "madding crowd" is one of the chief reasons for the popularity of dude ranches. The unpretentious surroundings, totally dissimilar to any he has yet experienced, bring the dude in proximity with Nature. The mountain fastnesses of the North and the semi-desert plains of the South attract the tourist by their unchanged simplicity; the beauties of Nature are as beautiful today as they were thousands of years ago.

"Old-timers" and many Easterners bemoan the passing of the cowboy and the old West. Yet, in reality, neither of them can die, for there are millions of acres of land in the United States which are suitable only for grazing. Beauty has proved to be a business asset, wild game and the forests need never disappear, and tourists are the biggest future of the Rocky Mountain states.

JOSEPH GORDON

BWANA



By Courtesy of the Nature Magazine

A CHUCK WAGON ON THE TEXAS PLAINS



BOOKS PERTAINING TO THE AMERICAN COWBOY

(Obtainable at the Public Library)

- | | |
|--|---|
| Adams: Reed Anthony, Cowman. | Miller: Saddles and Lariats. |
| Ames: The Stranger from Cheyenne. | Mulford: Bar 20. |
| Ames: The Lone Hand. | Mulford: Bar 20 Days. |
| Ames: The Flying V Mystery. | Mulford: Bar 20 Rides Again. |
| Ames: Chaps and Chukkers. | Mulford: The Bar 20 Three. |
| Barnes: Tales of the X Bar Horse Camp. | Mulford: Black Buttes. |
| Bennet: On the Rustler Trail. | Mulford: Buck Peters, Ranchman. |
| Bennet: The Rough Rider. | Mulford: Corson of the J. C. |
| Birney: The Masked Rider. | Mulford: The Cottonwood Gulch. |
| Bower: Casey Ryan. | Mulford: The Deputy Sheriff. |
| Bower: Chip of the Flying U. | Mulford: "Mesquite Jenkins." |
| Bower: The Cow Country. | Mulford: Rustler's Valley. |
| Bower: Desert Brew. | Mulford: Tex. |
| Bower: The Eagle's Wing. | Myrick: Cache la Poudre. |
| Bower: Fool's Goal. | Newell: Cougars and Cowboys. |
| Bower: Hay-wire. | Parker: Wild Horse Ranch. |
| Bower: The Heritage of the Sioux. | Putnam: When the High-brow Joined the Outfit. |
| Bower: Rodeo. | Raine: The Fighting Edge. |
| Bower: The Sky Rider. | Raine: A Man Four Square. |
| Brand: Dan Barry's Daughter. | Raine: Man Size. |
| Brand: Destry Rides Again. | Raine: Texas Man. |
| Burt: The Branding Iron. | Robertson: Clawhammer Ranch. |
| Case: Riders of the Grande Bonde. | Robertson: The Foreman of the Forty Bar. |
| Chisholm: Yellow Horse. | Robertson: The Silver Cow. |
| Coburn: Mavericks. | Rollins: Jinglebob. |
| Coburn: The Ring-tailed Rannyhans. | Santee: Cowboy. |
| Cullum: The One-Way Trail. | Seltzer: The Boss of the Lazy Y. |
| Evarts: The Shaggy Legion. | Seltzer: Firebrand Trevison. |
| Evarts: Tumbleweeds. | Seltzer: Last Hope Ranch. |
| Garland, H: The Moccasin Ranch. | Seltzer: The Raider. |
| Garland, J: Ross Grant, Tenderfoot. | Seltzer: The Two-gun Man. |
| Girardot: Steve of Bar G Ranch. | Stead: The Cow-Puncher. |
| Grey: The Border Legion. | Spearman: Laramie Holds the Range. |
| Grey: Forlorn River. | Spearman: Whispering Smith. |
| Grey: To the Last Man. | Treyner: The Runaway Trail. |
| Hankins: The She-Boss. | Tuttle: Ghost Trails. |
| Haycox: Chaffee of Roaring Horse. | Vachell: Bunch Grass. |
| Hendryx: Prairie Flowers. | White: The Buster. |
| Hendryx: The Texan. | White: The Owner of the Lazy D. |
| Horton: Rider o' the Stars. | White: Paradise Bend. |
| Hough: The Sagebrusher. | White: The Twisted Foot. |
| Lane: Cabin Fever. | White: The Wagon Wheel. |
| Le May: Painted Ponies. | Wister: The Virginian. |
| Lloyd: The Invaders. | |

Forty-four

Prepared by VERNON MEYER

BWANA

THE BUCCANEER OF THE WEST

"East is East, and West is West, and ne'er the twain shall meet."

THAT was the consensus of opinion before this day of super-transportation, and before those hardy pioneers, who constituted most of our country's early population, came into existence. It had been believed by those little informed inhabitants of the world during the reign of Queen Isabella of Spain that the continents, and, in fact, the countries too, were separated by vast expanses of land that were practically impassable, and like the far-away and mysterious moon, would be forever inaccessible. That was before the day of those gallant and adventurous explorers who were contemporaries of Christopher Columbus.

Soon, however, these men sprang into action; territory hitherto unknown was discovered and charted, and the civilized world cultivated a desire—nay, a passion, for "opening up" new countries. It was then that the American Frontiersman, the forerunner of the American Cowboy, was born. That territory was known and charted on a map was not enough. It had to be populated, and made safe for utilization by the civilized world. So the hardy pioneer tore down the barriers separating East and West, and settled in that wide prairie land known at that time as the Far West.

Here were mile after mile of unbroken, rolling plains; buffalo and wild horses were found grazing and rollicking in that unlimited freedom of the open country. It was, it seemed, a perfect Eden for the lover of nature. Such a condition was too good to be true. And, as it proved, it was not true. The Indian, heretofore sole possessor of that country, resented the intrusion of the white man. He therefore allied himself with his tribesman, to rid his rightful possessions of these ever advancing 'palefaces'. Woe unto those who braved the dangers of the wilderness! Death lurked in almost every corner.

But civilization was not to be thwarted. Soon the Indian, and not the white man, was the intruder. The white man, however, was by this time no longer a pioneer. He was an established rancher, and under his direction were thousands of employees, called cowboys, who tended to the millions of heads of domesticated cattle owned by the rancher.

He was a colorful figure, this American cowboy. All the swagger, the restlessness, the bravado, the independent spirit that was characteristic of the seventeenth century buccaneer was also characteristic of the cowboy. Without the interference of the steadying, refining influence of womankind, he reigned supreme. He scoffed at Eastern culture and comforts. He boasted that his country was just as civilized as the Easterner's. Didn't he receive mail at least once a month? Didn't he have books, and all these new-fangled lamps,

BWANA

and a set of Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes? What difference did it make if he didn't have a lot of policemen tramping on his toes all the time? His country was a place where MEN were MEN!

There can be no doubt that romance was the very soul of the country. The lawlessness, the ruggedness, the simplicity of the customs added much to the beauty of the cow-country. Two-gunned men were as common there as automobiles are in our cities; the companionship developed between the men and the horses was never to be equalled; and the type of civilization to be found there was to be, in a few years, extinct forever. Out of their midst came powerful leaders, men who were destined to direct the fate of the nation. And many a man, like Theodore Roosevelt, who had once attached himself to their kind, could never break the relations. A few years of supremacy, and that type of American cowboy is gone. For now, with the advent of the automobile, the airplane, the telephone, the radio, and motion pictures, and industrial machinery, all has been changed.

Gone is the glamour and glory of the West. Gone is the danger and uncertainty, and its close relative, romantic adventure. No longer is a trip to the West a hazard. The customs of the sections of the country are too closely intermingled to allow any great distinctions between them. Thanks to the radio, the drawl of the Southerner, the sharp, staccato delivery of the New Englander, and the slow, deliberate speech of the Westerner are all fused into one. Departed, even, is the closeness of horse and master. Machines have supplanted the faithful beast, and given it no recourse but to pass gracefully out of the picture.

Like the rest of the world, the West is almost completely mechanized. There is no doubt but that the modern cowboy is more efficient than his predecessor, yet we feel keenly the loss of his buoyant spirit.

All that remains of that romantic figure is a memory, a skeleton of the past. Let us not neglect that skeleton, nor let time detract from the magnitude of its glory. And when forthcoming generations seek to honor the bravery of their pioneer forefathers, let them not forget the bravest, but least heralded of them all, the cowboy.

FRED SCHULER



BWANA

EXPRESSIONS USED BY A TEXAS COWBOY

Light-a-shuck	Hurry up
Maverick	Unbranded calf
Remuda	Group of saddle horses
Sky piece	Hat
Squeeze box	Accordion
Panther-cat	Mountain lion
Slew-footed	Big-footed cow or person
Foostie	Saddle
Lick	Syrup
Sinkers	Biscuits
Frijoles	Beans
Fall in or hit the hay	Go to bed
Beefing	Fussing
Woolies	Sheep
Waddies	Cowboys
Sky pilot	Preacher
Hit the ball	Work hard
Choke-rag	Neck tie
Snaky horse	Wild horse



CHUCK TIME ON A TEXAS RANGE

Picture—Courtesy of the Nature Magazine

BWANA

RANCHING

RANCHING is an industry which is at its best in some arid regions. It is most strikingly developed in the great plains of the western part of the United States. The ranch, with its clustered buildings and broad expanse of pasture lands, with here and there a herd of cattle or a flock of sheep, presents a scene that is strikingly different from a section of St. Louis. The cowboy, dressed in his characteristic garb and rushing over the rolling plains on his semi-wild mustang, displays qualities of courage, endurance, ability, and recklessness, which make a universal appeal. One who has studied ranching knows that the successful ranchman must adjust himself to the conditions imposed by nature.

Ranching is strongly influenced by physical conditions, particularly climate, soils, and vegetation. In the West the summers are short and hot, but the winters are long and cold. The rainfall comes chiefly during the late spring and early summer, and is inadequate for humid farming. The diurnal variation of the temperature during the summer is pronounced. Maximum summer temperature of 100° Fahrenheit is not unknown, while the minimum temperature may be as low as 60°. In other words, the days are hot and nights are cold.

The limited rainfall permits only those plants to grow that can complete their cycle of life during a short growing season. There is a marked absence of trees except along the water courses. Aside from the insufficient rainfall, the cool nights prevent the growing of many kinds of cultivated plants. Grass is the one type of vegetation that is best adapted to this region. Some plants manage to exist in this unfavorable environment by rapidly extending a long tap root to ground water. Other plants depend on the surface moisture and extend their roots rapidly near the surface so as to absorb quickly large quantities of water. Because of the inadequate amount of water, there is no mat formation of grass; but the grass grows in tussocks. The wet weather of early summer is succeeded by hot, dry weather which permits the grass to cure where it is grown. Therefore, the grass that is not consumed during the summer season is available as hay during the winter season.

Cattle and sheep are the most important animals found on the ranches of the West, for they are herbivorous animals. The moisture in the grass enables them to go long periods without drinking water. Moreover, in a region where transportation facilities are poor, cattle and sheep can transport themselves to market. These animals can care for themselves to a large extent. Consequently, a few cowboys can care for thousands of them.

The location of the ranch with reference to a suitable water supply frequently determines success or failure. Without an adequate supply of water the land is valueless. The person who controls watering places con-



WESTERN VIEWS

BWANA

trols the land for miles in every direction. This water supply may be derived from permanent streams, from pressure or hillside streams, or from deep wells.

The value of a ranch is increased if a reasonable amount of protection from storms is provided. Animals may find shelter at the foot of a steep bluff or among the trees which occasionally are found along the streams. Without some such protection the hot, merciless sun of summer beats down upon them; while, on the other hand, the cold, piercing winds of winter may cause the animals to freeze to death. The immense size of the ranch increases the probability that some animals will be lost.

The ranch owner must do things in a big way. The ranch may include several thousands of acres. A day or more may be required to travel on horseback to the farthest part of the ranch. Scores of miles of fences must be built. Sheltering places and corrals must be provided; and a supply of provisions such as canned goods, potatoes, and flour must be stored. Hundreds of cattle and sheep must be given food, water, and shelter. In fact, a large, well-managed ranch requires the annual turnover of thousands of dollars.

Contrary to general belief, the ranchman is busy throughout the year. The live stock must be given constant care lest it become the prey of wild animals, eat poisonous grasses, or become mired in quicksands or marshes. The stock must be driven from one pasture to another and to the watering holes. Twice a year the cattle are driven into the corrals. The calves are branded with the trade mark of the ranch, and the cattle to be marketed are placed in special enclosures. Sheep are handled similarly; while they are in the corrals, their wool is clipped. Although there is so much to be done during the summer season, the winter season with its snow and cold weather is even more exacting. Live stock in danger of freezing or starving must be rescued from the plains; frequently the cattle and sheep must be kept in corrals where they are fed hay and grain until the melting of the snow. After the sheet of snow has gradually disappeared, the scattered grasses of the plains are once more available to the animals. Unless the cowboy loves the open spaces, the steady round of activities is bound to become somewhat monotonous.

The ranchman requires plain, substantial food, not delicacies. He spends much of his time in the open and the kind of life he leads enables him to enjoy good health. Cowboys are known for their hearty appetites: they can consume amazing quantities of bread, meat, potatoes, and cabbage; they would almost starve to death on the dainty food of the city people.

The work of the ranchman contributes to the welfare of humanity. Sheep provide wool for clothing; cattle provide hides for shoes. Both kinds of animals provide meat. The ranch is an illustration of a highly specialized industry which depends on the sale of animals and animal products although

BWANA

a great diversity of things must be purchased from the outside world. By means of dry farming, irrigation, and the development of drought-resisting plants, crop farmers have gradually but persistently encroached upon the ranches. There are certain restricted areas that forever must be given over to ranching, but the ranch as an important American institution will soon be a thing of the past.

MILDRED BRANOM.

THE OLD COWBOY

*He wakes before dawn
From a dream of the past.
A past when the day
Broke o'er wide-spreading plains.
When, with bacon and coffee he'd broken his fast
It was pony and chaps and to saddle again.

With song and a shout
And a snap of the quirt
He defied the new day
To bring 'venture too bold.
When spirits ran high and young courage was warm
And he faced even death with an eye keen and cold.

But dawn nevermore
Brings the scent of the plain,
Of a crackling fire
And the tang of the sage;
For the cowboy is aged and broken and maimed
And a cheap, musty lodging-house shelters his age.

With life-weary eyes
He looks out through a pane
That's dingy with soot
Belched from chimney and stack,
And he longs, with a pain like a knife in the heart
For the strength of his youth and a saddle and pack.

The turn of the years
He awaits all alone,
Takes what they may bring
Be it shadow or sun,
Till the day of the great final round-up appears
When he draws down his "stake" and his life's job is done.*

—Elizabeth Fales
Term 7

EWANA

WILL ROGERS, THE COWBOY COMEDIAN

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, in a small cattle show in New York City, a steer went crazy from the heat. The on-lookers scattered right and left in a mad rush for safety. Only one person of that motley crowd kept a level head. This was a weather-beaten, young cow-puncher in characteristic leather chaps and gallon hat, who calmly and swiftly threw his lariat.

Such was the turning-point in the heretofore obscure career of Will Rogers, the son of a Cherokee Indian mother, of Oolaga, Indian Territory. Here he practically grew up on a cow-pony, and accordingly was expert in the use of a lariat. Until about his twenty-fifth year he was content with cattle-raising, but with manhood came restlessness and a longing to see the world. So he ran away from the home ranch, and shortly afterwards caught the public eye in the manner described above.

Not long after this incident, Will Rogers began his stage-career at a small theater. With his lariat and his "gift-o-gab," he roped in his audiences and rapidly shot into the limelight, until at the present time he is well known on and off the stage as the world's leading humorist. He is also known as a lecturer, screen star, and the author of many humorous articles and books.

Mr. Rogers is very proud of his Indian blood, and some of his grit and determination, which have brought him to his present prosperity, may be largely due to his kinship to a once great tribe. He is also proud of the fact that he is a cowboy, and he shows this pride by aiding various public charities for this type of man, and by helping every stranded cowboy whom he meets.

Although Mr. Rogers is now a well educated man-of-the-world, and freely admits that he prefers a Pullman car to an "outlaw buckner," his mode of dress and his mannerisms show that he is still a cowboy at heart.

ELIZABETH FALES

To smart:
The humor is essential
you supply it. —



BWANA



BUFFALO BILL

BUFFALO BILL—Pony Express rider, plainsman, hunter, scout, author, and showman—was one of the most colorful and spectacular figures in American history. With his long, flowing curls, small goatee, and mustache, Buffalo Bill became the hero and idol of every boy and girl in the United States.

William Frederick Cody, better known as Buffalo Bill, was born in Scott County, Iowa, in 1846. Owing to the death of his father, Cody became the chief support of the family. While still in his teens he was employed as one of the riders of the Pony Express, which carried the mail overland from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Sacramento, California, a distance of 1,950 miles, by means of relays of ponies, each rider covering seventy-five miles a day.

When but little over twenty, Cody attracted the attention of United States army officers, who were constantly in need of the services of expert scouts who could be depended upon, and who knew the habits and language of the Indians. When General Sheridan was campaigning against the Indians, Cody was made chief of the scouts and often carried dispatches one hundred miles through terrific fire of the hostile bands of Indians and returned safely with replies.

In 1867, Cody contracted to furnish buffalo meat to the laborers laying the track of the Kansas Pacific railroad. In eighteen months he had killed 4,280 buffalo. One of the men working on the railroad gave him the name of "Buffalo Bill," putting it into poetry, as follows:

"Buffalo Bill, Buffalo Bill,
Never missed and never will;
Always aims and shoots to kill,
And the company pays his buffalo bill!"

BWANA

Little did he know that he was to perpetuate a name that would become world famous.

While serving as an army scout and guide against the Sioux and Cheyenne Indians in 1876, Cody killed the noted Cheyenne chief, Yellow Hand, in single combat during the battle at Indian Creek.

Buffalo Bill had long cherished an idea to exhibit, in the Eastern States and in Europe, some of the elements which went to make up the frontier life. After much hard work, he accomplished this desire. Scores of Indians, hundreds of cowboys, the old "Deadwood Coach" (used for many years to carry mail and passengers), buffalo, and many other things characteristic of the West made up this gigantic show, known as the "Wild West Show," which toured America and Europe for nearly twenty years. Besides enabling Buffalo Bill to amass a fortune, which he invested in lands in Nebraska and Wyoming, the show appeared before kings and queens, and the presidents and regents of every country of the world.

Cody was elected to the Nebraska legislature in 1872 and later became judge-advocate general of the Wyoming National Guard.

In 1901, Cody became president of the Cody Military College and International Academy of Rough Riders, a school on his property in Wyoming, where young men may learn to ride and become masters of themselves and their horses, a "post-graduate school in manhood" as he termed it.

In company with others, Buffalo Bill wrote the "Great Salt Lake Trail." He is also the author of "Life of Honorable William F. Cody," "Story of the Wild West and Campfire Chats," "Adventures of Buffalo Bill," and "True Tales of the Plains."

Cody died on January 10, 1917, in Denver. His death marked the passing of the last of the great scouts. On the top of Lookout Mountain, twenty miles from Denver, in surroundings that he loved and in a tomb blasted from solid rock such as he would have chosen for himself, rests Cody's body.

ROBERT SCHROEDER



BWANA

ZANE GREY—A WRITER OF WESTERN LIFE

ZANE GREY is one of America's best known writers of western life. He was born in Zanesville, Ohio, a town founded by the frontier Zanes, ancestors of his mother. She had Indian blood in her veins. His father had been a backwoodsman, but he later became a doctor. With this background, Zane Grey had plenty of material for his writings. However, he always preferred hunting, fishing, and swimming to books. Although his writing is purely incidental, it is by this that he is best known.

In his books, Zane Grey always has contrasting characters, the crafty villain and the daring cowboy. The former usually tries to get the heroine's land, but by the cowboy's cleverness he is finally trapped in his own snare.

There is nothing unusual in the plots. We are all familiar with the cowboy hero who rescues the lady in distress. The distinctive feature of Zane Grey's novels is his picture of Western vastness. He gives a vivid impression of the sunrise and sunset of the West, the majestic mountains, and the endless plains.

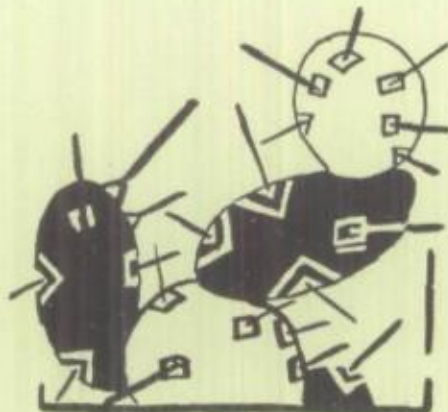
A good example of his descriptive powers is in the following paragraph from one of his latest novels, "The Dude Ranger":

"In another hour, day had broken. From then Ernest thrilled to the glory of an Arizona sunrise. It burst slowly over the endless range, as if unwilling to unfold all its beauty at once. Rose and pink lined the horizon. A great uplifting space of light followed the appearance of the blazing sun. Then the shadows stole away. The crisp air was full of a fresh sweetness and songs of birds and the lowing of cattle."

This in a few words gives a more vivid picture than most writers could portray in a page. Always subordinate to this vastness is the cowboy himself—just a part of the picture. He leads a lonely life, but is always conscious of the beauty of the country and his own insignificance in the vast West.

Zane Grey not only pictures this far-spreading country, but he also describes vividly the magnificence of Western scenery—the deep and narrow canyons, the lofty peaks, the sweep of desert, and everywhere the brilliant sunlight.

HELEN JANE COLVIN



BWANA

FROM THE WINDOW OF A STUDY HALL

*Looking out the window
From a sleepy study-hall,
What does one really see, either
In spring or in the fall?*

*A spot is seen in the distance,
Then another spot or two;
Buildings they are, without a doubt,
Against a background blue.*

*If it is Monday, then wash hangs out.
There's a child on a bike in glee.
Isn't it terribly interesting
The different things you see?*

*Homework! Homework! It must be done.
Your brain gets busy. Now let's see—
Who was it discovered the New World
In the fifteenth century?*

*What's that noise—it's an aeroplane!
Gee, I'd like to be in it now!
There below, you hear a music cart
Playing a gay song called, "And How!"*

*Oh, yes, and there's a tall smoke stack,
Something else one can plainly see.
Gee, that motor truck has a load—
Guess I'd better return to my history.*

*Isn't that a keen looking car?
What's that the teacher's saying to me?
"Stop looking outside, and study your books!"
'By, outside world, I'll see you quarter to three.*

—Estelle Borrowman
Term 8

				
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Louis Tirmenstein	Virginia Nordman			Francis Bradley
				
Helen Boling	Joe Gordon			Ruth Brooks
				
R. Grodzensky	Alice Wilk	Herbert Morris	Mildred Lloyd	Fred Schuler

Charles of
Lake
(Adeline)

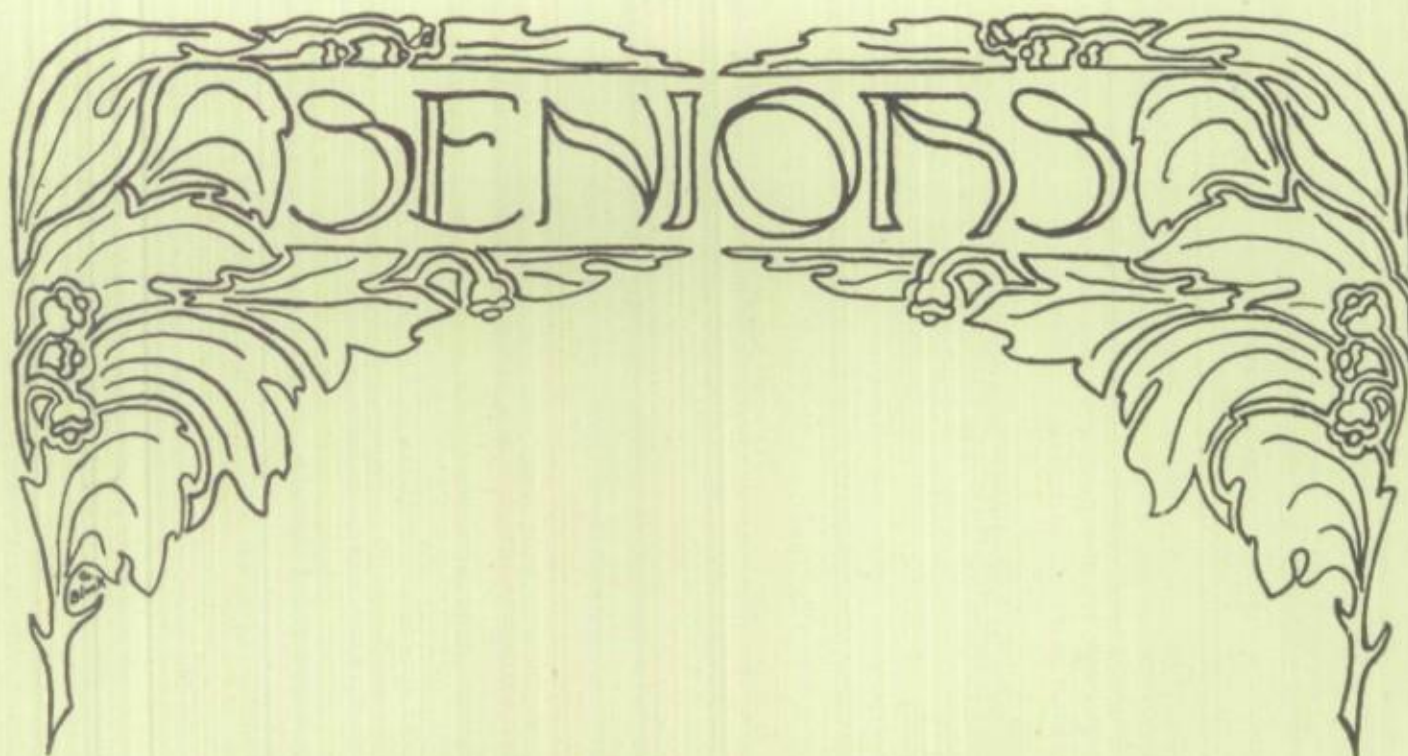
				
Adelen Dueltfeld	Vernon Meyer	Helen J. Colvin	Hartford M. Edgall	Dorothy Whitney
				
William Ault			Virginia Roos	Helen Stone
				
Virginia Upton			Gene Lundhansen	Albeola Reden
				
Merwin Weiss			Elizabeth Fales	Vianita Iceland
				
Bernice Whitney	Elsie Yehling	Paul Roberts	Marjorie Williams	Elizabeth Willett

SPONSORS

Miss Mills

Miss Nerud

Miss L. Solfronk



SENIORS

Moderator

Miss Battle

OFFICERS

January to June 1930

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Sergeant-at-Arms

Nathan Tutinsky
William Bolz
Jack Bauer
James Gamble
Jack Weaver

September 1930 to January 1931

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Sergeant-at-Arms

Nathan Tutinsky
Jack Bauer
Louise Schaefer
John Gates
James Gamble

Im sorry

NATHAN TUTINSKY

"TUT"

Capable, popular, just, and fair;
This chap is found in the president's chair.
Captain Football Team, President Seniors, President New Seniors, R. Club, Student Council, Chairman Citizenship Committee, Chairman Auditorium Committee, Torch.

JACK BAUR

Curly haired and handsome is beloved Jack;
Of all good qualities, none does he lack.
Vice-President Seniors, Secretary Sevens, Auditorium Committee, Chairman Finance Committee, President Naturalists' Society, Student Council, Chess Club, Swimming Club, Torch.

LOUISE SCHAEFER

A face so happy and so bright,
She certainly is a cheerful sight.
Secretary of Seniors, Student Council Representative, Athletic Committee, Spanish Club, Vocations Club.

JOHN GATES

If you would have things come your way,
Go after them!
If you want the Senior Class to pay,
Go after them!
Student Council, Treasurer Seniors, Rough Rider, President Golf Club, Torch.

JAMES GAMBLE

A likeable youth is James,
With idealistic aims.
Torch, Chairman Class Day Committee, "R" Club, Student Council, Treasurer Sevens, Vice-President Sixes, Rough Rider, Track, Football.

CYLVIA AARON

Her eyes excel the brightest skies.
Torch, Academic Pin, Service R, Round Table, O'ita, Spanish Club, Mask and Bushkin, Latin Club, Chairman New Senior Motto Committee, Picture Committee Seniors.

MURIEL BENSINGER

As modest, pretty, and sweet,
As any girl you'd meet.
Student Council Representative, Mask and Bushkin, O'ita, Roosevelt Uke Club, German Club, Indoor Baseball, Mask and Bushkin, Aud. Play.

WILBER AMMON

I'd like to know what I'm to do
In a little while when I get through.
*Roosevelt: Student Council, Finance Committee, Service R, Thrift Sponsor.
McKinley: Manual Club, Art Club.*





VINCENT AMEISS

If he has faults, he leaves us in doubt;
At least in four years we can't find them out.
Torch, Student Council, Citizenship Committee, Forum, Glee Club, Sportsman's Club, Engineering Club, Athenaeum, Triple Quartet.

ELEANOR ALLEN

Brevity is the soul of wit.
Spanish Club, Carol Club, Vocations Club, Art Club.

BERTHA BERKOV

"BERT"

A lovely girl and very sweet,
Surely a pleasant one to meet.
Spanish Club, Vocations Club, Basketball, Volley Ball.

JOSEPH ABELE

Judge by what I will do,
Not by what I have done.
Craft Club, Art Club, Golf Club, Stamp Club.

FRANK BAKER

Though music calms the savage breast,
Oratory is surely always best.
Chairman Finance Committee, Student Council, Rough Rider Staff, President Chess Club, Property Committee, Treasurer Mask and Buskin, Senior Class Day Committee, Sergeant-at-Arms Literary Society, Service R, Torch.

KATHRYN BISHOP

"KAY"

Friendly to all,
Intimate with few,
Charming, loyal, staunch, and true.
Vice-President College Club, Service R, Pep R, Mask and Buskin, Swimming Club, Basketball, Senior Play, Golf Club, Library.

GRACE BURFORD

A tall, willowy blond is Grace,
Sweet, demure, and fair of face.
Carol Club, Mask and Buskin, Latin Club, Senior Play.
Soldan: Chaminade, Campfire Club.

BERNARD BICK

Never sets out quickly but always arrives.
Student Council, Library Assistant, Service R.

Longly Grace

HERMAN DREHER

Why do I feel elated?
I'll soon have graduated!

*Treasurer and Sergeant-at-Arms Aviation Club,
Literary Society, Secretary Naturalists' Society.*

EMILY CHIPLEY

"CHIP"

Emily is dignified, quiet, serene,
Tranquil of temper and stately of mien.
*College Club, Basketball, Corresponding Secretary
College Club.*

MILDRED BRANOM

A charming girl, both sweet and fair,
With a winsome smile and glossy hair.

*Student Council, Auditorium Committee, Senior
Picture Committee, O'ita, Basketball.*

WILLIAM EGLESTON

Jolly and kind,
To friendship inclined.

Sportsman's Club.

WILLIAM CHAMBERS

Ever possessive of common sense,
Ever ready to use it.

SARAH BOWLER

A girl whose quiet ways
Make friends for all her days.

*McKinley: Glee Club.
Roosevelt: Carol Club.*

JANE DICKMAN

Her pleasant voice, her cheery smile,
Her loyalty make a friend worth while.

Student Council Representative.

ED DAVIS

A politician he will be,
Full of tact and chivalry.

Student Council.





WILLIAM BOLZ, JR.

Cheer leaders may come,
Cheer leaders may go,
But Billy leads on forever.

Cheer Leader, Vice-President Sevens, Business Manager Rough Rider, Social Committee Seniors, Golf Club, Literary, Swimming Club.

ELSA BRANDT

Elsa's temperament so sweet and gay,
Make many homage to her pay.

Service R, Rough Rider Typist, Spanish Club, Library.

CECEILE CARTUM

Blessed with a charming personality.

Priscilla Club, Volley Ball, Office, Rough Rider Typist.

RICHARD BUCH

Bound to succeed.

Organized with class of January 1931, but completed his course in 3½ years. Winner of Harvard Scholarship, Harvard Book Prize, Inter-scholastic Debating Team, Torch, Service Pin, Scholarship Pin, President Sixes, Vice-President June 1930 Class, Welfare Committee, Student Council.

COSIMO CATANZARO

I'm not afraid of work, merely not in sympathy with it.

"R" Club, Football, Football Manager.

GERTRUDE BLOCK

A light heart lives long.

Art Club, President Art Club.

ELIZABETH COUSLEY

Dainty and sweet—
A maiden petite.

*Roosevelt High: French Club.
Alton High: Dramatic Club, Red and Gray Staff,
G. A. A.*

CHARLES GUELS

When fun and homework clash,
Let homework go to smash.

Student Council.

MARTHA BLACKMORE

A girl on whom we all rely,
When there's something to be done,
She's always nigh.

*Torch, Scholarship Pin and R's, Service R,
Senior Identification Committee, Student Council
Representative, President, Vice-President Spanish
Club, Vice-President, Treasurer O'ita, Secretary
Speed Club, Athenaeum, Thrift Club.*

ALBERT BAUM

If exertion means an early death,
I shall enjoy long life and health.
Student Council, Engineering Club, Science Club.

GEORGE BRAUN

A jovial fellow is George Braun,
On his face you seldom see a frown.
*Secretary and Librarian Orchestra, Novelty Or-
chestra.*

MARCELLA BREITSCHUH

"SALLY"

A popular girl, and athletic, too—
With Sally around you'll never be blue.
*Identification Committee of Seniors, Basketball,
Pep R, Vice-President Pep R.*

ALICE BOAL

Always doing whatever she can
To help and cheer her fellowman.
O'ita.

CARL BAY

Size is no indication of power.
Literary Society, Glee Club, Engineering Club.

ORA BOSTON

Small in stature, great in worth.
Student Council.

CATHERINE BOE

This maid, demure and fair,
Is never vexed by heavy care.
Vocations Club.





DORA DIERBERGER

"DODY"

You'll search the world both far and near
Before you'll find a girl so dear.

French Club, Girls' Tennis.

WALTER DAHLGREN

A cartoonist without peer
Is the lad who's mentioned here;
As a student unsurpassed
In life he'll sure rise fast.

Torch, Rough Rider Staff, Bwana Staff, Student Council, President and Secretary Cartoon Club, President Pennell Club, Welfare Committee, Service R's, Senior Picture Committee, Senior Button Committee.

BURTON BOHANNON

Handsome and tall
He's liked by all.

President Swimming Club.

ESTELLE BORROWMAN

Outwardly carefree, but inwardly deep;
Her serious thoughts in her heart she keeps.

Mash and Bushin, Indoor Club, Library, Type Club, Senior Play.

CELESTINE DU LANEY

A true companion, a hard worker,
And a staunch friend.

Secretary and Treasurer Athenaeum, Round Table, O'ita, Associate Editor of Gold Bug, Academic R, Indoor.

ALBERT DAVIS

If I don't think well of myself, who will?

Rough Rider Staff, Cheer Leader, Swimming Club, Class Day Committee Seniors, Social Committee New Seniors, Literary Society.

HAROLD CUNNINGHAM

Seldom seen, seldom heard,
But you can always trust his word.

Engineering Club, Aviation Club.

DOROTHY CHAMPION

Flashing brown eyes that declare
A happy heart is surely there.

College Club, Treasurer Vocations Club, French Club, Volley Ball, Art Club, History Club.

RAMONA DUNCAN

Lively, happy, always gay.
Merrily Nonie goes on her way.

Student Council Representative, Chairman of Welfare Committee, Rough Rider, Senior Social Committee, Secretary Mask and Bushin, President, Vice-President Priscilla, Service R, Torch.

HAROLD RUNG

Lives of great men all remind us
We, too, can make our lives sublime.

Service R.

PHILIP GODWIN

He'd be cheerful under a mountain of troubles.
Secretary and Treasurer Novelty Orchestra, Secretary Band, President Band, Literary Society.

BLANCHE FAIN

She makes a friend where others
would make a foe.

Indoor, Round Table, Student Council, Welfare Committee.

MABEL HAUSMANN

In athletics, a "wiz"—
That's what Mabel is.

Roosevelt: Captain Basketball, Captain Indoor, President Volley Ball.

McKinley: Dancing Club.

JUNE EDWARDS

Kind, loving, loyal, true—
All of these are true of you.

Service R, President Pep R, Uke Club, Basketball, Archery.

HERMAN GOLTZ

Although you've not been with us long
You've made of us friends, life long strong.

MILDRED GOSS

Quiet, small, and sweet,
Dainty, lovely, neat.

Roosevelt: Basketball, Indoor.

McKinley: Dramatic Club, Library, Basketball.





TRENT EBERTS

A real fellow despite the mustache.
Student Council, Cartoon Club, Secretary Pennell Club, Treasurer Sportsman's Club.

VIRGINIA MANNING

One looking at her can't despise
 Her wealth of hair and dark brown eyes.

DANTZELLE DUFF

"DANNY"

A friend to you,
 A girl most true.

JOSEPH GORDON

Joe is good playing chess
 And is smart in his classes;
 And now I'll confess
 He's liked by fair lasses.

Bwana Staff, President, Vice-President Chess Club, Vice-President Forum, New Senior Motto Committee, Academic R, Senior Identification Committee, Torch.

WALTER GUNDLACH

Slow and steady wins the race.
Forum, Secretary Naturalists' Club, Track.

BEATRICE DE VOS

"BEE"

Shy as a violet, sweet as a rose—
 Knows how to make friends
 Wherever she goes.

Service R's, Academic R's, President and Recording Secretary O'ita, Librarian Carol Club, Pep R, Speed Club, Spanish Club, Vocations Club, Indoor Baseball, Torch.

EVELYN DAVIES

A good disposition is better than gold.
Carol Club.

HOLLIS GEORGE

"Four long years I had work galore,
 And now," says Hollis, "nevermore!"

HELEN JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

A mortal cheery,
Never tired, never weary.
Basketball, Trustee's Office.

DOROTHY F. GREB

I'm a delver deep—
Into books I peep,
And their treasures keep.
*Latin Club, O'ita, Round Table, Orchestra, Mask
and Buskin.*

SELMA ETLING

When Selma plays the uke
She never makes a fluke.
Leader of Roosevelt Uke Club, Basketball.

GERHARD KELSCH

His name is held in high esteem.

GUS HENDIN

Haste makes waste.

DOROTHY JOHNSON

"DOT"
Labor, the price of wisdom.
Spanish Club, Vocations Club.

JOSEPHINE FLORY

"JO"

A very active miss is she,
As bright and gay as she can be.
*Torch, Student Council, All Star Basketball
Team, President, Vice-President, Secretary and
Treasurer of College Club, Service R's, Chair-
man Social Committees of Sixes and Seniors.*

BOB LAWLER

He studied long, he studied late,
And now he is ready to graduate.





ELIZABETH HARRIS

My middle name is Hustle
My other name is Pep.

*Roosevelt: Volley Ball, Speed Club.
McKinley: Hiking Club, Athletic Club.*

BOB KREWINGHAUS

Bob has realized a four year's ambition—
A high school diploma with full recognition.

*Student Council, Radio Club, Sportsman's Club,
Swimming Club.*

LUCILLE HANSSEN

The less there is learned
The less there is to forget.

*President, Vice-President, Treasurer of Orchestra,
Student Council.*

MILDRED EDE KOOP

I laugh and sing and dance all day.
So drive life's weary cares away.

Service R, Thrift Club, Speed Club.

EUGENIA HENKE

Here's to Eugenia, so good and true,
Who makes enough E's to do for two.

*Torch, Academic R's, Service R, Treasurer Latin
Club, O'ita, Basketball, Senior Identification
Committee.*

GEORGE KAMMANN

A happy lad with a winning way,
And once a friend, a friend to stay.

HERMAN KESSLER

The world knows little of its greatest men.

LOUISE HOFFMAN

A little miss with a voice so clear
Who says what she thinks and has no fear.

BERTRAND FLOWERS
Size is no indication of power.
McKinley; Woodwork Club, Bug Club.

GLENNA CHAPMAN
Her frankness wins her friends.
Priscilla Club, Vocations Club.

JEAN ENGEL
Joy and happiness, plenty to share,
Gaily laughs she with never a care.
Senior and New Senior Social Committees, Vice-President of Coral Club, Pep R, Swimming Club, Indoor, Vocations Club.

BEN MCKOWN
Ben is a likely lad,
Not too good and not too bad.

BYRON JACKSON
A man of varied interests.
Student Council, Mash and Bushin, Rough Rider Staff.

VIRGINIA JACOBS
"JINX"
Always happy, always gay,
Ever driving gloom away.
Senior Play Committee, Basketball, College Club, Mash and Bushin, Pep R.

VIRGINIA ECKERLE
Virginia is so charming
Her quiet ways disarming.
Art Club.

PETER GEIST
Big and tall is handsome Pete;
To him orating is an easy feat.
Torch, Sergeant-at-Arms Student Council, Rough Rider Staff, President and Secretary Pennell Club, President and Treasurer Naturalists' Society, Senior Picture Committee, Senior Play.





ROBERT HUBBARD

If speech is silver and silence is gold,
Robert's fortune will be white, we are told.
*Mask and Bushin, Literary, Chess Club, Service
"R."*

DOROTHEA HOLLMAN

"DOT"
Light hearted and gay
She goes on her way.
Indoor, Volley Ball, Basketball.

CATHERINE JENKINS

Quiet is she, but forceful are her
thoughts when expressed.
Basketball.

ELIAS HYDAR

I'll study my school books never more
For my studying days at last are o'er.

JUNE FINEGAN

A tear for every sorrow,
A good wish for every morrow.
*Student Council, Service R, Volley Ball, Fashion
Show.*

MARIE GEIMER

A quiet girl, yet happy, too,
She has so very much to do.
*Torch, Recording Secretary O'ita, Secretary Speed
Club, Academic R's, Service R, Thrift Club,
Priscilla Club.*

BERNICE FOSTER

Her hair is black, her eyes so dark,
She's always ready for a lark.
Indoor Club, Traffic, Trustee's Office, Service R.

ROBERT JONES

To work or not to work—
That is the question.
Engineering Club, Craft Club, Art Club.

GEORGETTE HOLMES

"GEORGIE"

Your eyes of blue and wondrous hair
Have won attention everywhere.

*President Mash and Buskin, Mash and Buskin,
Aud. Play, Student Council Representative, Ath-
letic Committee, Senior Play Committee, Secretary
and Treasurer Art Club, Pep R, Senior Play.*

CHARLES FLACHMANN

Popularity is better than prosperity.

*Torch, Harvard Book Prize, Treasurer Sixes,
Captain Swimming Club, Student Council, Presi-
dent, Secretary, and Treasurer Swimming Club,
Treasurer Pennell Club, Cartoon Club.*

MORRIS LANGFELD

Zealous, but modest.

Swimming Club, Craft Club, Football.

HELEN HOERR

Ever the true heart finds its way.

*Art Club, Indoor Baseball, Basketball, Volley
Ball, Speed Club, Human Flag, Vocations Club.*

AUDREY LOEW

A quiet mind is richer than a crown.

*O'ita, Latin Club, German Club, Art Club, Pris-
cilla Club.
McKinley Intermediate: Craft Club, Ukulele Club,
Literary Club.*

DOROTHEA KNECHT

What's work for some, for her is play.
She knows her lessons every day.

*Torch, Academic R's, Academic Pin, Service R,
Latin Club, O'ita.*

EDWARD LEROY MEYER

A youth sincere and clean-cut.

*Secretary Sportsman's Club, Aviation Club,
Torch.*

MARGARET LUND

Very conscientious and very sweet,
Always careful to be prim and neat.

Torch.





ELMER HACKMAN

Boldness, be my friend!

Craft Club, Engineering Club, Service R.

DOROTHY GUTMANN

Charm strikes the sight:

Merit wins the soul.

Academic R., Indoor, Basketball.

VERNA JENNE

Verna is a good, true lass

And a worthy addition to our class.

Senior Social Committee, Service R., Vocations Club.

MARJORIE JOHNSTON

Very quiet and shy is she

But full of pep and energy.

Vocations Club, Secretary of Vocations Club, Carol Club, Spanish Club, Volley Ball, Indoor Baseball.

EARL HOFFMAN

A good heart is worth gold.

Spanish Club, Engineering Club, Golf Club, Track.

RUTH KASSING

Such a splendid, jolly girl is Ruth

That we can't describe her—

that's the truth.

Mask and Buskin, Uke Club, Secretary of Priscilla Club, Carol Club, Student Council Representative, Welfare Committee.

FLORENCE ANNE KNICHEL

"FLO"

A voice of gladness and a smile

Make time with her worth while.

Vice-President Speed Club, Indoor Baseball, Priscilla Club.

Cleveland: F. G. C.

MAXIM KOPRIVICA

He is a true friend.

Student Council, Traffic, Track, Engineering Club.

BOYD MCGRAW

Boyd can be a friend to all,
By all is truly liked;
Altho' our Boyd is not so tall,
He does his work all right.

MARIE MARKLESKE

None with Marie can compare,
Tho' she studies hard she seems not to care.

MILDRED MARTH

"MITZIE"

An attractive girl who lends grace and dignity
to the class.

Basketball.

ARTHUR H. MARIENFELD

As a cartoonist, he's great.

"R" Club, Vice-President Pennell Club, Car-
toon Club, Service R. Athletic R. Track.

RHODA MARKS

A quiet miss, yet cheerful too,
Maids like her are very few.

Basketball, Baseball.

VENETA MAY

Be as cheerful as you may
And you shall cheer by what you say.

Student Council Representative, O'ita, Art Club,
Priscilla Club.

McKinley Intermediate: Ukulele Club, Craft
Club, Literary Club.

MARIE MCMICHAEL

By wholesome, sweet and smiling ways
She helped to gladden Senior days.

President and Treasurer of Uke Club, Treasurer
of Ujuane Club, New Senior Ring and Pin Com-
mittee, Senior Social Committee.

JAMES MILLER

Going, but not to be forgotten.

Forum, Vice-President and Treasurer Cartoon
Club, Treasurer Pennell Club.





CLARENCE MACHALEK

May Good Fortune ever be his friend.
Engineering Club.

MARJORIE MEIER

Sweet, pretty, gentle and true,
She always has a smile for you.
Service R, Rough Rider Typist, O'ita, Spanish Club, Vocations Club.

VERA MEYER

Reserved and quiet,
Always polite.

VIRGINIA MEES

Although Ginnie is high in our ranks
She happily joins in our pranks.
Indoor Baseball, Basketball, Volley Ball, Speed Club.

ARTHUR MAX

I am relieved at last,
For my school days are past.
Track, Football.

ELEANORA MILLER

First here, then there,
You never find her anywhere.
Student Council Representative, Finance Committee, Thrift Cashier.

EDITH MAURER

Laughing, giggling all the day,
Oh, how she does love to play.

ALLEN PRICE

Why Allen's a musician
I think I understand,
He used to be a member
Of the Roosevelt High Band.
President, Secretary and Treasurer Novelty Orchestra, Vice-President Band, Treasurer Orchestra.

OSCAR SCHRAUT, JR.

If for honesty he were paid,
He would have his fortune made.

FLORENCE MILHOLM

No, Florence is not very tall
But her jolly ways make up for it all.

*Service R., College Club, Secretary Vocations
Club, Pep R., Spanish Club, Speed Club.*

BLANCHE MORITZ

A good hard worker who always took advice,
Who always answered promptly and acted nice.
O'ita, Speed Club, Vocations Club, Basketball.

CELESTE MICHELSON

You may fade unnoticed and be lost to view
But the world is bright for possessing you.
O'ita.

HELEN NOE

A business woman wise
In commerce bound to rise.
Art Club.

WILBERT STANTON

Silence is more eloquent than words.

CYRIL SWATEK

Courteous and manly in all he does.
*Interscholastic Debate, Student Council, Treas-
urer Mash and Bushkin, Librarian Literary, Chess
Club, Senior Play, Torch.*

VIRGINIA NORDMAN

She is a bearer of the Torch;
We're sure that she to fame will march.
*Torch, Academic R's, Interscholastic Debates,
President Round Table, President Carol Club,
Service R's, Secretary Sixes, Swimming Team,
Captain Basketball, Chairman Social Committee
of Sevens.*





LOUIS ROTTER

Great thoughts come from the heart.
Literary Society, Glee Club, Service R.

RUTH FOLLENIUS

When you play, play hard:
*Archery, College Club, Basketball, Baseball,
History Club, Volley Ball, Vocations.*

ELEANOR NOWOTNY

A steady hand, a friendly heart,
When it comes to work she does her part.
Rough Rider Staff.

GENEVIEVE PESCHKE

When others drop a task and quit,
Depend on her to finish it.
*Treasurer of Spanish Club, Thrift Club, Speed
Club.*

ROSAMOND PETERSON

She has a helping hand
Always at your command.

WILLIAM RALL

"Common sense among men is a fortune rare."

OLIVER SCHNITKER

Honor lies in honest toil.
*Citamard, Sport Club, Engineering Club, Mask
and Buskin, Glee Club.*

GRACE OLSEN

Grace's hair is always just so
And she always has some place to go.
*Secretary Pep R, Secretary Citamard, Rough
Rider Typist, Service R, College Club, Basket-
ball, Vocations Club, Cleveland Freshman Club.*

WILLIAM RUEDLINGER
Silence is more eloquent than words.

PAULINE POLLAK
In wisdom she is far above
Some maidens of today.
Student Council, O'ita, Scholarship R's, Service R, Treasurer of Orchestra, Type Club, Spanish Club, Priscilla Club, Office.

SOPHIE ROHRBACH
This lassie so gay
Always has her way.
ROBERT MCCOY
Robert's faults are few,
They are two less than two.
Cartoon Club, Track Team.

MILDRED PHILLIPS
Always happy, always fair,
Always willing to do her share.
ELEANOR ROYSTON
So pretty, dainty, and so sweet
Just to know her is a treat.
Basketball, Tennis Club, Fashion Show.

FRANCIS SAKOWSKY
Small, but mighty.
Swimming Club.

THELMA RANDOLPH
To know her is to love her.





OLIVER SIEGMUND

Oliver, with his motto of hard work
Is sure to succeed.
*Torch, Chess Club, Senior Identification Com-
mittee, Senior Play.*

MARY LOU RENARD

A prominent member of our smart set,
Is she popular? You just bet.
*Rough Rider Staff, Senior Identification Com-
mittee, College Club, Pep R, New Senior Motto
Committee, Academic R, Service R's, Basketball,
Priscilla, French Club, Torch.*

KATHERINE PAPPAS

She always worked
And never shirked.
*Basketball, Volley Ball, Baseball, Speed Club,
O'ita Citamard, Service R, Torch.*

LEONA REEVES

Kind hearted and true
Loyal to you.

MARIE ROSSO

A likeable girl, who on her way
Gathers her knowledge every day.
Orchestra.

WILLIAM SCHWARTZ

I'll be a "math shark" some day.
Sportsman's Club, Science Club.

LEONARD SCHILDROTH

I'll eat, and drink, and be merry;
Tomorrow I may have an exam.
*Secretary and Librarian Sportsman's Club, Busi-
ness Manager Swimming Team, Glee Club,
Track.*

ZERNA RUSSLER

Here's to Zerna, with eyes of brown
Whose spirit proud you cannot down.
*Indoor Baseball, Basketball, Volley Ball, Speed
Club.*

JAMES SLOSS

James is such a true good scout.
He'll be missed without a doubt.
McKinley: Bug Club, Woodwork Club.
Roosevelt: President Sportsman's Club.

VIRGINIA SCHIFFERDECKER

A gold haired miss, and fair to see,
Our "Noble Prize" for courtesy.
Student Council Representative, Basketball.

MILLY KRETZSCHMAR

Here's to Milly with hair so brown,
Upon whose face is never a frown.
Academic R, German Club, Torch.

LOWELL STANFORD

Variety is the spice of life.
Glee Club, Triple Quartet, Literary Club, Mask and Bushin, Chess Club, Craft Club.

HENRY SURRELLS

The less there is learned,
The less there is to forget.

RUTH SNODGRASS

In baseball she is sure to shine;
She'd be our choice on an all-star nine,
Volley Ball, Girls' Indoor Baseball.

GLORIA STIES

Her curls into a knot have turned
Her skirt has dropped below the knee;
The ways of a Senior she has learned,
She's now a young lady, it's easy to see.
French Club, Fashion Show.

BURT FEHLIG

On his ideal of a perfect day,
Mankind won't work, but only play.





MARTIN SMITH

Slow and steady wins the race.

EDITH SCHEINERT

*She's not afraid to do
Whate'er must needs be done.
By deeds, not words, she strives to prove
Life's battles will be won.*

Speed Club.

DOROTHY MAE SCHLENSKER

"DODY"

*Cheerfulness—efficiency—
The will to work—that's Dorothy.*

Priscilla Club, Volley Ball.

DOROTHY SCHLENSKER

*Pretty, petite,
Blonde and sweet.*

Volley Ball R, Priscilla.

ANNE MAE SCHROEDER

*Here's to Anna with eyes of blue,
Whose heart is kind, whose love is true.*

Basketball.

DENTON SKAGGS

The will to do.

*Orchestra, Literary Society, Sportsman's Club,
Student Council.*

ARMIN SCHAUMBURG

Worry kills people—Why die?

GERTRUDE GRACE SCHULTE

*Like a ray of sunshine
She dispels the clouds of despair.*

*Service R, Captain Basketball, Trustee's Office,
Speed Club.*

JOHN SKUBIZ

He presses on where others pause and fail.
Student Council, Engineering Club, Cartoon Club,
Naturalists' Society, Torch.

VIRGINIA SCHULTE

Pretty, able, and smart,
Willing to do her part.
O'ita, Carol Club, Spanish Club, Basketball,
Senior Play.

HELEN ROSE

"RODY"

Always smiling, always gay,
Full of pep the live long day.
College Club, Treasurer Citamard, Basketball,
Carol Club, President, Treasurer, Secretary Uke
Club, French Club, Vocations Club.

PHILIP STRUGAR

"PHIL"

A great athlete, deserving of praise.
"R" Club, Student Council, Service R, Chairman
Athletic Committee, Vice-President History Club,
New Senior Ring and Pin Committee, Track and
Football.

RUTH SEIDEL

A great career for her we see,
Seated in courts of law,
Dispensing justice with firm hand,
And wisdom without flaw.
O'ita.

VIOLA SELF

She's just as quiet as can be,
But be you not deceived—
She has a will, and with it
Great things will be achieved.
Speed Club, Indoor Club.

JOHN STODIECK

Still achieving,
Still pursuing.

FLORENCE SEIBEL

A darling girl, with hair of brown;
Florence never thinks to frown.
McKinley: President Glee Club, Dramatic Club,
Roosevelt: President Carol Club, College Club,
Senior Play.





EDWARD THOMAS

True worth will make itself known.
Student Council, Golf Club.

HELEN STONE

In accents soft and tones so clear
Over the "mike" you soon will hear
"Helen Stone announcing."
Student Council, Mask and Buskin Aud. Play, Radio School Tax Representative, Citizenship Committee, Academic R, Bwana Typist, Senior Play Committee, History Club, Thrift Club, Speed Club, Senior Play, Torch.

DOLORES STRUCHEL

Here's to Dolores so true;
We'll always think of you.
Soldan: G. A. R., Spanish Club, Sammy and Susie Club.

HENRY VELTEN

His heart was in his work.
French Club, Chess Club.

LOUIS TIRMENSTEIN

He needs no eulogy,
He speaks for himself.
Torch, President Literary, Senior Identification Committee, Student Council, Bwana Staff, Treasurer Glee Club, Mask and Buskin, Service R.

MARJORIE TOON

"MARGE"
It's nice to be natural,
If you are naturally nice.
Torch, Chairman Senior Identification Committee, College Club, Academic R, Service R's, Basketball.

RUTH E. UDE

Like the Ruth of old,
With a heart of gold,
She'll be faithful to the end.
Service R, Round Table, Interscholastic Debates, German Club, O'ita, Vocations Club, Torch.

WILLARD VANDERPLUYM

Knowledge comes,
But wisdom lingers.
Aquatic Club, Engineering Club, Band.

GERALDINE WEBB

In sten. and type, she's done just fine,
In the business world she's sure to shine.

JAMES WIRTHLIN

An all around good fellow
A friend sincere and true.
Aviation Club, Track, Rough Rider Distributor.

WILBUR HAEGER

One cannot truly estimate what there is in a
quiet fellow.

MARGARET WALTHER

For her kind acts she'll be renowned,
The world will sing her praise—
And many will unite to say
That long may be her day.
*Interscholastic Debates, Service R. Round Table,
Priscilla Club, Vocations Club.*

THEKLA WAGENFUEHR

"TEC"
Smiling, laughing, cheery and gay—
"Tec" will always be that way.
O'ita, Librarian, Basketball.

ROBERT W. WELSH

True in word, and tried in deed.
Swimming Club.

LESTER WEAVER

More is thy due than we can pay.
Chess Club.

ANITA BARNWELL

"NITA"
Smiling face, laughing eyes;
Anita is one who seldom sighs.
*Mask and Baskin, O'ita, Student Council, Spanish
Club, Basketball.*





RITA WEBER

Laughing eyes, lovely hair,
She is fairest among fair.

Spanish Club, Basketball, Indoor Baseball, Volley Ball.

KURT VON BAUER

Trained for camp or court.

Assistant Business Manager Rough Rider, Tennis Team, Basketball Manager, "R" Club, Exchange Manager Rough Rider, New Senior Button Committee, Chairman Senior Button Committee, Service R.

EDWIN TILL

The secret of success is constancy of purpose.

Student Council, Vice-President Aquatic Club, Glee Club, Property Committee.

CATHERINE SZCZEPAN

"Veni, vidi, vici."

Art Club, Speed Club, Basketball, Priscilla Club, Indoor, Tennis.

ALICE VICTOR

Victor by name, also by deed,
Alice will always be in the lead.

College Club, Student Council Representative, Vice-President Priscilla Club, Academic R, McKinley: Literary Club, Craft Club, Torch.

HAROLD WEILMUENSTER

Size is no indication of ability.

Student Council, Sportsman's Club.

JACK WEAVER

What makes him so popular?

Torch, Editor Rough Rider, "R" Club, Track, Manager, Assistant Business Manager Rough Rider, Social Committee, Sixes, Sergeant-at-Arms New Seniors.

GRACE WIBER

"SLAM"

Grace! Grace! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Our Pep R girl—Sis Boom Bah!

President, Vice-President Pep R, College Club, Rough Rider Typist, Senior Identification Committee, New Senior Button Committee, Sixes Social Committee, Service R's, Uke Club, Torch, Cleveland: Academic C, F. G. C.

PERRY WILSON
Fun loving and pleasure seeking.
Student Council, Auditorium Committee.

HELEN WINKLER
"WINKS"
A maid demure is she.
As sweet as she can be.
Torch, Editor of Bwana, Rough Rider Staff, Secretary of Student Council, Finance Committee, Service R's, Social Committee of Sixes and Sevens, Senior Identification Committee, Librarian of Art Club, Spanish Club, Senior Play.



BERNARD BESEL
I never trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles me.

JUANITA CORDES
Her ways and words are winning.

NORMAN DIETZ
Stout and shy,
He catches your eye.
Student Council, Rough Rider Staff, Assistant Business Manager Rough Rider, Athletic Committee.

ANTHONY DORAN
It's not what's in one's head,
But what one gets out of it.
Sportsman's Club.

RUTH FRITON
Always bonny, blithe, and gay.

GILBERT GOTTSCHALK
Of quiet ways but brightest thoughts.
Chess Club, Glee Club, Academic R.

VICTOR GRAF
Victor is quiet beyond a doubt,
You never see him laugh or shout.

HENRY GRAUL
A quiet lad, not very loud,
Yet one whose friends may well be proud.

ELIAS HYDAR
I'll study my school books never more,
For my studying days at last are o'er.

KATHERINE JOHNSON
Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

BARTON KOURI
Small in stature, only.
Track.

WALTER MANION
Walter does not say a pile,
But what he does say is worth while.

MARGARET MARTIN
She speaketh not, and yet there lies
A conversation in her eyes.

EDWIN MUDD
All things I thought I knew, but now I confess
The more I know I know, I know the less.

ELMER MUELLER
Little New Jays wouldn't sigh
If they knew as much as I.

JACOB SCHENCK
I never wail,
For I never fail.

RALPH SIMMERMAN
The world knows nothing of its greatest men.

RAYMOND SMITH
Onward, move onward
O time in thy flight,
And make the bell ring
Before I recite.

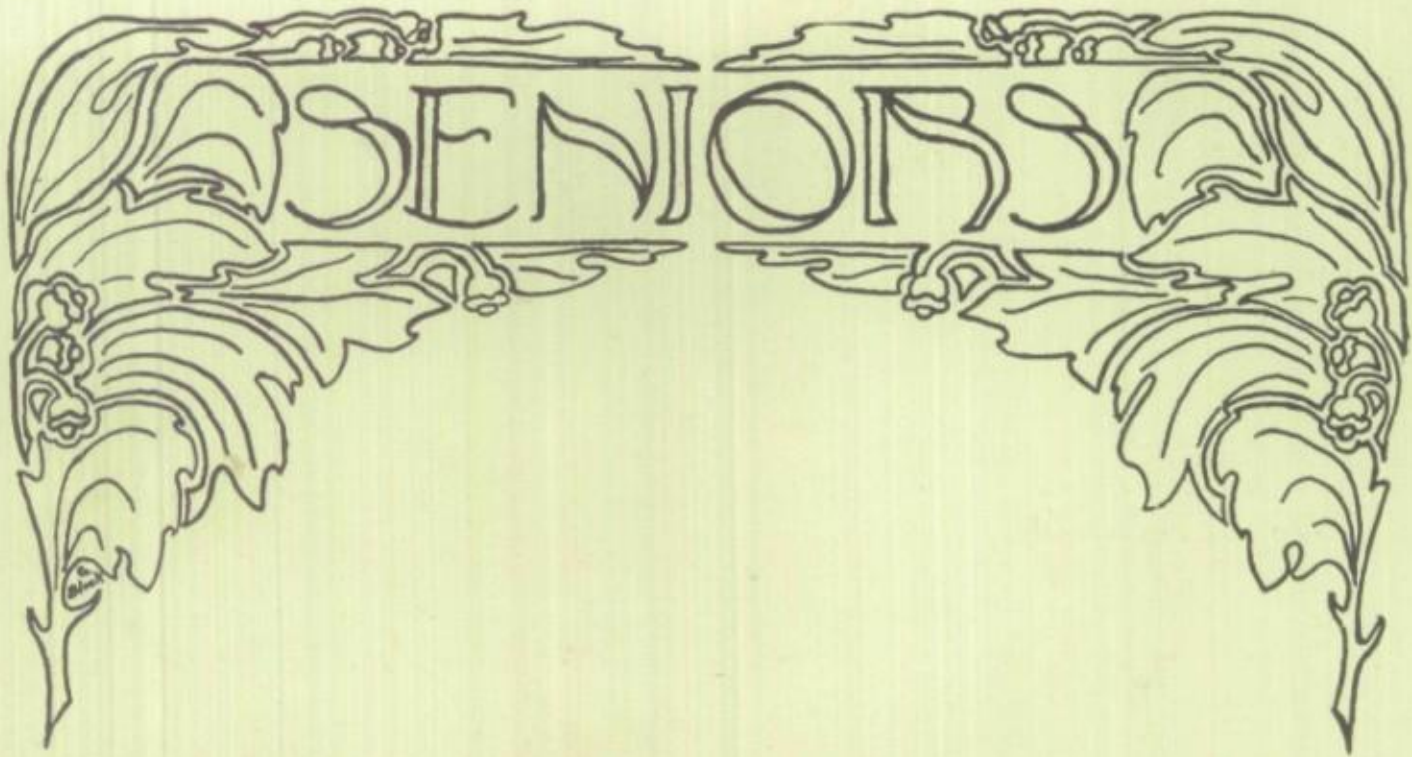
ALBERT SZASZ
Some day, a chemist I'll be.

ELLIS TRAUERNICHT
I've had a nice rest.
*Cleveland: Wrestling Club, Gym Club, Nature Club.
Central: Gym Team.
Roosevelt: Wrestling Club, Glee Club, Stamp Club, Literary Society, Mash and Bushin.*

ANTHONY WALTERS
On this lad you can depend,
If you're looking for a friend.

WALTER WEISBERG
It won't be long now!
Rough Rider Staff, Literary Society, Orchestra, Service Points.

HOWARD WILSON
Few things are impossible to diligence and skill.



NEW SENIORS

Moderator

Miss Long

OFFICERS

January to June 1930

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Sergeant-at-Arms

Herbert Ingram
Bernice Caram
Alberta Reden
James Reese
Wilbur Gansloser

September 1930 to January 1931

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Sergeant-at-Arms

Herbert Ingram
Bernice Caram
Alberta Reden
James Reese
Wilbur Gansloser

*as ever
Herb Ingram
H D E*

HERBERT CLYDE INGRAM

Seldom equaled, never excelled; that's Herbie!
President New Seniors, President Sixes, President Athenaeum, President Forum, President Glee Club, Interscholastic Debating Team, Rough Rider Staff, Student Council, Triple Quartette, Torch.

BERNICE CARAM

'Tis the song ye sing, and the smile ye wear,
That's making the sunshine everywhere.

Business Manager of Bwana, Student Council, Chairman Citizenship Committee, Scholarship R, Vice-President of Sixes and Sevens, President French Club, College Club, Athenaeum, Basketball, Torch.

ALBERTA REDEN

A pretty girl with golden hair,
A brain exceptionally rare.

Student Council, Scholarship Pin, Academic R's, Secretary Sixes and Sevens, Carol Club, Basketball Club, Debating Team, Pep R Club, Latin Club, College Club, Torch.

JAMES H. REESE

Ramon Navarro has his troubles too—

Basketball, Track, "R" Club, Student Council, Treasurer Sixes, Treasurer New Seniors, Property Committee.

WILBERT GANSLOSER

Wilbert has lots to say
And says it in his very own way.

KATHRYN LEE ALPISER

A girl whose description cannot be begun,
She's all the good things rolled up in one.
Ujuane Uke Club, Basketball Club.

DOROTHY ELEANOR ANTLE

'Tis the song you sing, and the smile you wear,
That's spreading the sunshine everywhere.

LAWRENCE MAXWELL ALLISON

The only way to have a friend is to be one.
Golf Club, Engineering Club.



*Successfully
in Race*



BERNICE BISHOP

If all her charms were billed,
This book would be quite filled.

*Mask and Buskin, French Club, Service Club,
Chairman of Art Committee Mask and Buskin.*

WILLIAM BAUMGARTNER, JR.

Always ready for a good time.

*Chairman Thrift Committee, Chess Club, Glee
Club, Student Council Representative, Sports-
man's Club, Citamard.*

WILLIAM E. AULT, JR.

The highest is the measure of the man.

*Bwana Staff, Rough Rider Staff, Service R,
Student Council, President Engineering Club,
Treasurer Engineering Club, Torch.*

SUSAN BARRINGTON

Faithful—true!

College Club, Academic R.

EDNA BOEHNER

With purpose strong
She goes along.

*Spanish Club, Volley Ball Club, Vocations Club,
Athenaeum Club, Human Flag Drill.*

THEODORE HENRY BACON

Be a friend and you'll have many.

Soldan: Track Team, Glee Club.

HOWARD PAUL BARRY

Marked "sterling."

Cashier Advisory Group.

RUTH SPENCE BROOKES

Gentle voice, soft and low,
When Ruth says "yes,"
No one says "no."

*College Club, Chairman Color Committee, Aca-
demic R, Bwana Staff, Torch.*

RUTH ELIZABETH BABLER

Jolly and kind,
To friendship inclined.
Priscilla Club, Spanish Club, Vocations Club.

ELEANOR SALOME BABLER

What's work for some for her is play;
She knows her lessons every day.
Spanish Club, Vocations Club, Priscilla Club.

MARIE AGNITCH

She doesn't say much when her work is done,
And she's good and kind to everyone.
Athenaeum Club, Spanish Club.

ROBERT GORDAN ADAM

"High, wide, and handsome."

RICHARD ANSCHUETZ

Barney Oldfield's only successor.
President, Treasurer German Club; President Citamard, Glee Club, Triple Quartet, Associate Editor Bwana, Student Council Representative, Finance Committee Student Council, Scholarship R's, Picture Committee, New Seniors, Torch.

JANE ELIZABETH BECK

She's pretty to walk with
And witty to talk with.
Pep R Club, French Club, Speed Club.

AUDREY BAGGERMAN

A pretty little trick is she;
A winsome lass we all agree.
Basketball Club.

RAMIE R. ASBRIDGE

"The men are wise, I'll make a bet,
"Who know as much as I'll forget."
Athenaeum, Engineering Club, Cartoon Club.





ELIZABETH FALES

Her fingers skim o'er the keys,
Every piece she plays with ease.

Bwana Staff, Student Council, Uke Club, Pep R, Citamard Club, College Club, Secretary Orchestra, Basketball Club, Orchestra, Torch, Central H. S., St. Joseph: Nature Study Club.

HARRY JAMES BABBITT

"If I don't think well of myself, who will?"
Glee Club, Band, Treasurer Band, Novelty Orchestra, Literary Society, Rough Rider Staff, Bank Cashier, Button Committee Sixes, Aquatic Club.

WALTER BEER

Haste makes waste; I'm thrifty.

Glee Club, Craft Club, Athenaeum, History Club.

HELEN FRANCES BRUEN

Who has seen her when she has not been
smiling?

French Club, College Club.

DANIEL M. BOON

His memory long will live in our hearts.

Sportsman's Club, Service, Rough Rider Staff.

LORINE BREITMAN

Lorine is serene and sweet,
A pleasant girl to know or meet.

Vocations Club, Uke Club.

VIRGINIA BRAUN

A tiny girl with lovely hair,
Whose sunny smile is everywhere.

Associate Editor Rough Rider, Academic and Service R's, College Club, Mask and Buskin, Pep R Club, Tennis Club, Social Committee Sixes and Sevens, Torch.

ROBERT CHARLES BUCKRUCKER

I may not be very handsome, but I swear I have
a distinguished look.

President, Vice-President, Sergeant-at-Arms, Craft Club, Swimming Club, Track.

HELEN BOLING

Helen Boling is her name:
We know she'll surely win great fame.
Student Council, Bwana Staff, Rough Rider Staff, Academic Pin, Academic R's, Service R's, Vice-President and Secretary of College Club, Secretary Pep Club, Secretary of Latin Club, Uke Club, Torch.

FRED HENRY BAIER

Once heard—always remembered.

FRANCIS BRADLEY

Tall and modest.
Sure and honest.
Bwana Staff, Treasurer Literary Society, Academic R's, Athenaeum, Motto Committee Sevens, Engineering Club, Craft Club, Torch.

MURIEL MAE BURK

Muriel is always bright and gay.
Who can withstand her winsome way?
McKinley: Glee Club, Social Club.

LILY MARY BUDROVICH

A friend in need is a friend indeed.
McKinley: Volley Ball, Roosevelt: Basketball Club, Speed Club, Baseball Club.

JANE ESTER ABCHAL

When others drop a task and quit,
Depend on Jane to finish it.
Traffic Officer, Bank Cashier, Service R's, New Senior Verse Committee, Round Table Club, Spanish Club, Baseball Club, Volley Ball Club, Vocations Club.

VIRGINIA LEE BURCH

Quantity and quality combined.
Bank Cashier, Thrift Club, Student Council, Thrift Cashier, Basketball Club.

JAMES EDWARD BEECH

Why worry?—
Tomorrow is another day.
McKinley: History Club, Checker Club, Science Club.





JOHN TURNER CARNALL

We haven't known John very long;
But he's O. K., and "going strong."

NORMA ELIZABETH BRANDITZ

Charming, lovely, full of wit,
She's a girl that makes a hit.

*Pep R Club, French Club, Uke Club, New
Senior Identification Committee, Tennis Club,
Indoor Club, Rough Rider Staff, Service R.*

KATHRYN CARLEY

Always friendly, always smiling,
That's what makes her so beguiling.

ANTHONY M. BENDER

"There's not much for me to learn."
Craft Club.

EMERSON CHARLEVILLE

Why girls prefer blondes.

*Citizenship Committee, Identification Commit-
tee, New Seniors, Student Council, Literary
Society, Swimming Club.*

GRETCHEN COOK

A truer friend cannot be found.

MARGUERITE COOK

She's very bright and jolly and gay;
But she can work as well as play.

College Club, Spanish Club, Library Assistant.

VERA CARR

Her sparkling eyes and animation
Make a pleasing combination.

Speed Club, Priscilla Club, Wayfarer's Club.

HELEN JANE COLVIN

A co-ed sweet,
To all a friend,
We hope to her
Will fortune trend.

Rough Rider Staff, Bwana Staff, Scholarship Pin, Service R's, Student Council, Athletic Committee, President Latin Club, Program Committee College Club, Orchestra, Torch.

AMELIO LOUIS CIARNIELLO

The less there is learned,
The less there is to forget.

JANE CORN

A finer sportswoman was never born.
We take off our hats to Miss Jane Corn.

Student Council, Service R's, College Club, Sergeant-at-Arms Pep R Club, President Indoor Club, President Vocations Club, Basketball Club, Tennis Club, Wayfarer's Club, Picture Committee New Seniors.

ARLEEN CARROLL

Fun can always be found
When Arleen's around.

Athenaeum, Spanish Club, Vocations Club.

FRANCES ROSALIE CORRENTI

If ever you're lonesome, and feel out of line,
Just go to Frances; she'll make you feel fine.
French Club, President of French Club, Priscilla.

ADOLPH COHEN

His idea of a perfect day—
Less work and more play.

JOHN BEVERLY DAVIS

Oh! to be happy, jolly and free,
Is just the life for my pal and me.

LA VERA BETHEL CUNNINGHAM

Modest she seems, not shy.

John Davis





HELEN SYLVIA DETJEN

She's sparkling and pretty and thoughtful, too:
She's the kind of girl that should never be blue.
*Vocations Club, French Club, Latin Club, Indoor
Baseball Club, College Club, Pep R Club.*

EDWARD DOWLING

"Studyin' becomes uninteresting.

EDNA MARIE DAUERNHEIM

Hair so blonde and eyes so blue:
Do we like her? I'll say we do.
McKinley: Basketball.
Roosevelt: Student Council, Speed Club.

VIRGINIA DORSCH

Jolly and gay, and full of good will,
There's a spot in our hearts she'll always fill.
*History Club, Sergeant-at-arms Latin Club, Aca-
demic R, O'ita, Basketball, Human Flag.*

GENEVIEVE MAE DIVEN

Silence and sunshine blend.

BERNHARDT C. DRUMM

This lad is one we all admire:
He'll go on up and up still higher.

KENNETH DILLMAN

Here's to Kenny, slim and tall,
He's a star in basketball.
*Basketball, Baseball, "R" Club, Student Council,
Chairman of Property Committee, Golf Club.*

RUTH DOUGHERTY

If you want to be cheerful, and witty, and gay,
Just imitate Ruth: she's always that way.

DONNELL W. DUTTON

A fellow usually known as Don,
He's quite friendly with everyone.
*Engineering Club, Aviation Club, Bank Cashier,
Torch.*

EUGENIA LUCILLE EDELMANN

She goes thru life with a laugh and smile;
May this be true a long, long while.

VIRGINIA M. ECKLES

She's brilliant and witty, an amiable lass,
But she drives us all mad with her giggling in
class.

Athenaeum, Citamard.

LAURINE MARIE EHREDT

She's laughing, and chattering, and smiling all
day.

A clever young lady with a charming way.

*McKinley: Dancing Club, French Club.
Roosevelt: History Club.*

VIRGINIA EMIG

She's constantly arguing for all she's worth,
Virginia Emig, fastest talker on earth.

*College Club, Treasurer College Club, Round
Table, Treasurer, Sergeant-at-Arms Round Table,
Basketball, Captain Basketball, Librarian, Treas-
urer of Advisory.*

OREN W. EARLY

The early bird gets the worm;
Just see what this one's got.

*Student Council, Property Committee, Rough
Rider Staff, Service R, Treasurer, Librarian,
Vice-President and Plays, Mask and Buskin,
Orchestra, Torch.*

ROY J. EPSTEIN

"An ever lasting funster."

Forum, Science Club.

SHIRLEY MARY EWART

Modest, quiet, and sweet—
Would there were more like her.

*Beaumont: G. A. A., Swimming Club, Skating
Club, Little Duck, Choral Club.*

Roosevelt: Uke Club, French Club.





MILDRED FAUST

She's a girl worth while,
'Cause she can always smile.

THOMAS EATON

Those who know Thomas Eaton,
Say he's never been beaten.

Athenaeum.

HELEN ELIZABETH EXNER

Till she's fulfilled all ambitions, Helen won't
stop:
She'll never quit climbing till she's reached the
top.

*Vice-President Band, Vice-President O'ita, Vice-
President German, Round Table, Academic R,
Service R, Roosevelt Orchestra, Wellesley Cup
Debate, Torch.*

MAE W. FONG

A girl not content with just plodding along;
If she doesn't climb high, our guess is all wrong.

VIRGINIA MAY GARNER

Life is not so short but that there is always
time for courtesy.

*Carol Club, Indoor Baseball Club, Basketball
Club, O'ita.*

FRANK MORRIS FENLEY

Altho' in stature he's a little small,
In height of mind he stands over all.

McKinley: Gym Club, Checker Club.

WREN FERGUSON

Happy-go-lucky cheerful boy,
Always just chock-full of joy.

*Literary Society, Engineering Club, Glee Club,
Triple Quartet, Group Cashier.*

KATHLEEN FULLER

If she's cute and pretty, witty, and gay,
We'll bet a dollar that the girl is Kay.

Spanish Club, Priscilla Club.

CLIFFORD E. FISCHER

Cliff's a fellow that's somewhat shy,
But with him it's "do or die."
*Forum, Glee Club, Triple Quartette, Craft Club,
Sportsman's Club.*

VIRGINIA RUTH GARTENBACH

This maid above so sweet and smart
Has a very kindly heart.
*Swimming Club, Basketball Club, Vocations
Club, Human Flag.*

HARRIET LUCILLE GONTER

The sun is coming up—
Wrong again, Harriet's approaching.
*Chairman Advisory Group, History Club, Speed
Club, Vocations Club, Spanish Club.*

HELEN ELIZABETH GIMPEL

To find a girl as peppy and gay
Could never be done in any way.
East St. Louis High: Type Club, Welfare Club.

RUDOLPH FISCHER

Greeting everything with a smile,
He'll attain success after a while.
Student Cashier, Glee Club, Mask and Buskin.

CATHERINE GOETTLEMAN

She's very thoughtful, very fair,
Always willing to do her share.

MARGARET REGINA GOTTLÖB

Be a friend; the rest will follow.
Priscilla Club.

RAYMOND JOHN FITZGERALD

"Handsome is as handsome does."
He's doing fine.





ELIZABETH GREIDERER

An artist in the making.

JACOB J. FRIEDMAN

Jacob's a student,
A lad of agility;
Who was it said, "Size
Is a sign of ability?"

*Aviation Club, Secretary, Ace, Squadron Leader,
Craft Club.*

JULIA MAE GRIESE

A willing worker is Julia May,
Who has a very winning way.

Athenaeum, Latin Club.

MARY VIRGINIA GRUND

Beautiful eyes that show
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

JOSEPH LOSSE GABBERT

A reserved and modest gentleman.

*McKinley: Science Club, Gym Club, Checker
Club.*

BERNICE D. GROSSE

Patience is the key of contentment.

Vice-President Art Club.

HELEN GUERDAN

Beloved by her friends,
(And she has many of them),
As a girl she's a pearl, as a pal she's a gem.

HENRY MAHLON GAINES

Always the same
'Mid sunshine or rain.

JOHN A. GEORGOPOULOS

Great things come in small packages, as we all know.

JEAN HAFNER

I may be short and I may be fat;
But I'm worth six bits for all of that.

Art Club, Bwana Staff, Thrift Club, Priscilla Club, Fashion Show.

VIRGINIA ANNA HAINES

Ever ready for a good time.

*McKinley: Dancing Club, French Club,
Roosevelt: Athenaeum.*

GENEVIEVE FRANCIS HART

Need some one on whom to depend?
Call on her, a perfect friend.

*Student Council, Ujuane Uke Club, Mask and
Buskin, Volley Ball Club, Treasurer Vocations
Club, Athenaeum, Art Club.*

LOUISE HEINRICH

She'll ever greet you with a smile
That makes all things seem more worth while.

WOODROW GILMORE

Small in might, great in worth.

JOSEPH GONZALEZ

A man of the hour.

Athenaeum, Cartoon Club.

MABEL HENKE

Laugh and be gay—
Tomorrow is another day.

*Volley Ball Club, Spanish Club, Vocations Club,
Athenaeum, Human Flag, Priscilla Club.*





GLADYS MARIE HEMPEL

Always laughing, full of fun,
In sunshine she beats the sun.
*Basketball Club, Baseball, History Club,
Latin Club, Athenaeum.*

ISRAEL GINSBURG

His face is his fortune.

RUTH ARLINE HELSHER

She makes a friend when others make a foe.
*Basketball, Athenaeum, College Club, French
Club, Priscilla Club.*

ELSIE MARTHA HOBELMAN

Well worth her weight in gold.
*Citard, French Club, Latin Club, Service
Credits, Athenaeum.*

ADELLE HICKMAN

A light heart lives long.
Priscilla Club.

OSCAR SIDNEY GOLDFARB

Face to face
Clears many a case.
Orchestra, Latin Club, Forum.

ARDEN GRAY

Arden has a little "car"
That's climbed o'er hill and hollow,
And everywhere that Arden goes,
His "car" is sure to follow.

NANCY HILL

Joy and happiness, plenty to share,
Gaily laughs she with never a care.
Spanish Club, Office Work, Basketball Club.

DOROTHY MARY HUSKEY

Dorothy is serene and sweet,
A pleasant girl to know or meet.

Cape Training School: Green Dragon, Dramatic Club, S. A. K. Literary Club.
Roosevelt: Basketball, Fashion Show.

WILLIAM GRAY

He has common sense in a way that is
uncommon.

Swimming Team, Swimming Club.

CARROLL ELIZABETH HUFFSTOT

A very active miss is she
As bright and gay as she can be.

Macomb, Ill.: Rostrum, A. A. A.
Roosevelt: Vice-President and President Art Club, President Latin Club, Treasurer Athenaeum, Rough Rider Staff, Bwana Staff, Associate Editor, Chairman Sixes Button Committee, Academic R's and Pin, Service R's, New Senior Identification Committee, Torch.

LAURA MATHILDA HUBERT

Full of laughter, full of fun,
With a smile for everyone.

McKinley: Orchestra.
Roosevelt: Priscilla Club, Indoor Club.

LETHA P. JOST

Hair so blonde and eyes so blue,
Always has a smile for you.

Treasurer Art Club, Basketball Club.

WALTER ALBERT HAASE

Far-seeing, modest, and happy.

Science Club, Engineering Club.

EDWIN HAMBLEY

He that is of merry heart has a continual feast.
Literary Society, Student Council, Spanish Club.

VIANIA OLEDA IRELAND

This maid with eyes of blue
She is sweet and peppy too.

Cleveland High: Freshman Girls' Club,
Roosevelt: Bwana Staff, Rough Rider Staff, Human Flag, Speed Club, New Senior Typist, Social Committee New Seniors, Assistant Bank Cashier, Torch.





AUDREY LUCILLE JOSTES

Majestic in her person—tall and straight.
Spanish Club.

SAMUEL ALBERT HANSER

My treasures are my friends.
Student Council, Athletic Committee, Glee Club, Sportsman's Club, Group Cashier.

LORRAINE KOTNER

A light heart lives long.
Girl's Indoor Club, Latin Club.

DOROTHY ANN KOERNER

Never a dull care clouds her sky.
For she has such a twinkling eye.
Roosevelt Uke Club, Priscilla Club, Indoor Baseball, Volley Ball, Speed Club.

BONNER KENNEDY

A cheerful disposition and a charming sunny smile,
To know a girl like Bonner is to know a girl worth while.
French Club, Latin Club, Vocations Club, Indoor Baseball Club, Basketball Club, Pep R Club.

CHRISTIAN F. HAMMANN

Christian is a likely lad,
One of the best we've ever had.
Engineering Club, Literary Society, Chess Club.

GENEVIEVE E. KING

Quiet, but oh, so sweet.
Latin Club, Priscilla Club, Indoor Club, Volley Ball Club, Speed Club.

OTTO GUSTAVE HEINECKE

Measure your mind's height by the shade it casts.
Athenaeum, Orchestra.

ROBERT A. HATHAWAY

I dare do all that may become a man.
Track, "R" Club.

ELIZABETH M. KOURI

Parlez-vous Francais?
Oui, And how, Monsieur.
Rough Rider Staff, Button Committee New
Seniors, Library Assistant, History Club, French
Club, Latin Club, O'ita, Basketball Club.

LORRAINE KLAUSEN

When it comes to playing tennis,
This girl is a "whiz."
We think she's good as any;
Now don't you think she is?
Pep R Club, Basketball Club, Priscilla Club,
Fashion Show.

LEWIS HERMLE

Don't worry. You'll never know the difference
a hundred years from now.

JUANITA KRAMER

Juanita is so bright and gay;
She has a very winning way.
Spanish Club, Priscilla Club, Vocations Club,
Bank Cashier of Advisory, O'ita.

JESSIE MARY ALICE KULAGE

I have no reason but a
Woman's reason.—
I think it so because I
Think it so.
College Club, Carol Club, French Club, Priscilla Club, Secretary of Priscilla Club, Sergeant-at-Arms Priscilla Club.

WALTER EMILE HENTMANN

He conquers who endures.

ELEANOR AUGUSTA KUEHNEL

They are never alone
That are accompanied
By noble thoughts.
Basketball Club, Academic R, Art Club, Orchestra.





Just "Lil"

KENNETH E. HOLLWEG

Always working.
Never shirking.

*Student Council, Athletic Committee, Golf Club,
Literary Society, Engineering Club Treasurer.*

LILLIAN R. LAMME

First here, then there:
You never find her anywhere.

*Mask and Bushin, Mask and Bushin Aud Play,
French Club, Service Bureau.*

ELOISE ESTELLE LEVE

Her cup of friendship is brimming over.
McKinley: Sewing Club, Service.

MILDRED VIRGINIA LLOYD

A true companion,
A hard worker, and
A staunch friend.

*Bwana Staff, Rough Rider Staff, Wellesley Cup
Debates, Student Council, Scholarship and Ser-
vice R's, Secretary Round Table, Citizenship
Committee, Carol Club, College Club, Pep R
Club, Torch.*

ESTHER JUNE LOYD

A soft answer turneth away wrath.

EARL G. HERCHERT

Success follows industry.

KENNETH ALBERT KOERNER

In playing football here's our star,
In fact Ken's always up to par.

*Athletic R's, Basketball, Football, Track, "R"
Club, Swimming Club, Captain Track Team,
Rough Rider Staff, New Senior Social Com-
mittee, Torch.*

MARGARET VIRGINIA LANGEN

A pal to you,
A girl most true.

Pep R Club, College Club.

CHARLOTTE LOHMAN

A proof that not all precious articles come in small packages.

Latin Club, College Club, Pep R, Student Council, Athletic Committee, Baseball Club.

ROBERT HUTZEL

Reasonable men are the best dictionaries of conversation.

DORSETTA LEONA LOEBEL

Here's a student,
Here's a friend,
Ever ready a hand
To lend.

CARRIENEAL FAYE LUCAS

Be a friend and you will find
Your giving will be paid in kind.

O'ita, Basketball Club, Volley Ball Club, Speed Club, Indoor Club.

BEULAH LEMON

Not as sour as her name.

NICKOLAS KOESTNER

I'll get along, somehow.

Student Council, Literary Society, Service R's, Mash and Buskin.

DORIS MAHER

A laughing face to greet you—
Dancing eyes to meet you.

Priscilla Club, Spanish Club.

HENRY ARTHUR KIEL

Here's our Henry Arthur Kiel,
Who should be a mayor, too, we feel.

McKinley Intermediate: Student Council Sportsman's Club, School Electrician, Cashier Advisory Group, Torch.



*Love
Karine*



KARINE M. MCELROY

Karine a gracious lady feels
In lengthened gown and high, high heels.
*Academic R. Service R. O'ita Club, College Club,
French Club, Social Committee of Sixes, New
Senior Pin and Ring Committee.*

ALBERT R. KREITZ

A great orator he'll be some day.
You've heard of Lincoln—well, here's our Ray.
Engineering Club, Swimming Club.



GOLDIE MAY MCLAUGHLIN

Most dainty and small,
Beloved by all.
Thrift Club, Speed Club.

IDANELL MCCLARIN

She stirs our pride and wins our hearts,
This maiden fair to see.
O'ita, Basketball Club, French Club.



IRENE ELIZABETH MUNDY

Her very frowns are fairer far,
Than smiles of other maidens are.
*Athenaeum Club, College Club, Round Table,
Tennis Club, Service R. Priscilla Club.*

JAMES LANGEN

James is a wondrous lad—
Always busy and never sad.



CHARLES WILLIAM LORENZ

Haste makes waste—I'm thrifty.
*Literary Society, Cartoon Club, Chess Club,
Rough Rider Staff Photographer, Service Club,
Verse Committee Sevens, Torch.*

VA LERIA MCGHEE

A good disposition is better than gold.
Priscilla Club.

MILDRED McDONALD
 As modest, pretty, and as sweet,
 As any girl you'll chance to meet.
Basketball Club, Book Room, Supply Room.

PAUL AUGUST KOOPMANN
 When in need of a friend,
 On this chap you can depend.
Chairman, Treasurer Engineering Club.

RENA MANDEL
 A pretty face and a sweet disposition
 Make a pleasing combination.
Basketball Club, Human Flag, Girl's Indoor Club, Social Committee O'ita, Sergeant-at-Arms O'ita, Library Assistant, Thrift Cashier, Citamard.

SARAH ELIZABETH MCCONNELL
 (SALLY)
 Happy-go-lucky, fair and free,
 Nothing is there that bothers me.
*McKinley: Spanish Club.
 Roosevelt: Priscilla Club.*

MARCELLA MARXER
 Quiet and sweet is she
 But full of "pep" and energy.
Spanish Club, Indoor Club, Vocations Club.

LESTER KRAFT
 He that can have patience,
 Can have what he will.
Craft, Chess, Aviation, Engineering.

ROBERT LAFOLLETTE LITTLE
 Our Robert is not from Wisconsin.
Walnut Hills High, Cincinnati, O.; Debating Club.

MARGARET HELEN McDONALD
 Always doing whatever she can
 To help and cheer her fellow man.
Pep R, Basketball Club, College Club, Fashion Show, Priscilla Club.



Bessie Menos



BESSIE MENOS

Her pleasant voice, her cheery smile,
Her loyalty, make a friend worth while.
French Club, Basketball Club, Indoor Club.

MILLARD S. LANGLAND

One who is quiet, yet withal so nice,
That we value his friendship at a very high
price.
Student Council Representative.

LUCILLE MARIE MEISINGER

Gentle words are always gain.
Bank, Service R.

LUCILLE MARIE MENKE

A sweet little lass is our Lucille;
Without her, oh, we'd lonesome feel.
Speed Club, Uke Club.

KATHRYN MOLONEY

So dainty a person, so pretty, so sweet,
Is described by one adjective—petite.

JOE E. MACHATSCHEK

He means well and acts accordingly.
*Glee Club, Literary Club, Sportsman's Club,
Forum, Triple Quartette.*

WALTER LUTZ

Armed so strong with honesty.
*Cleveland: Band, Cartooning Club.
Roosevelt: Band.*

RUTH MARJORIE MORGAN

A heart within whose sacred cell,
The peaceful virtues love to dwell.
*O'ita Club, Pep R, Vocations Club, Library
Work, Bank, Priscilla Club.*

ALFRED NICK MASSUCCI
Courteous and manly in all he does.

VIRGINIA MUELLER
If popularity were gold,
Virginia would harbor wealth untold.
*President, Treasurer Latin Club, Carol Club,
College Club, Basketball Club, Treasurer Voca-
tions Club, Social Committee of Sixes and
Sevens, Academic R, Spanish Club, Library.*

BERNICE ELIZABETH MILLER
As nice a girl as e'er you'll meet;
For cheerfulness she can't be beat.
Indoor Club, Basketball Club, Vocations Club.

VERONICA MARIE MEYERPETER
Veronica—so quaint a name,
Must surely bring its owner fame.
Spanish Club, Human Flag.

WILLIAM MATTINGLY
A man of pleasing dignity.
*Secretary, Treasurer, Orchestra, Craft Club,
Athenaeum, History Club.*

MARTHA ISABEL MILLER
A health to charming Martha Miller!
May no cold blasts of fortune chill her.

RUTH LOUISE NEIBERT
A maiden with a sunny smile
Whose friendship is well worth your while.

JAMES ARTHUR MCCULLY
Not afraid of work; just not in sympathy
with it.
Spanish Club, French Club, History Club.



*Love
Martha*



WESTON MCELHENY

Every inch a man.

Track, Band.

MARY MITCHELL

And all the friends who know her well,
The sweetness of her heart can tell.

Rosati Kain: Class Treasurer, Glee Club, Treasurer C. S. M. C., Tennis, Volley Ball, Athletic Club.

Roosevelt: College Club, Carol Club, Library Assistant.

ELSIE NOVERETTA

Here is a girl who will not shirk,
Any duties of life's work.

WILMA NOWOTNY

A friend once,
A friend forever.

College Club, Spanish Club, Secretary, Vice-President Art Club, Library Assistant.

MAXINE PAFFRATH

Good nature is the beauty of the mind.

Volley Ball Club, Spanish Club, Vocations Club

LAURENCE W. MCDUGALL

Ever loyal, ever true,
Wherever Roosevelt's colors flew
He was present, did his best;
On the track surpassed the rest.

Mayor, Track, Football, Student Council Representative, "R" Club, Service R, Torch.

HAROLD MEIER

A leader thou shalt be.

RUTH OBERHAUSER

Another reason why Roosevelt is such a nice place.

Basketball Club, Indoor Club, French Club.

CHARLES RAYMOND MEISINGER

A beau among the ladies.

DOROTHY LORRAINE PARKER

She isn't so short, and she's not so tall,
But in disposition she's highest of all.
Spanish Club, Art Club.

JANE PARRY

Twinkling eyes that bespeak
A pleasant nature.
Spanish Club, Priscilla Club.

ELEANOR PARLE

Here's a girl who's stood every test;
We consider her one of our best.
*McKinley: French Club.
Basketball, College Club, Volley Ball, Tennis Club.*

ANNA MAE PATON

A dainty miss, and very quiet;
An accomplished miss, you can't deny it.
*Treasurer French Club, Secretary and Treasurer
Roosevelt Uke Club.*

RUDOLPH MEYER

He likes good wit, therefore—College Humor.

DELBERT MELTON

He gave of his best.
Band, Novelty Orchestra, Orchestra.

HELEN A. PATTON

Meeting her is liking her,
Knowing her is loving her.
Beaumont: G. A. A., Gym Club.





EDWARD MEYERS

True in word and tried in deed.
Aviation Club President, Librarian, and Squadron Leader, President Band.

VIOLA MARY POLLEY

The girl with a smile is the girl worth while.
Speed Club.

MARGARET POINT

As pleasant a schoolmate as one could find.

THELMA JANE PIPE

Here is ever-popular Jane:
 In every heart she'll always reign.
McKinley: Handicraft Club, Sewing Club, Short-hand Club.
Roosevelt: Spanish Club.

JACK W. MITCHELL

The men are wise
 I'll make a bet,
 Who know as much
 As I forget.
Novelty Orchestra, Band, Rough Rider Staff.

DORIS REMSPECKER

She's not very large, but exceedingly wise;
 She's entirely too witty for one her size.
Student Council, Fashion Show.

LEONA E. QUINN

She's really quite witty, though she seems very shy,
 You can't be sad around her, although you may try.
Beaumont: G. A. A., Girl's Gym Club.
Roosevelt: Vice-President French Club, Art Club.

VERNON LOUIS MEYER

A student, bright, capable, efficient.
Chess Club, Mash and Bushin, Literary, Glee Club, Service R, Bwana Staff, Social Committee Sixes, Picture Committee New Seniors, Torch.

JANE STEIL REYNOLDS

All kindness of heart
And nobleness of character.

FREDERICK MOEGLE

I'll find a way or make it.
Glee Club, Athletic Club, Sportsman's Club.

CAROLINE ROSE RIGGIO

A good heart's worth gold.
French Club, Secretary of French Club, Priscilla Club.

MILDRED RUTH RIES

Patience is a plant which groweth not in all
gardens.
Student Council, Vocations Club, Bank Cashier.

ELSIE BETH ROGERS

Her voice was ever gentle, soft and low,
An excellent thing in a woman.
*Treasurer of Art Club, Secretary of Art Club,
College Club, Service R, Priscilla Club.*

SIDNEY M. MORRISON

A sportsman, game through thick and thin,
We doubt not that this lad will win.
Service, Forum, "R" Club, Baseball.

MARY MARGARET RINGER

Never is careless, always is sweet,
Happy and lovely, a nice girl to meet.
Citamard, Carol Club, Basketball.

HERBERT E. A. MORISSE

Herein good nature and good sense are united.
*Bwana Staff, Secretary Literary Society, Treas-
urer Athenaeum, Student Council, Finance Com-
mittee, Academic R's, Service R, Pin Committee
Sixes, Verse Committee Sevens, Torch.*





DOROTHY J. RAUSCHER

She doesn't try to be brilliant.
It isn't for show;
So just how she does it,
We do not know.

Student Council Representative, Scholarship Pin, Latin Club, Vice-President Latin Club, Service Points, Art Club, Athenaeum, Torch.

ROBERT R. MIEHER

He's not in the roll of common men.
Secretary, Chairman, Engineering Club, Science Club, Social Committee Sixes.

IDA RAQUITZ

We'd love to have you linger longer.
Rough Rider Staff, O'ita, Basketball Club, Volley Ball Club, Indoor Baseball Club.

HENRIETTE REITER

Kindness is her constant companion.
Volley Ball Club, Basketball Club, Indoor Baseball Club, Latin Club.

MARIAN ALICE RINGHAUSEN

Quiet, modest, pretty, sweet.
As any girl you'd care to meet.

BOB MILLER

(CHAS. K.)

Not even Zeus pleases everybody.
Track, Student Council, "R" Club, Vice-President, Treasurer, Librarian and Squadron Leader Aviation Club, Sergeant-at-Arms French Club, Athenaeum, Boy's Cheering Club.

ROBERT M. MORRIS

He excels in all he undertakes.
President Orchestra, Novelty Orchestra, Mash and Buskin, Track, Student Council, Chairman Athletic Committee, Chairman Motto Committee Sixes.

VIOLA CECILIA RIEFLING

What she wants to accomplish, accomplish she will—
She's gentle, loving, kindly still.
Bank Cashier, Speed Club, Basketball Club, Indoor Baseball Club, Volley Ball, Human Flag.

VELMA MAE RITCHEY

A very active miss is she,
As bright and gay as she can be.
French Club, Service R. Rough Rider Staff.

JACK K. MURRELL

And now an "R" to your great joy,
Rests upon your sweater, boy!

ETHEL IRENE RODGERS

A crown of very flaming hair,
Is a charm that she possesses;
And some day she will famous be
Because of her red tresses.

GRACE ELIZABETH ROTENHAGEN

Good things come in small bits!
O'ta Editor of "Gold Bug," Athenaeum.

RUBY PEARL RUBIN

Always smiling, always gay,
You'll never find Ruby any other way.
*Uke Club, French Club, Swimming Team,
Fashion Show.*

FREDERICK MYERS

He remembers a mass of things, but nothing
distinctly.

TONY MURRAH

Why bother myself with study and care?
Before I know it I'll have gray hair.
Track.

CHARLOTTE ZELMA ROBERTS

A girl whose pleasant way has won our hearts
forever.
*Book Room Work, Bank Cashier, Volley Ball
Club, Human Flag.*





ELFRIEDA ANNETTE SALZMANN

Music hath charms and so hath she;
Proud of this maiden we shall be.
*Pianist Carol Club, Carol Club, College Club,
German Club, Athenaeum.*

WILBUR OLSEN

Courteous and manly in all he does!
Cartoon Club.

LORETTA SCHIPKE

'Tis sweet to be remembered
And a pleasant thing to find,
That tho you may be absent
You still are held in mind.
College Club, Basketball Club, Volley Ball.

LOIS VINETTE ROBINSON

Loved by all.
Hated by none.
*Bonne Terre High: Secretary and Treasurer of
Sophomores, Carol Club.
Roosevelt: Priscilla Club.*

SARAH ELIZABETH SEARS

Have you ever met a girl so fair,
With smiling eyes and wavy hair?
Priscilla Club, Library Work.

CHARLES B. PAIGE

Good nature is the same in every language.
Student Council, Sportsman's Club.

ALBERT PAULL

He is most highly cultured who speaks no ill.

DORIS A. SCHARF

A true scholar,
A true friend,
Ever thus unto the end.
Basketball Club, Latin Club, Baseball Club.

GLADYS L. SCOWN
 She is so light hearted and so gay
 A general favorite of all, we say.
Speed Club, Volley Ball Club.

WARD PARKER
 A tennis racquet in his hand—
 And he is king o'er all the land.
Track, Tennis, Basketball, "R" Club, Athletic R's.

ROSE SHARNEY
 Rose, Rose, don't you cry;
 You'll be a senator by and by.
Mask and Buskin, Librarian, Chairman Program and Make-Up Committee, College Club, Spanish Club, Secretary Program Committee, Carol Club, Representative at Washington University Oratorical Contest.

VIOLET MARIA SCHULZ
 A light heart lives long.

FLORENCE SENTNER
 Lively, happy, always gay,
 Goes she merrily on her way.
 MAUPIN B. PATTON
 Yes, he's a football hero;
 With many an honor earned;
 He's always up and doing
 Where Roosevelt's concerned.
Football, Basketball, Baseball, "R" Club.

WALTER P. PETERSEN
 The world knows nothing of its greatest men.
Sportsman's Club, Student Council, Aviation Club, Literary Club.

JENNIE SHAFFER
 (JEAN)
 Happy and carefree,
 This and more, is she.
*McKinley: French Club.
 Roosevelt: Mask and Buskin, Citamard, O'ita,
 Sergeant-at-Arms O'ita, Library Work, Office Work.*





ALMA MARY SKUBIZ

Her eyes speak what her lips withhold.
Vocations Club, German Club.

FRED R. PITTS

An all-round good fellow,
A friend sincere and true.
Novelty Orchestra.

MARGARET L. SMITH

Margaret is serene and sweet,
A pleasant girl to know or meet.
*Academic R, Vocations Club, College Club,
Athenaeum, Student Council, Thrift Committee,
Bank.*

VIRGINIA HELEN SCHNEIDER

A girl we'll never forget.
*Citamard Club, College Club, Service, O'ita,
Vocations Club, Basketball, Carol Club, Art
Club.*

NADEENE SNOWHILL

A carefree miss, both sweet and fair,
With winsome smile and curly hair.
Athenaeum, Basketball, Volley Ball Club.

HARRY PLITT

Serenely o'erlooking a world that is his.
Baseball, Football, "R" Club.

PAUL RANSFORD

There, there, Paul, don't you cry,
You'll be a collar-ad by and by.

KATHERINE SMITH

(KAY)

Two vivacious, deep blue eyes,
Ring from her friends despairing sighs.
*President, Secretary Latin Club, Corresponding
Secretary College Club, Pep R Club, Social
Committee Sixes and Sevens, Basketball Club,
Vocations Club, Advisory Secretary.*

LOUIS FREDERICK RASSIEUR

Every study he does well,
But in art he doth excel.

Cartoonist Rough Rider Staff, Glee Club, Service R, Cartoon Club, Pennell Club.

CAROL SCHOTTO

Carol's a girl who is famed in art,
She is also pretty and very smart.

College Club, Spanish Club, Librarian of Art Club, Academic R, Office Work, Pep R.

SYLVIA SOLDZ

Dignified, stately, and serene,
As sweet a girl as e'er was seen.

O'ita, Library Assistant, Service R, Thrift Cashier, Chairman Social Committee.

ANITA SYLVIA SCHULER

All her words come from her heart;
Always willing to do her part.

O'ita, German Club, Basketball Club, Vocations Club, Indoor Baseball, Human Flag.

EDWARD VERNON REIDEL

A friend indeed is he.

Engineering Club, Cartoon Club, Athenaeum Club.

VIRGINIA C. W. SODEMANN

It is greater to be small and shine,
Than be great and cast a shadow.

Treasurer Priscilla Club, Priscilla Club, German Club, Athenaeum, Vocations Club.

VELMA SPINDLER

A carefree miss whose smile is known to all.
Priscilla, Indoor Club, Volley Ball Club, Secretary Vocational Club, Fashion Show.

WILLIAM ROEDIG

There's much knowledge in his head,
And lots of things he's never said.

Craft Club, Sportsman's Club, Glee Club.



*The Man with the "Can"
William "Bill" Roedig*



ARTHUR J. SAND

Likable and sincere.
Cartoon Club, Engineering Club.

FRANCES SUMMERSBY

Haste makes waste—
Why rush?

MILDRED STEIDEMANN
(MILLY)

A girl who is very pretty,
And sweet as well as witty.
Art Club, Secretary, Librarian, Sergeant-at-Arms College Club, Pep R Club, Golf Club, New Senior Verse Committee.

DOROTHY MARIE STUDT

Her friendship is as true in the shade
As in the sunshine of life.
Speed Club, Human Flag, Fashion Show.

MELDA MERLEE TURNER

When it comes to knowledge this girl's a learner:
Everyone knows her, Melda Turner.
O'ita Club, Priscilla Club, Dancing Club, Indoor.

JOHN HENRY SAUTER

Time for work—yet take
Much holiday for friendship's sake.
Cartoon, Athenaeum, Orchestra, Glee Club.

HENRY JOSEPH SCHMANDT

'Tis modesty here we think hides many an
unknown virtue.

ALICE KATHERINE STARK

As happy a schoolmate as one could find.
College Club, President Latin Club, Treasurer Latin Club, Basketball Club, Vocations Club, Academic R's, Spanish Club.

ALBERT JOSEPH SCHRAMEK

We doubt not that for one so true,
There must be noble work to do.

Glee Club, Chess Club, Bank Cashier, Social Committee Sixes.

EDWA STAMM

Earth has not anything to show more fair.
Academic R's, Service Credits, Athenaeum, Vocations Club, Thrift Cashier.

EMMA BETTY TREJBAL

A bashful girl and very sweet:
'Tis she that you will want to meet.

LUELLA TUNNICLIFF

Whatever there be of sorrow,
I put off till tomorrow.

Basketball Club, Volley Ball Club, Indoor Club, Human Flag.

MARJORIE TODD

A lovely girl and very sweet.
Surely a pleasant one to meet.

McKinley: Spanish Club, Excursion Club, Roosevelt: Carol Club.

FRANK SCHANZLE

He preferred to be good rather than to seem so.

FRED J. L. SCHULER

Speech does not dismay this man,
He speaks whene'er and what he can.

President, Vice-President, Athenaeum, President, Secretary, Glee Club, Vice-President Literary Society, Triple Quartet, Scholarship R, Chairman Social Committee Sixes, Ring and Pin Committee Sevens, Bwana Staff, Torch.

HARRIET THOMAS

In athletics—a "whiz,"
That's what our Tommy is.

Basketball Club, Indoor Baseball Club.



*Sincerely
"Pat"
Schanzle*



BONITA J. TILLISON
(BONNEY)

Friendship that is constant in all things.
Vocations Club.

ALOIS D. SCHAEFER

All kindness of heart and nobleness of character.
Sportsman's Club, Thrift Club.

NELLIE GRACE THOMAS

Intelligence plus wit,
That's my fit.
Basketball Club, Indoor Baseball Club.

HELEN THORUP

As modest, pretty and sweet,
As any girl you'd meet.

VIRGINIA UPTON

Ever loyal, ever true
To tasks she undertakes to do.
Bwana Staff, Latin Club, Library Work, Human Flag, Girls' Debate, Torch.

ALFRED R. SCHOENIG

When fun and homework clash,
Let homework go to smash.

*skating
Al Schoenig*

CHARLES ALBERT SHOFER

As men are, so must you treat them.
Engineering Club.

MARJORIE M. VOLLMER

Marjorie's a girl we're glad we know,
When she does a thing it's always "just so."
Beaumont: G. A. A., Swimming Club, Skating Club, Little Duck.
Roosevelt: Uke Club, Athenaeum.

LYLE SHONTZ

Laugh and the world laughs with you.

MERCEDES VOELPEL

To know her is to love her.

Latin Club, Recording Secretary, Corresponding Secretary, O'ita.

MARY JOSEPHINE VRSEK

Always happy, always fair,
Always ready to do her share.

Art Club, Basketball Club, Priscilla Club, Indoor Club, Volley Ball Club, Human Flag.

DORIS VIERHELLER

Sweet and pretty,
Gentle and true,
She always has a smile for you.

Secretary Spanish Club, Spanish Club, Carol Club.

HELEN LOUISE WALLACE

'Tis better to weep with the wise than to
laugh with the fools.

STANLEY RIES SCHUCHAT

A man of upright life.

Forum, Athenaeum, Service R's, Bank Cashier.

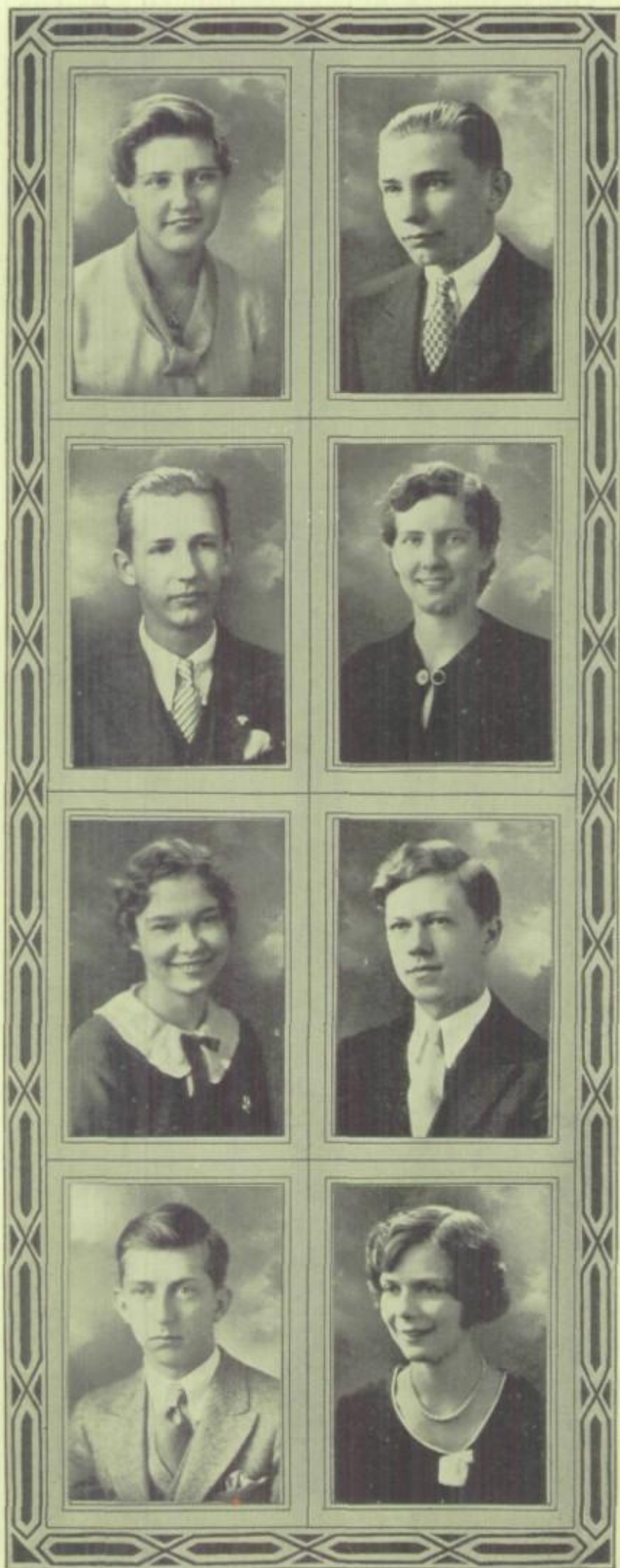
MYRON SILVEY

Some are born great, some achieve greatness,
And some have greatness thrust upon 'em.

VIRGINIA WATTS

Each day's work,
If done that day,
Leaves me plenty of
Time to play.





MERCEINA LOUISE WEISS

Here's another girl athlete
Whose record would be hard to beat.
*Bwana Staff, College Club, Pep R. Mash and
Buskin, Basketball Club, Indoor Baseball, Service
R. Latin Club, Tennis Club, Torch.*

OLIVER SHAW

A diligent worker is Oliver Shaw,
Never once does he say "Pshaw."
Craft Club, Engineering Club, Sportsman's Club.

EDWIN JOHN SIEGRIST

Worry kills men—
Why die?
Engineering Club.

HELEN WALKER

And when you need
A friend that's true,
'Tis Helen we'll
Direct you to.
*O'ita, Carol Club, Spanish Club, Basketball,
Indoor Club.*

HELEN ALVINA WIESNER

Always friendly,
Always smiling,
That's what makes her so beguiling.
*Art Club, Priscilla Club, Basketball Club, Hu-
man Flag, Indoor Baseball Club, Volley Ball
Club.*

JOHN WILLIAM SONNENDAY

Silence is more eloquent than words.

ROY ST. JEAN

Still achieving, still pursuing.
*Glee Club, Golf Club, Secretary Golf Club, "R"
Club, Tennis Team.*

BERNICE L. WAGNER

Always be happy, joyful, glad;
Always be anything but sad.
Speed Club.

RICHARD VERNON STARR
Gentle to others, to himself severe.
Engineering Club, Sportsman's Club.

KATHLEEN WIGGIN
Bebe captivates one and all.
Brown eyes, slender, dark, and tall.
*College Club, Mask and Buskin, Art Club,
Chairman Program Committee, Latin Club, Pep
R Club, New Senior Verse Committee.*

MARYANN ISABELLA WIER
She makes a friend where another would make a
foe.
Cleveland: F. G. C.

AUDRE JOSEPH STRUBEL
The force of his own merit makes his way.

BENDIX MEYN HUBERT TAENZER
I feel relieved at last,
For my work days are past.
Triple Quartet, Swimming Club.

VIRGINIA WIEDEMANN
All the friends who know her well
The sweetness of her heart can tell.
McKinley: Spanish Club.

DOROTHY ELAINE WHITE
Here's to a girl we consider all right;
She's very nice, is Dorothy White.
Spanish Club.

JOHN J. STRUPP
It is not what's in a man's head that counts.
It is what he gets out of it.
*Forum, Athenaeum, Glee Club, Orchestra, Ger-
man Club.*



*Love,
Virginia*



DOROTHY WHITNEY

Dot always manages to get in the last word.
Secretary College Club, Vice-President Round Table, Pep R Club, Bwana Staff, Wellesley Cup Debate, Scholarship R, Service R, Torch.

EUGENE A. THOMAS

Be thankful for everything you get—
 This includes a diploma.
Student Council, Golf Club, Service.

GLENN THOMAS

No, I'm not the last on the program.
Student Council, Football, "R" Club, Special Committee of 1928 Council.

MARTHA LOUISE WILKINS

Graduating? Some surprise.
 It is so hard to realize.

DOROTHY LOUISE WIEBUSCH

True as the dial to the sun.
Steelville High: President Class, Cheer Leader, Basketball.

WILLIAM C. TURNER

Plato is dead—Aristotle is dead:
 I'm not feeling so well myself.
Swimming Club, Squadron Leader, Ace, Twice Vice-President, President of Aviation Club, Craft Club, Sportsman's Club, Literary Society, Baseball, Squad, Track.

RAY W. TRABER

A boy with an aim.
 Will be a man with a name.

VERNELLE WILLIAMSON

How she does it none can tell:
 But everyone likes our Vernelle.
Cleveland: Freshman Club, Pipes o' Pan.

WILLIAM UNDERWOOD

(LEFTY)

This man's spirit, and action,
Makes him the center of attraction.
Golf Club, Swimming Club, Chess Club, Literary Club, Social Committee Sevens, Track.

MARJORIE EVELYN WILLIAMS

A quiet miss, yet cheerful, too;
Maids like her are very few.
College Club, Service R, Round Table, French Club, Art Club, Priscilla Fashion Show, Latin Club, Vocations Club, Rough Rider Staff, Bwana Staff.

LEOTA ROSE WILHARDT

To be a boy should have been her fate.
Student Council, Volley Ball Club, Indoor Baseball Club, Speed Club, Human Flag.

ARTHUR WEBER

Since silence is golden,
Arthur will be a rich man some day.
Chess Club, Engineering Club.

IRVING FRANCIS WENZEL

Popularity is better than prosperity.
Bwana Staff, Mask and Buskin, President and Treasurer Cartoon Club, Vice-President Joseph Pennell Club, Student Council, Color Committee Sixes and Sevens, Thrift Cashier, Mask and Buskin Play, Group Secretary, Winner First Prize Novelty Picture Contest.

MILDRED CATHERINE WINSBY

Diana in her moonlit chase,
Ne'er saw more sweet or pretty face.
Rough Rider Staff, Academic R's, New Senior Color Committee, Latin Club, Spanish Club, O'ita Club, Service Club, Bank Cashier, Torch.

LUCILLE WINKELMAN

A sunny disposition and a charming, sunny smile:
To know a girl like Lucille is to know a girl worth while.

BERNARD WEINER

Thoughts are mightier than brute strength.
Chess Club, Orchestra, Academic R's.





MARGIE WITHINGTON

Pretty, petite and sweet—that's Marge.
With hair of glinting red.
She's happy and merrily gay just now,
May good-luck be ahead.

College Club, Pep R, Service R, Volley Ball Club, Indoor Baseball Club, Verse Committee of Sevens.

BILL NICHOLAS WITHINGTON

Sincere, friendly, clever, and true.

WENDELL WISHON

Wendell is out for swimming—
He's muscular, strong and bold;
A regular man in our ranks,
So now, girls, behold.

*Hamilton High: Leaders' Club, Football, Basketball, Track, Baseball, Swimming Team, R. O. T. Captain.
Roosevelt: Football, Swimming Team, Vice-President of Swimming Club, Glee Club.*

MARY M. YORK

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.

Citard, Athenaeum, Secretary Athenaeum, Editor of Mercury, Button Committee Sixes, Picture Committee New Seniors.

THELMA E. YOUNG

So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,
So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, true.

Treasurer, Secretary, President Orchestra, Girls' Baseball Club, O'ita, Human Flag.

THOMAS SHEPPERSON YATES

Few things are impossible to diligence and skill.
Aviation Club, Band.

LILLIAN MILLICENT ZIGMAN

This lively lass of Roosevelt
Is joyous, blithe, and gay;
We'll miss her merry laughter
When she is far away.

Indoor Club, Basketball Club, Volley Ball Club.

RUTH LEE ABBOTT

A pal to you
And a girl most true.

JOHN HEIDEMAN AHRENS

Good natured, cheerful, happy-go-lucky,
Ready to do, always smiling and plucky.

MARVIN E. ASHER

When homework meets with fun,
I'd rather take the second one.

CORNELIA ROSE BIEDERMANN

Quiet as a mouse.
Art Club, College Club.

VERNON BRANDT

He succeeds in all he undertakes.

GORMAN BROE

Now little Gorman don't you cry,
You'll be an athlete—by and by.
Football, Basketball, Track, Captain Senior Track, Vice-President and President of "R" Club.

CHARLES JOSEPH BROWN

Charley's a boy, who, as most of us know,
Is always up and on the "go."
Craft Club.

VIRGINIA HUNT BUNEMANN

If we could all be as pleasant as she,
A happy place this world would be.

CHARLES THEODORE BURGGRAF

Silence is golden; I'm rich.

GWENDOLYN BURKS

Lucky is the man or maid
Who of work is not afraid.

JAMES BURNS

Don't rush me;
Time goes on forever.

GEORGE WASHINGTON CHIPLEY

Little, but, "Oh my!"

ARIEL ALVILDA CLAUSEN

She's very quiet and meek and such,
You'd never dream she knows so much.

JAMES CONNELL

His cares will be ended in June.

RALPH DONALD COUCH

Give the world the best you have, and the best
will come to you.

F. WOODY DAUERNHEIM

He didn't make much noise; neither did he fail.

JAMES DONALD DENNY

Happy, contented, from dull care free—
Why aren't they all contented like me?

HOWARD EATON

In the lunchroom Howard's always "eatin"
On the football field he can't be beaten.
Band, Football, "R" Club.

MARY ANN FABER

Brilliant red hair and eyes of blue,
Everyone sighs when thinking of you.

HARVEY J. FORESTNER

I'll soon be graduated;
That's why I'm so elated.

BEATRICE LENELFA GARRISON

Knowledge is indeed, that which next to virtue,
truly and essentially raises one person above
another.

ALICE LOUISE GARVIN

She's always shown herself fair and square;
When it comes to sportsmanship, Alice is there.

NETTIE GOLDSTEIN

As merry as the day is long.
Priscilla Club, Indoor Baseball Club.

MARSHALL GOOD

Good means well.

HAROLD EDWARD GOULD

To say little and perform much shows the
character of a great mind.

LILLIAN FLAVAIN GROMAN

With malice toward none
And friendship for all.

WILBUR H. GROSSE

Once seen, never forgotten.
*President Athenaeum, Secretary Glee Club,
Forum, Torch.*

THOMAS HABER

"Tom, Tom," but not "the piper's son."

GRACE HARRIS

Smiling, happy, always gay,
Helping someone on the way.
*McKinley: Sewing Club,
Roosevelt: Volley Ball Club.*

ROBERT HAGEMAN

A likable boy in every way,
We only wish that he could stay.
Novelty Orchestra.

ORVILLE HARRIS

And thus he bears without abuse the grand old
name of gentleman.

JAMES HEIRS

Jimmy's the man of the hour.
(None in particular.)

LOUISE HILTON

A woman who won't argue
Can't think of anything to say.
Priscilla Club, Basketball Club.

WINIFRED HUNSICKER

Here is a girl who will
Never be a "Wall Flower."

EVANS ITTNER

Evans Ittner's tall and dark,
In life he'll surely make his mark.
Sportsman's Club, Swimming Club, Track.

JOHN EDWARD JOHNSON

Silence is golden—I'm a bright sun.

WM. EDWARD KILEY

Presence of mind and courage in distress
Are more than armies to procure success.

LORNA KLEIN

She is a type, no one will deny,
Long black tresses, and dark of eye.

RICHARD A. KOCH, JR.

Scarcely heard from, but he knows a lot.
Identification Committee Sevens.

ENID LATAL

Patience is a plant which groweth not in all
gardens.

ARTHUR ALLEN LILLEY

A light heart lives long.

HAROLD LINEBACK

Better late than never.

ARTHUR LINDSLEY

He speaks only when words are needed, and
then he says something.

OLIVER LOEBIG

Slow and steady wins the race.

ROBERT E. LUNGSTRAS

Don't rush me.—I have all the time in the
world.

CHARLES RICHARD JACOBY

A little learning is a dangerous thing.
*Maplewood: Chess Club, Golf Club, Tennis Club, Debating Club,
Cleveland: Skating Club, Nature Club, Chemistry Club.*

ELMER HERALD LUNGWITZ
He thinks and thinks—once in awhile.

LUCILLE McCULLOUGH
A maiden with a sunny smile,
Whose friendship is well worth while.

JACK McKELVEY
The doctor says he's overworked.

M. A. MCKINLEY
Trying to follow his name on to fame.

BEULAH BERNICE McNULTY
Charming, lovely, full of grace,
She's a girl that gets the pace.

LENA PEARL McSWAIN
Nothing's too hard for this fair maid;
She's ever ready to lend her aid.
Pipkin High School; Math Club.

DREW MEININGER
I may not speak of what I know.

VERA MEYERS

FRANKLIN ROBERT NATIONS
Every inch a man.
If all nations were only like Frank Nations.

NATHAN NEWMAN
His ways and words are winning.

CHARLES NOBLE
As noble as his name.

GEORGE GREEN PERKINS
Jolly and kind
To friendship inclined.

ELLEN VIRGINIA PFAFF
Moderation in all things is the key to success.

LEO PFEIFFER
Zealous but modest.

WHITTEN PLATT
I never wail,
For I never fail.

CYRIL POST
Here's hoping.

JOSEPH FRANK PROVAZEK
All work and no play
Make a dull and dreary day.

WILLIAM JOST RANDALL
Bill is square, a fine good fellow,
Never shows a streak of yellow.
Service, Engineering Club, Sportsman's Club.

MAVIS RAU
A loyal companion, an excellent friend,
An earnest worker, and true to the end.
*College Club, Girls' Basketball Club, Advisory
Bank Cashier, Fashion Show, Human Flag.*

HATTIEANNA REITZ
Sturdily faithful to her responsibilities.

JAMES RITTER
I have often regretted my speech: never my
silence.

ELINOR ROGERS
Quiet and sweet,
Dainty, petite.
*Indoor Baseball Club, Speed Club, Trustee's
Office.*

BETTE ROGERS
Whate'er she's given, whate'er's the test,
Bette will prove she is the best.

DOROTHY CAROLYN ROLAND
Dorothy, your charming ways have won us all.
Carol Club, Fashion Show.

LEO M. SAUL
Patience is the necessary ingredient of genius.
Golf Club, Swimming Club, Forum, Service.

LAWRENCE PATRICK SCHICKER
He has the makings of a man.

DOROTHY J. SCHUTT
You'll find our Dorothy a very sweet girl.
Among all the jewels you'd find her a pearl.

RUSSELL SIEBKE
Lessons don't bother me;
Neither do girls.

MILDRED INEZ SIMMONS
As cheerful as a clear spring day,
She gladdens us along the way.

VIOLET V. SIMPSON
A sweet rose on life's highway.
*Cape Girardeau High School: S. A. S. Club,
Library Club, Travel Club, Math Club, Tiger
Staff, Kodak Club.*

CARROLL A. SINCLAIR
His blond hair will win for him the fame he
wants.

DONALD STALLINGS
All things I thought I knew: but now confess
The more I know, I know the less.

FLORENCE STELLER
A lovely girl and very neat,
As nice a one as you'd care to meet.
Vocations Club, Art Club, Priscilla Club.

RAYMOND ALBERT STOCKTON
Some folks seem glad even to draw their
breath.

TONY SUKALO
The greater men, the greater country.
McKinley: Woodcraft Club.

HENRY SURRELL
VIRGINIA G. SUSANKA
A quiet and studious girl is she,
Who'll make her mark, it's plain to see.

RUDOLPH TROST
No really great man ever thought himself so.

VIRGINIA TYLER
Gentle words are always gain.

WILLIAM DON VOGEL
Great thoughts like great deeds need no trumpet.
Band, Novelty Orchestra.

REYNOLD ADRIAN WAER
Variety's the very spice of life that gives it all
its flavor.

BEN WALKER
When Ben decides to do things, they're as good
as done.

MARVIN WILLIAMS
He has the making of a man.

EARL PARSON WILLIAMSON
By his own merit he makes his way.

C. MERRITT WINSBY
Being gifted with a tongue, I use it.
*Tennis Team, Athletic R. "R" Club, New
Senior Verse Committee, Spanish Club.*

ROGERS EDWIN WOHLBERG
Strength, silence, sense.

JOHN B. WYATT
Actions speak louder than words.

SHERRELL YEMM
Character is destiny.

JOHN DAVID YINGLING
Mighty close to Ringling
Shall I ever own a circus?

B W A N A

SENIOR IDENTIFICATION TABLE

BOYS

NAME	BASIS OF FAME	CHIEF OCCUPATION	AMBITION
ABELE, JOSEPH	An able student	Avoiding girls	To be famous as well as able.
AMEISS, VINCENT	Studying	Making E's	To be successful
AMMON, WILBER	The girl-friend	Showing her picture	To get somebody interested
BAKER, FRANK	R. R. office	Doing chemistry	To be studious
BAUM, ALBERT	That walk	Working in library	To learn to write an editorial
BAUR, JACK	That scoot	Scootin'	To be a scooter
BAY, CARL	Those collars	Having a good time	To be an Arrow Collar advertisement
BESEL, BERNARD	His golden locks	Playing shortstop	To talk less
BICK, BERNARD	Hager	Running classes	To be an orator?
BOHANNON, BURTON	Those broad shoulders	Breaking girls' hearts	To be another Gary Cooper
BOLZ, WILLIAM	His curly hair	Making up with J. E.	To go to Southern California
BOSTON, ORA	That bean	Eating brown bread	Yas, yas
BRAUN, GEORGE	His violin	Trying to play it	To learn how
CATANZARO, COSIMO	That name	Being football manager	To be football manager of Notre Dame
DAHLGREN, WALTER	His cartoons	Being shy	To be almost bold
DAVIS, ALBERT	"It"	Wrecking his car	To date M. M.
DAVIS, ED	His cotton top	Making noise	To be heard
DIETZ, NORMAN	Look and see	Working hard	To avoid that future shadow
DORAN, ANTHONY	That mustache	Raising it	To rival Einstein
DREHER, HERMAN	His lightheadedness	Making airplanes	To be an aviator
EBERTS, TRENT	What the well-dressed man will wear		
EGLESTON, WILLIAM	The best man	Growing mustaches	To be an English duke
FEHLIG, BURT	The Unknown	Being best man	To resemble C. V. T.
FLACHMANN, CHARLES	That gait	Keeping out of sight	To stay out of sight
FLOWERS, BERTRAND	Those flaming locks	Chinning	To get a collar that fits
GAMBLE, JAMES	The "alleged" foot-ball player	Using Golden Glint	To be a red-head
GATES, JOHN	That fast repartee?	Trying to sell tickets	To be a Democrat
GEIST, PETER	My pal	Wisecracking?	To be a "big shot"
GEORGE, HOLLIS	His arguments	Pushing Mr. Lenney's car	To be another Bud Fisher
GODWIN, PHILIP	The band	Arguing with his teachers	To win one
GORDON, JOSEPH	Sonny boy	Tooting his own horn	To join a union
GUELS, CHARLES	Politeness	Studying	To be like the rest of the family
GUNDLACH, WALTER	His snakes	Going to dances	To sleep all day
HACKMAN, ELMER	Chewing gum	Talking to K. C.	To own the Snake House
HAEGER, WILBUR	Bick	Buying Spearmint	To be a plumber
HENDIN, GUS	Just Gus	Riding in big cars	To own an Austin
HOFFMAN, EARL	Playing baseball	Whistling	To own a fruit store
HUBBARD, ROBERT	Elocution	Hitting homers	To hit a homer off Earnshaw
HYDAR, ELIAS	Knowledge	Elocuting	To rival Demosthenes
		Reading magazines	To write a book

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SENIOR IDENTIFICATION TABLE

BOYS

NAME	BASIS OF FAME	CHIEF OCCUPATION	AMBITION
JACKSON, BYRON	Driving that Pontiac	Giving his friends a break	To have wavy hair
JONES, ROBERT	Playing jacks	Skipping rope	To be like Bobby
KAMMANN, GEORGE	Temperamental	Subscribing	To get his name in R. R. print
KELSCH, GERHARD	Being late	Seeing the wrong aud.	To miss one day's school
KESSLER, HERMAN	Loudness	Singing operatic selections	To be a train caller
KOPRIVICA, MAXIM	His black hair	Keeping it slick	To be a bull-fighter
KOURI, BARTON	Economics	Holding on to a dime	To be an economist
KREWINGHAUS, BOB	A drug store	Giving out sundaes	To dance with Ann Pennington
LANGFELD, MORRIS	Smoke	Sleeping in the library	To own a horse
LAWLER, BOB	Making noise	Hiding from the office	To be a R. R. president
MCGRAW, BOYD	Graduating	Making all E's (?)	What a chemist!
MCKOWN, BEN	Dancing	Attending all parties	To own Walgreen's
MACHALEK, CLARENCE	Football	Basketball	To play Ping-Pong
MANION, WALTER	Bashfulness	Smiling at the girls	To be a master of ceremonies
MARIENFELD, ARTHUR	Monitor	Starring in math	To be a capt.
MAX, ARTHUR	The report card	Attending dances	To have red hair
MEYER, EDWARD LEROY	Chevrolet	Showing up Cannon Ball Baker	To go over 23
MILLER, JAMES	Chemistry	Dodging gym	To be a circus strong man
MUDD, EDWIN	A senior	Taking World History	To be professor at Roosevelt
MUELLER, ELMER	Eating	Attending both lunches	To own a restaurant
PRICE, ALLEN	That voice	Singing soprano	To direct Whiteman's band
RALL, WILLIAM	That shy look	Looking shy	To be masterful
ROTTER, LOUIS	Being quiet	Listening	To say something
RUEDLINGER, WM.	Talking	Being aggressive	To be something
RUNG, HAROLD	His felt	Finding something to do	To do something
SAKOWSKY, FRANCIS	His grin	Acting a Senior	To grow up
SCHAUMBURG, ARMIN	Usher	Ushering	To own the Skouras Theatres
SCHENCK, JACOB	It's a secret	Keeping it quiet	Don't ask
SCHILDROTH, LEONARD	That swaggar	Talking to the fair sex	To be a Beau-Brummel
SCHNITKER, OLIVER	Enrancing smile	Talking to A. R.	To develop a snappy line
SCHRAUT, OSCAR, JR.	Persistence	Repeating courses	To be a ladies' man
SCHWARTZ, WILLIAM	Math. shark	Studying Chem.	To be a Chem. Prof.
SIEGMUND, OLIVER	Getting all E's	Always being right	To do something wrong
SKAGGS, DENTON	His name	Being dented	To indent?
SLOSS, JAMES	Who knows?	Being that way	To be peppy
SMITH, RAYMOND	"Cottontop"	Talking	To graduate
STANFORD, LOWELL	Those polo shirts	Wearing them	To rival Tommy Hitchcock
STODIECK, JOHN	His height	Wearing brown	To graduate
STRUGAR, PHILIP	That wide smile	Playing football	To date C. D.
SWATEK, CYRIL	His small hands	Trying to be witty	To turn somebody down first

SENIOR IDENTIFICATION TABLE

BOYS

NAME	BASIS OF FAME	CHIEF OCCUPATION	AMBITION
THOMAS, EDWARD	That blush	Crushing with J. C.	To date a certain someone
TILL, EDWIN	His age	Studying aviation	To be an aviator
TIRMENSTEIN, LOUIS	Appearing in "All E's"	Studying	To get a "G"
TRAUERNICHT, ELLIS	Those words	Elucidating	To have somebody understand them
TUTINSKY, NATHAN	"Tut"	Saying "hello"	To be President of U. S.
VANDERPLUYM, WILLARD	That band player	Getting friends' telephone numbers	To get a date
VELTEN, HENRY	His nice ways	Starring in Trig	To be 6 ft.
VON BAUER, KURT	Tennis	Chasing K. K. in the R. R. office	To rival Tilden
WALTERS, ANTHONY	Soda-jerker	Being boyish	To own a drug store
WEAVER, JACK	Ask him?	Throwing slams	To be like his brother
WEAVER, LESTER	Wearing gray	Driving his car	To get a bigger car
WEILMUENSTER, HAROLD	His curly locks?	Combing them	To have curly hair
WEISBERG, WALTER	That grin	Grimacing	To be a sheik
WELSH, ROBERT	Jokes	Working	To succeed
WILSON, PERRY	Perreee!!	Trying to be something	You tell us



GIRLS

NAME	BASIS OF FAME	CHIEF OCCUPATION	AMBITION
AARON, CYLVIA	Her oratory	Making E's	To go to Cornell
ALLEN, ELEANOR	Her humor	Using it	To be a manicurist
BARNWELL, ANITA	That nonchalant air	Studying history	To go to Georgia Tech.
BENSINGER, MURIEL	Her active tongue	Laughing	To stop laughing
BERKOV, BERTHA	Her smile	Smiling	To be a movie queen
BISHOP, KATHRYN	Snappy comebacks	Handing them out	Ask "Dev"
BLACKMORE, MARTHA	Her Academic R's	Using every minute	To type faster
BLOCK, GERTRUDE	Her art	Drawing	To be a second?
BOAL, ALICE	Demureness	Being quiet	To make more noise
BOE, CATHERINE	Her friendliness	Taking English 5	To pass it
BORROWMAN, ESTELLE	Her dimples	Talking	To babble on forever
BOWLER, SARAH	Her sweet manner	Being sweet	To be a stenographer
BRANDT, ELSA	Authoritative way	Being dignified	To be a private secretary
BRANOM, MILDRED	Day-dreaming	Giggling	To bluff her way through college
BREITSCHUH, MARCELLA	"Sally"	Doing her good deed	To be a scout leader
BURFORD, GRACE	Her poetry	Reciting	To teach elocution
CARTUN, CECEILE	Her lovely eyes	Being good	To be a nurse
CHAMPION, DOROTHY	Emotional temperament	Writing notes to—?	To escape being called on



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SENIOR IDENTIFICATION TABLE

GIRLS

NAME	BASIS OF FAME	CHIEF OCCUPATION	AMBITION
CHAPMAN, GLENNA	Bashfulness	Doing nothing	To fall in love
CHIPLEY, EMILY	Those clothes	Passing out chewing gum	To shorten the moment that seems a year
CORDES, JUANITA	Her curly red hair	Taking art	To be a famous artist
COUSLEY, ELIZABETH	Those blue eyes	Being sweet	To keep from blushing
DAVIES, EVELYN	Her fairy stories	Telling them	To teach story-telling
DE VOS, BEATRICE	Her size	Going with M. G.	To grow up
DICKMAN, JANE	Her driving	Strolling in the corridors	To go to Hollywood
DIERBERGER, DORA	Her tennis game	Playing tennis	To be a "star"
DUFF, DANTZELLE	Being funny	Saying "Nay, nay"	To overcome her chief occupation
DU LANEY, CELESTINE	Her sweet disposition	Using it	To be a social success
DUNCAN, RAMONA	Her impetuous nature	Acting	To be a famous actress
ECKERLE, VIRGINIA	Those eyes	Using them	To rival Theda Bara
EDWARDS, JUNE	Her pleasing manner	Being reserved	To be aggressive
ENGEL, JEAN	Her line	Making dates	To "come out"
ETLING, SELMA	Carefree ways	Playing the uke	To outplay "Ukulele Ike"
FAIN, BLANCHE	Literary ability	Writing	To be an editor
FINEGAN, JUNE	Her dancing	Rehearsing	To rival Pavlova
FLORY, JOSEPHINE	That cheery personality	Being popular	To be a dietitian
FOLLENIUS, RUTH	Slow actions	Promenading	To understand math.
FOSTER, BERNICE	Candy	Eating it	To own Busy Bee
FRITON, RUTH	Amiability	Smiling	To keep on smiling
GEIMER, MARIE	Her talking	Taking care of B. D.	To marry a millionaire
GOSS, MILDRED	Her volubility	Being useful	To burn all school-books
GREB, DOROTHY	Those curls	Putting them up	To get a "permanent"
GUTMANN, DOROTHY	Her quiet manner	Meditating	To find "Sure-stick" powder
HANSSEN, LUCILLE	The violin	Playing it	To excel Fritz Kreisler
HARRIS, ELIZABETH	Athletic ability	Playing basketball	To be a gym teacher
HOUSEMAN, MABEL	All athletics	Sinking baskets	To be a famous basketball star
HENKE, EUGENIA	A silver blond	Going around with D. K.	To be a teacher
HOERR, HELEN	Being quiet	Drawing	To be a Commercial Artist
HOFFMAN, LOUISE	Being absent	Getting thin	To graduate
HOLMES, GEORGETTE	Her smile	Being nice to everyone	To see lots of C. B.
JACOBS, VIRGINIA	"Jinx"	Jinxing	To keep out of trouble
JENKINS, CATHERINE	Writing	Taking Correspondence Courses	To become an after-dinner speaker
JENNE, VERA	Tap dancing	Attending her Bethel	To be J. D. Queen
JOHNSON, DOROTHY	Smallness	Looking sweet	To grow
JOHNSON, HELEN	Reliability	Being reliable	To be unreliable?
JOHNSTON, MARJORIE	Carol Club	Acquiring a white dress	To add to her many friends
KASSING, RUTH	Her animated manner	Being dramatic	To be an actress
KNECHT, DOROTHEA	Those report cards	Going with E. H.	None, as yet—

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SENIOR IDENTIFICATION TABLE

GIRLS

NAME	BASIS OF FAME	CHIEF OCCUPATION	AMBITION
KNICHEL, FLORENCE	Her hair	Fixing it	To own a beauty shop
KOOP, MILDRED	Starring at Sten. and Type	Studying it	To be a private secretary
KRETZSCHMAR, MILLY	Her name	Spelling it	To be a piano teacher
LOEW, AUDREY	Sarcasm	Studying	To be left alone
LUND, MARGARET	Her way of speaking	Being logical	To be a senator
MCMICHAEL, MARIE	Tickling the keys	Reducing	To be popular
MANNING, VIRGINIA	With or without rouge	Being sophisticated	Ditto for J. M.
MARKLESKE, MARIE	Jokes	Having fun	To get in before nine
MARKS, RHODA	Her height	Talking	To grow
MARTH, MILDRED	"Mitzie"	Writing letter to L. A.	To play like Herbert Berger
MARTIN, MARGARET	"I don't know"	Sleeping	To stay awake
MAURER, EDITH	Getting black eyes	That club	What about V. L.?
MAY, VENETA	Demureness	Being quiet	To make lots of noise
MEES, VIRGINIA	Resembling J. G.	Going with Zerna	To be a star
MEIER, MARJORIE	Laughing	Being happy	To stay that way
MICHELSON, CELESTE	Tininess	Working hard	To be a giant
MILHOLM, FLORENCE	That car	Writing to N. Y.	To go to N. Y. "because" —
MILLER, ELEANOR	That blond hair	Writing editorials for Adv. Comp.	To be a newspaper reporter
MORITZ, BLANCHE	That walk	Being quiet	To be boisterous
NOE, HELEN	Her height	Arguing	To be a "yes man"?
NORDMAN, VIRGINIA	Effectiveness	Trips to "Mizzou"	My Life for a Football Star
NOWOTNY, ELEANOR	Her colored hair	Getting "E" in Type. and Sten.	To be World Champion Typist
OLSEN, GRACE	Her big gray eyes	Writing in her diary	To meet that certain someone
PAPPAS, KATHERINE	Her walk	Knowing her lessons	To flunk something
PESCHKE, GENEVIEVE	Being quiet	Being quiet	To laugh out loud
PETERSON, ROSAMOND	Being silent	Being a good listener	To make herself heard
PHILLIPS, MILDRED	Her disposition	Going to dances	To be a bus driver
POLLACK, PAULINE	Long hair	Letting it grow	To be able to sit on it
RANDOLPH, THELMA	Being a "good kid"	Talking to friends	To be a shining example
REEVES, LEONA	Learning?	???????	To be useful
RENARD, MARY LOU	Being different	Being indifferent	To put some life into school
ROHRBACK, SOPHIE	Her attentions	Attending to—?	To be famous
ROSE, HELYN	Playing the "uke"	Singing	To out "boop-a-doop" Helen Kane
ROSSO, MARIE	Narcissa	Looking in the mirror	To have a collection
ROYSTON, ELEANOR	That sweet look	Playing on the lot	To be popular?
RUSSLER, ZERNA	Brown eyes	Using them	To have long curls
SCHAEFER, LOUISE	Subtle charms	Taking minutes	To obscure that beauty
SCHNEINERT, EDITH	Being appealing	Commanding attention	To be useful
SCHIFFENDECHER, VIRGINIA	Golden locks	Keeping them just so	To have black hair
SCHLENSKER, DOROTHY	Being mistaken for D. Mae	Denying she's D. Mae	To change her name

BWANA

SENIOR IDENTIFICATION TABLE

GIRLS

NAME	BASIS OF FAME	CHIEF OCCUPATION	AMBITION
SCHLENSKER, DOROTHY MAE	"Mae"	Writing her middle name	To make it "June"
SCHROEDER, ANNA MAE	Her frankness	Laughing	To be serious
SCHULTE, GERTRUDE	Black hair	Combing it	To keep it straight
SCHULTE, VIRGINIA	Being everywhere	Going with H. W.	To teach gym
SCHMANS, JULIA	Being here	Going to school	Not to graduate?
SEIBEL, FLORENCE	Her crushes	Getting out of them	To fall in love
SELF, VIOLA	Self-composed	Being composed	To be shaken
SIDEL, RUTH	Subtle wit	Using it	To be a columnist
SNODGRASS, RUTH	Ice skating	Ice skating	To beat Bobby McLean
STIES, GLORIA	Her hair	Taking pictures	To be dignified
STONE, HELEN	Her volubility	Talking	To be a radio announcer
STRUCHEL, DOLORES	Her eyelashes	Looking up	To look up to someone
SZCZEPAN, CATHERINE	Her sweet voice	Cultivating it	To be a famous singer
TOON, MARJORIE	"Marge"	Hurrying	To get some place on time
UDE, RUTH	Her sweetness	Being sweet	To be a teacher
VICTOR, ALICE	Smartness	Making good grades	To be a teacher
WAGENFUEHR, THEKLA	Her dimple	Dimpling	To see more of R. J.
WALTHER, MARGARET	Her orating	Studying	To make all "E's"
WEBB, GERALDINE	Smallness (?)	Growing up	To get big
WEBER, RITA	Sophistication	Writing to Illinois U.	To go to Illinois U.
WIBER, GRACE	Cute nose	Dating	Ask Emerson
WINKLER, HELEN	Those laughing eyes	Ask C. G.	To be star pitcher in a big league team.



B W A N A

NEW SENIOR IDENTIFICATION TABLE

BOYS

NAME	BASIS OF FAME	CHIEF OCCUPATION	CHIEF AMBITION
ADAM, ROBERT G.	That mustache	Acting manly	To be a man
AHRENS, JOHN H.	India	Talking about India	To meet Gandhi
ALLISON, LAWRENCE M.	His red hair	"Fooling around"	To be exempt from finals
ANSCHUTZ, RICHARD	His knowledge of music	Directing the Glee Club	To be like his music teacher
ASBRIDGE, RAMIE R.	Aeroplane	Going to Parks Airport	To own an aeroplane
ASHER, MARVIN E.	His good complexion	Skipping (?)	To be successful
AULT, WILLIAM E. JR.	His ability	Engineering	To be an engineer
BABBITT, HARRY J.	Betty	Crooning	To out-rival Rudy Valee
BACON, THEODORE H.	????	Eating, sleeping, etc.	To eat, sleep, etc.
BAIER, FRED H.	His blushes	Blushing	To stop doing it
BARRY, HOWARD P.	His knowledge of history	Taking it easy	To continue to do so
BAUMGARTNER, WILLIAM JR.	That concerned air	Getting ideas	To get a good one
BEECH, JAMES E.	Talking	Reading	To succeed
BEER, WALTER	His size	Doing Math.	To be another Einstein
BENDER, ANTHONY M.	His wise-cracks	Acting wise	To be funny
BOON, DANIEL M.	His name	Teasing E. C.	To own a cannon
BRADLEY, FRANCES	His intelligence	Carrying books	To look studious
BRANDT, VERNON	Helpfulness	Chewing his pencil	To be a grave-digger
BROE, GORMAN	Four-hundred-forty-yard dash	Breaking track records	Never to leave Roosevelt
BROWN, CHARLES J.	His stature	Protesting that he's not a N. J.	To grow up
BUCKRUCKER, ROBERT C.	Oh, yeah?	Mumbling	To see his shadow
BURGGRAF, CHARLES T.	"Little boy Burggraf"	Being noisy	To be in a circus
BURNS, JAMES	Modesty	Making himself unknown	To be a senator
CARNALL, JOHN T.	Shyness	Singing in the library	To grow up
CHARLEVILLE, EMERSON	Grace	Waiting for her	Oh, use your imagination
CIARNIELLO, AMELIO L.	Right guard on team	Playing football	To be a football hero
CHIPLEY, GEORGE W.	History shark	Studying history	To teach it
COHEN, ADOLPH	His wit	Sleeping	To wake up
CONNELL, JAMES	Three guesses!	Has he one?	You tell us
COUCH, RALPH D.	Those good excuses	Trying to get out of Roosevelt	To escape being called on
DAUERNHEIM, F. WOODY	Calling someone a "scoofer"	Acting like Bunky Hill, Jr.	To be a hermit
DAVIS, JOHN BEVERLEY	That wise look	Unknown	Ask him
DENNY, JAMES D.	Utility man	Being generally useful	To get some rest
DILLMAN, KENNETH	All sorts of "kid stuff"	Acting embarrassed	To be a dancer
DOWLING, EDWARD	Eddie Dowling	Denying the relationship	To make a name for himself
DRUMM, BERNHARDT C.	Oh, that name!	Walking	To own some asbestos shoes
DUTTON, DONNELL W.	Yelling at Ransford	Booking up experiments	To blow up the Chem. lab.
EARLY, OREN W.	F. M. D.	Writing letters to Columbia	To go to Columbia
EATON, HOWARD	Avoidupois	His name	To win endurance contest
EATON, THOMAS	Little Tommy	Finding something to do	To be a zoo keeper

B W A N A

NEW SENIOR IDENTIFICATION TABLE

BOYS

NAME	BASIS OF FAME	CHIEF OCCUPATION	CHIEF AMBITION
EPSTEIN, ROY J.	That hair comb.	"Dolling up"	To be Adolph Menjou
FENLEY, FRANK M.	It's hard to decide.	This is even harder	Drop us a line if you find out
FERGUSON, WREN	His girl friends.	Learning their names	To remember who is who
FISCHER, CLIFFORD E.	That conspicuous little finger.	Impressing the ladies	To be the president of his club
FISCHER, RUDOLPH.	His car.	Getting "them grades"!!!	To be a shoe salesman
FITZGERALD, RAYMOND J.	His growth.	Growing	To make E in History
FORESTNER, HARVEY J.	That Harvey complex.	Winning the girls	To be idolized
FRIEDMAN, JACOB J.	"Jake"	Talking	We mustn't tell
GABBERT, JOSEPH L.	That quiet person.	Being quiet	To be a cheer leader
GAINES, HENRY M.	English hound (?)	Studying it?	To win a talking contest
GANSLOSER, WILBERT	His many questions.	Asking them	To play football
GROGOPOULOS, JOHN A.	His name.	Spelling it	To teach others to do the same
GILMORE, WOODROW	That name.	Growing	To be a giant
GINSBURG, ISRAEL	His shyness.	Being inconspicuous	To say nothing
GOLDFARB, OSCAR S.	The Latin Club	Studying Latin	To teach Latin
GONZALEZ, JOSEPH	"Jose"	Speaking Spanish	To go to Spain
GOOD, MARSHALL	His persistency	Going to Roosevelt	To receive a diploma
GOULD, HAROLD E.	"Them grades"	Getting "E's"	To make an "M"
GRAY, ARDEN	Three guesses!	Has he one?	Of all things!
GRAY, WILLIAM	"Bill"	Getting somewhere	To train monkeys
GROSSE, WILBUR H.	His sense of humor	Being funny	To convince someone
HAASE, WALTER A.	We can't imagine.	Neither can you	???
HABER, THOMAS	Having a good time.	Annoying his teachers	To pass all subjects
HAGEMAN, ROBERT	Quietness.	Resting	To graduate
HAMBLEY, EDWIN	His recitations.	Studying	To be successful
HAMMANN, CHRISTIAN F.	His ability	Speaking	To teach history
HANSER, SAMUEL A.	His voice.	Taking it easy	To be a doctor
HARRIS, ORVILLE	That intelligent look.	Studying everything	To graduate with honors
HATHAWAY, ROBERT A.	His "R"	Broad-jumping	To go to Europe
HEINECKE, OTTO G.	Friendliness	Studying	To be an English teacher
HEIRS, JAMES	Silence is golden	Never worrying	To train monkeys
HEITMANN, WALTER E.	His capability	Trying to grow	To be a Math. shark
HERCHERT, EARL G.	Silence	Craving action	To get it
HERMLE, LEWIS	That serious air	Has none	To be a taxi driver
HOLLWEG, KENNETH E.	His curly hair	Fixing his hair	To advertise shampoo
HUTZEL, ROBERT	That "know all" air?	Guess!	To be successful
INGRAM, HERBERT C.	President	Pounding the mallet	To keep order in the N. S. Class
ITTNER, EVANS	His athletic ability	Being agreeable	To be like his brother
JACOBY, CHARLES R.	Those curls	Studying	To be a teacher, Oh Yeah?
JOHNSON, JOHN E.	John Johnson	Studying??	To leave this great school

B W A N A

NEW SENIOR IDENTIFICATION TABLE

BOYS

NAME	BASIS OF FAME	CHIEF OCCUPATION	CHIEF AMBITION
KIEL, HENRY A.	His knowledge of math	Looking intelligent	To run a club
KILEY, WILLIAM E.	His expression	Saying nothing	To make himself heard
KOCH, RICHARD A. JR.	His quietness	Working hard	To get something done
KOERNER, KENNETH A.	Oh, that smile!	Taking exercise	To learn to dance on his own feet
KOESTNER, NICKOLAS	"Nick"	Reciting	To be an actor
KOOPMANN, PAUL A.	His friendliness	Talking to friends	To be a mathematician
KRAFT, LESTER	His serious air	Dodging girls	To be a hermit
KREITZ, ALBERT R.	"I should worry"	Being care-free	To live to be a hundred
LANGEN, JAMES	That smile	Showing those "pearly" teeth	To advertise Pepsodent
LANGLAND, MILLARD S.	His soprano voice	Being mistaken for _____?	To _____?
LILLEY, ARTHUR A.	Lilley	Knowing his gog-ophy	To teach gog-ophy
LINDSLEY, ARTHUR	That bored expression	Knitting	To be a snake charmer
LINEBACK, HAROLD	That assumed manner	Being masterful	To be a cave-man
LITTLE, ROBERT L.	His size	Growing	To live up to his name
LOEBIG, OLIVER	Shyness	Being quiet	To manage a club
LORENZ, CHARLES W.	The Camera	Taking pictures	To be a photographer
LUNGSTRAS, ROBERT E.	Bud	Trying to be funny	To tunnel a short cut to the lunch room
LUNGWITZ, ELMER H.	Intelligence	Going places	To be a horse-doctor
LUTZ, WALTER	His indoor playing	Making errors	To get a hit
MCCULLY, JAMES A.	Day-dreaming	Dodging trouble	To get all "E's"
MCDUGALL, LAURANCE W.	Virginia	Hurdling	To keep order in the council
MCLEHMY, WESTON E.	His curiosity	Asking questions	To receive answers
MCKELVEY, JACK	Sheik	Being a ladies' man	To go to Hollywood
MCKINLEY, M. A.	Grocery Clerk	Clerking	To rival Kroger
MACHATSCHEK, JOE E.	"Joe"	Pronouncing his name	To have people remember it
MASSUCCI, ALFRED N.	"Nick"	Pronouncing his name	To have people remember it
MATTINGLY, WILLIAM	His bright ideas	Reading funny things	To be Charley Chaplin's second
MEININGER, DREW	What he does	Doing things	To do something big
MEIER, HAROLD	Trips	Traveling	To see the world
MEISINGER, CHARLES R.	Perfect grammar	Studying English	To be an English teacher
MELTON, DELBERT	That trombone	Playing it	To own a band
MEYER, RUDOLPH	"Rudy"	Having fun	To be a school-teacher
MEYER, VERNON L.	His vocabulary	Hunting larger and harder words	To complete a dictionary
MEYERS, EDWARD	His talkativeness	Bothering teachers	To go places
MIEHER, ROBERT R.	His height	Growing	To be a circus midget
MILLER, CHARLES K.	Charles K. (Bob)	Drawing cartoons of himself	To rival Bud Fischer
MITCHELL, JACK W.	His grades	Attending Roosevelt	To believe in Santa Claus
MOEGLE, FREDERICK	His songs	Singing	To be an opera star
MORISSE, HERBERT E. A.	Going home	Going with R. A.	To win a Harvard scholarship
MORRIS, ROBERT M.	His motorcycle	Fixing it	To make it run

B W A N A

NEW SENIOR IDENTIFICATION TABLE

BOYS

NAME	BASIS OF FAME	CHIEF OCCUPATION	CHIEF AMBITION
MORRISON, SIDNEY M.	His optimistic ways	Taking life easy	To continue to do so
MURRAH, TONY	Sleeping	Snoring	To be a Rip Van Winkle
MURRELL, JACK K.	His grades	Making them	To get a scholarship "R"
MYERS, FREDERICK	"Fred"	Being useful	To get something done
NATIONS, FRANKLIN R.	His stature	Fighting	To boil water without burning it
NEWMAN, NATHAN	His size	Going "Bye Bye"	To be a botanist
NOBLE, CHARLES	His name	Trying to live up to it	To succeed
OLSON, WILBUR	His friends	Dating (?)	To be a heart-breaker
PAIGE, CHARLES B.	Tennis	Playing it	To rival Cochet
PARKER, WARD	Tennis	Winning matches	To be city champ
PATTON, MAUPIN B.	His long steps	Getting "R's"	To play basketball
PAULL, ALBERT	"Al"	Talking	To convince people
PERKINS, GEORGE G.	Math	Doing Trig problems	To understand Einstein
PETERSEN, WALTER P.	That voice	Flying (?)	To be another Lindbergh
PFEIFFER, LEO	Salesmanship	Studying it	To sell the Eads Bridge
PITTS, FRED R.	That red hair	Giving it a henna rinse	To win a track meet
PLATT, WHITTEN	That walk	Playing football	To be able to give excuses
PLITT, HARRY	His sylph-like figure	Playing baseball	To be like Babe Ruth
POST, CYRIL	Being at Roosevelt	Going to school	To go to college
PROVAZEK, JOSEPH F.	His name	Spelling it for others	To have others get it right
RANDALL, WILLIAM J.	Oh, Will-ee	Becoming lost in thought	To solve some difficult problems
RANSFORD, PAUL	That schoolgirl complexion	Using Palmolive soap	To be a collar ad
RASSIEUR, LOUIS F.	Cartoons	Drawing them	To be another Bud Fisher
REESE, JAMES H.	"Have you paid?"	Trying to collect money	To own a bank
REIDEL, EDWARD V.	Wit	Being masterful	To be a strong man
RITTER, JAMES	Jimmie	Telling the world	To be an orator
ROEDIG, WILLIAM	"We-wa"	Saying "We-wa"	To be an orator
SAND, ARTHUR J.	His quiet air	Demanding quiet	To be a cheer-leader
SAUL, LEO M.	His hair	Dressing up	To win Boyds
SAUTER, JOHN H.	That Sylph-like figure	Working in the lunch-room	To weigh 250
SCHAEFER, ALOIS D.	Generosity	Being generous	To be a philanthropist
SCHANZLE, FRANK	His boyish ways	Having fun	To be successful
SCHICKER, LAWRENCE P.	Whoopie!!!	Taking life easy	To do his share of eating
SCHMANDT, HENRY J.	Larry	Trying to be comical	To be wise
SCHOENIG, ALFRED R.	Al	Trying to pass unnoticed	To be an historian
SCHRAMKE, ALBERT J.	Vernon	Going with Vernon	To be an opera star
SCHULER, FRED J. L.	His Ford	Disagreeing with M. L.	To run a flat
SCHUCHAT, STANLEY R.	Stanley	Talking	To convince people
SHAW, OLIVER	That ready smile	Reading about boats	To hold the Speed-boat record
SHOFER, CHARLES A.	Studying	Going to school	To graduate

B W A N A

NEW SENIOR IDENTIFICATION TABLE

BOYS

NAME	BASIS OF FAME	CHIEF OCCUPATION	CHIEF AMBITION
SHONTZ, LYLE	Golf ability	Playing golf	To be able to play a good game
SIEBKE, RUSSELL	His shyness	Being "girl shy"	To be like King Solomon
SIEGRIST, EDWIN J.	That schoolgirl complexion	Using Woodbury's soap	To double for Snookums
SILVEY, MYRON	That "permanent"	Combing his hair	To advertise "Lucky Tiger"
SINCLAIR, CARROLL A.	Sleeping	Sleeping and snoring	To wake up
SONNENDAY, JOHN W.	That bass voice	Getting all "E's"	To double for Bull Montana
STALLINGS, DONALD	Donald	Talking (?)	To be a cheer-leader (?)
ST. JEAN, ROY	Violet	Playing Tennis	To graduate
STARR, RICHARD V.	That shining light	Splitting rocks	To own a canoe
STOCKTON, RAYMOND A.	His wide-awake air (?)	Running (?)	To be peppy
STRUBEL, AUDRE J.	His industry	Keeping paper in his locker	To work in a ten-cent store
STRUPP, JOHN J.	Ability to play indoor (?)	Striking out	To get a home-run
SUKALO, TONY	Sh-h-h	_____?	Ask him
TAENZER, BENDIX M. H.	His name	Talking (?)	To win a talking contest
THOMAS, EUGENE A.	Singing	Entertaining listeners	To sing in a grand opera
THOMAS, GLENN	Cracking nuts	Eating nuts	To go to Europe
TRABER, RAY W.	Talkativeness	Talking	To create a disturbance
TROST, RUDOLPH	Intelligence	Going some place	To learn to dance
TURNER, WILLIAM C.	His Fords	Riding	To make a hit with—???
UNDERWOOD, WILLIAM	Being a sociology shark	Annoying P. S.	To solve chess troubles
VOGEL, WILLIAM D.	His namesake	Doing nothing	To continue to do it
WAER, REYNOLD R.	That long black hair	Letting it grow	To put it up
WALKER, BEN	That schoolgirl complexion	Combing his curls	To advertise Palmolive
WEBER, ARTHUR	His knowledge of Latin	Being nice	To be appreciated
WEINER, BERNARD	Mathematics	Working problems	To get one right
WENZEL, IRVING F.	His clothes	Looking in a mirror	To rival Ripley
WILLIAMS, MARVIN	His dreamy look	Sleeping	To wake up
WILLIAMSON, EARL P.	His strength	Riding in his machine	To retire at twenty
WINSBY, MERRITT C.	His love of chemistry	Answering Chem. questions	To teach chemistry
WISHON, WENDELL	Swimming coach	Swimming	To beat a duck
WITHINGTON, BILL N.	That pleasing voice	Gargling with vaseline	To be a radio announcer
WOHLBERG, ROGERS E.	Public speaking	Making speeches	To make a good one
WYATT, JOHN B.	That John Wyatt complex	Studying (?) hard	To get a scholarship "R"
YATES, THOMAS S.	His size	Building model aeroplanes	To build a good one
YEMM, SHERREL	Ability to skip classes	Bumming	To get an attendance "R"
YINGLING, JOHN D.	His size	Trying to get his shoes in his locker	To succeed

BWANA

NEW SENIOR IDENTIFICATION TABLE

GIRLS

NAME	BASIS OF FAME	CHIEF OCCUPATION	CHIEF AMBITION
ABBOTT, RUTH L.	Ruth Lee	Studying (?)	To graduate
ABCHAL, JANE E.	Her speeches	Writing them	To write a good one
AGNITCH, MARIE	Chattering Spanish	Translating Spanish	To read her translation
ALPISER, KATHRYN L.	Sociology	Applying it	To be an organist
ANTLE, DOROTHY E.	Guess	Guess again	You've guessed it!
BABLER, ELEANOR S.	Her sister	I'm Eleanor	To convince people
BABLER, RUTH E.	Her sister	I'm Ruth	To do as Eleanor does
BAGGERMAN, AUDREY	That quiet way	Being silent	To get into trouble
BARRINGTON, SUSAN	Her sincere manner	Studying	To study more
BECK, JANE E.	Her seriousness	Looking intelligent	To be a Chem. instructor
BIEDERMANN, CORNELLA R.	Her seriousness	Looking intelligent	To be different
BISHOP, BERNICE	Her art	Going with M. B.	To be a great artist
BOEHNER, EDNA	Being witty	Overstudying	To say something funny
BOLING, HELEN	Studiosness	Getting "E's"	To get a "G"
BRANDITZ, NORMA E.	Her fairy-like dancing	Fixing her hair	To enjoy life
BRAUN, VIRGINIA	That giggle	Being witty	To meet Prince Charming
BREITMAN, LORINE	Her complexion	Paling with N. F.	To shoot a basket
BROOKS, RUTH S.	Prewitt & Bob	Choosing colors for New Seniors	To please the New Seniors
BRUEN, HELEN	Her conversation	Talking	To study history
BUDROVICH, LILLY M.	Her name	Spelling it for others	To make it sink in
BUNEMANN, VIRGINIA H.	Her good looks	Guess!	To win a beauty contest
BURCH, VIRGINIA L.	Her questions	Asking them	To find an answer
BURKS, GWENDOLYN	Cutting study hall	Reciting	To be an actress
CARAM, BERNICE	"Bee"	Doing things for others	To fill Bwana with ads
CARLEY, KATHRYN	Her big sister	Going with H. G.	To be a private "Sec."
CARR, VERA	Her hair	Being pleasant	To create a sensation
CARROLL, ARLEEN	Writing left-handed	Developing technique	To be a stenographer
CLAUSEN, ARIEL A.	Her curls (?)	Seeking knowledge	To create a sensation
COLVIN, HELEN J.	Blue eyes and dimples	Being reporter for R. R.	To rival Arbos
COOK, GRETCHEN	Marguerite	"I'm Gretchen"	To convince people
COOK, MARGUERITE	Gretchen	"I'm Marguerite"	To do the same
CORN, JANE	Her Ford	Fixing it	To find all the parts
CORRENTI, FRANCES R.	Caroline	Going with C. R.	To be a "Steno."
CUNNINGHAM, LAVERA B.	Bethel	Studying	To be a Sunday School teacher
DAUERNHEIM, EDNA M.	Her sweet voice	Being nice	To grow an inch or two
DETJEN, HELEN S.	Her personality	Giggling	To go to Hollywood
DIVEN, GENEVIEVE M.	Her grades	Studying?	To graduate
DORCH, VIRGINIA M.	Being dependable	Trying to convince E. K.	To convince her
DOUGHERTY, RUTH	Being "Awfully nice"	Going with M. A. F.	To be a dietitian
ECKLES, VIRGINIA M.	Her memory	Studying History	Why, Virginia?

B W A N A

NEW SENIOR IDENTIFICATION TABLE

GIRLS

NAME	BASIS OF FAME	CHIEF OCCUPATION	CHIEF AMBITION
EDELMANN, EUGENIA L.	Sincerity	Being friendly	To scatter sunshine
EHREDT, LAURINE M.	That schoolgirl complexion (?)	Keeping her nose powdered	To be sophisticated
EMIG, VIRGINIA	That giggle	Giggling	To "date" _____?
EWART, SHIRLEY M.	Margie V.?	Playing the Uke???	???
EXNER, HELEN E.	Wellesley Cup Debate	Doing shorthand	To read it
FABER, MARY A.	Her red hair	Wearing sport clothes	To be a doctor
FALES, ELIZABETH	Tickling the ivories	Being cute	To play for M. B. C.
FAUST, MILDRED	???	Knowing her lesson	To teach at Roosevelt
FONG, MAE	Mae Fong	Thinking	To have curly hair
FULLER, KATHLEEN	Being peppy	Going with D. U.	To be a Spanish teacher
GARNER, VIRGINIA M.	Her good nature	Being industrious	To own a Lincoln
GARRISON, BEATRICE L.	Getting places ahead of time	Carrying books	To be a librarian
GARTENBACH, VIRGINIA R.	Her jokes	Joking	To be funny
GARVIN, ALICE L.	Her persistence	Getting older	To graduate
GIMPEL, HELEN E.	We don't know	Have you guessed it?	You are right
GOETTLEMAN, CATHERINE	It's a secret	Writing shorthand	To be able to read it
GOLDSTEIN, NETTIE	That black hair	Studying	Mustn't tell
GONTIER, HARRIET L.	Those tresses	Reducing history	To weigh 150 pounds
GOTTLOB, MARGARET R.	Oh, Reginor!	Studying history	To know it
GREIDERER, ELIZABETH	Her art	Making masterpieces	To paint Greta Garbo
GRIESE, JULIA M.	That friendly smile	Being friendly	To be a "friend to man"
GROMAN, LILLIAN F.	Her sweet disposition	Doing shorthand	To read it
GROSSE, BERNICE D.	V. B.	Dressing like V. B.	To be a brunette
GRUND, MARY V.	Her pretty hair	Eating	To find time
GUERDAN, HELEN	Her boy friends	Being cute	To graduate
HAFNER, JEAN	My name is Jean	Playing tennis	To win a match
HAINES, VIRGINIA A.	Her early rising	Coming early (?)	To make it on time
HARRIS, GRACE	Grace	Studying	To meet him
HART, GENEVIEVE F.	That smile	Smiling "thru"	To smile from ear to ear
HEINRICH, LOUISE	Clothes	Wearing 'em	To own Steinbergs
HELSHER, RUTH A.	That real smile	Studying in 229	To be a lady of leisure
HEMPER, GLADYS M.	"Him"	Hoping	To walk with _____?
HENKE, MABEL	Guess	Guess again	We give up
HICKMAN, ADELLE	China blue eyes	Walking with _____?	To understand football
HILL, NANCY	Her knowledge of Spanish	Typing	To be a stenographer
HILTON, LOUISE	Her smile	Doing shorthand	To read it
HOBELMAN, ELSIE M.	That giggle	Flaunting it	To be a midget in the circus
HUBERT, LAURA M.	Laura	Letting her hair grow	To have it long
HUFFSTOT, CARROLL E.	Carroll	Making puppets	To rival Tony Sarg
HUNSICKER, WINIFRED	Winnie	Spelling her name	Guess

B W A N A

NEW SENIOR IDENTIFICATION TABLE

GIRLS

NAME	BASIS OF FAME	CHIEF OCCUPATION	CHIEF AMBITION
HUSKEY, DOROTHY M.	Her name	What?	To reduce
IRELAND, VIANIA O.	Her hair	Typing	To be a second Mary Pickford
JOST, LETHA P.	Art Club	Attending the museum	To take Miss Powell's place
JOSTES, AUDREY L.	Her permanent	Fixing it	To win a beauty prize
KENNEDY, BONNER	That name	It's not a nickname	To convince people
KING, GENEVIEVE E.	Her uke	Waiting for Dot K.	To sing grand opera
KLAUSEN, LORRAINE	Her energy?	Idling	To be a lady of leisure
KLEIN, LORNA	Absence list	Being that way	To be present every day
KOERNER, DOROTHY ANN	Equal height	Waiting for Gen and June	To be an inch shorter
KOTNER, LORRAINE	Brother Larry	Trying to grow taller	To be 6 ft., 3
KOURI, ELIZABETH M.	"Dem eyes"	Painting ships	To go to Mizzou
KRAMER, JUANITA	Her size	Studying	To know everything
KUEHNEL, ELEANOR A.	Sweetness	Being that way	To have it
KULAGE, JESSIE M. A.	Her flute-like voice	Singing	To be a bird (nightingale)
LAMME, LILLIAM R.	Her great height	Teacher's secretary	To teach history
LANGEN, MARGARET V.	Her friends	Yes, I do live in the garden	To be a botanist, Oh yeah!
LATAL, ENID	Charm	Trying to study	To be a teacher
LEMON, BEULAH	Those curls	Talking to the stronger sex	To be a hit
LEVE, ELOISE E.	Her red hair	Being nice to all	To teach cooking
LOYD, MILDRED V.	That gift of gab	Arguing with Fred S.	To out-talk Fred S.
LOEBEL, DORSELTA L.	Sophistication?	Being that way	To be like that in reality
LOHMAN, CHARLOTT	Her clothes	Sewing	To rival Paton
LOYD, ESTER JUNE	That raven black hair	Talking?	To be a cheer-leader
LUCAS, CARRIENEAL F.	Her acting	???	To be a second Fannie Brice
MAHER, DORIS	It's a secret	Doing nothing	To get an attendance "R"
MANDEL, RENA	That real friendliness	Being friendly	To be a private secretary
MARXER, MARSELTA	Those black locks	Growing 'em	To put it up
MCCCLARIN, IDANELL	Desserts	Selling food	To run a lunch-room
MCCONNELL, SARAH E.	Sally	Doing nothing	Guess
MCCULLOUGH, LUCILLE	Green frocks	Wearing 'em	To be Irish
MCDONALD, MARGARET H.	Her Irish name	Studying	To find time
MCDONALD, MILDRED	Shyness	Being obliging	To laugh aloud
MCELROY, KARINE	Kay	Walking the halls	To get along with
MCGHEE, VA LERIA	Those Irish eyes	Being happy	To be that way always
MCLAUGHLIN, GOLDIE M.	Goldie	Fixing her hair	To get it fixed
MCNULTY, BERNICE B.	Boots	Eating	To "come out"
MEISINGER, LUCILLE M.	Studying	Getting her hair cut	To be a teacher
MENKE, LUCILLE M.	That air of importance	Dancing	To get on Broadway
MENOS, BESSIE	Her black hair and eyes	Being nice	To be a gym teacher
MEYERPETER, VERONICA M.	Her name	Getting acquainted	To be sophisticated

B W A N A

NEW SENIOR IDENTIFICATION TABLE

GIRLS

NAME	BASIS OF FAME	CHIEF OCCUPATION	CHIEF AMBITION
MILLER, BERNICE E.	Her dignity	Acting dignified	To be a lady of leisure
MILLER, MARTHA I.	That red hair	Has none	To be a blonde
MITCHELL, MARY	Why Mary!	Giggling	To play hop-sotch
MOLONEY, KATHRYN	Talking	Laughing	To be serious
MORGAN, RUTH M.	Typing	Chewing gum	To be a stenographer
MUELLER, VIRGINIA	Her knowledge of Latin	Trying to have long hair	To sell hair pins to bald-headed men
MUNDY, IRENE E.	Her tennis racket	Working in the office	To rival Helen Wills Moody
NEIBERT, RUTH L.	Her height	Trying to grow	To be taller
NOVERETTA, ELSIE	Her wit	Being witty	To be appreciated
NOWOTNY, WILMA	Her height	Going with C. S.	To grow a little
OBERHAUSER, RUTH	That expressionless look	Talking about him	To graduate
PAFFRATH, MAXINE	That laugh	Giggling	To control that giggle
PARKER, DOROTHY L.	Not knowing what it's all about	Talking about herself	To be in form
PARLE, ELEANOR	Her brother Jack	Trying to have curly hair	To succeed
PARRY, JANE	That smile	Dancing	To be a singer
PATON, ANNA MAE	Preferring brunettes	Discussing medicine with internes	To be a nurse
PATTON, HELEN A.	Laughing	Being wise	To be a great scholar
PFUFF, ELLEN V.	Sedate	Getting ideas	To get a good one
PIPE, THELMA J.	That refined air	Working her teachers	To be one
POINT, MARGARET	Margaret	Paying attention	To be an aviatrix
POLLEY, VIOLA M.	Her boy-friends	Getting dates	To graduate
QUINN, LEONA E.	Her smile	Going with R. W.	To go to a country dance
RAQUITZ, IDA	Her voice	Flying around	To do a spring dance
RAU, MAVIS	Cleverness	Answering all the teacher's questions	To be a Sunday school teacher
RAUSCHER, DOROTHY J.	Her hair	Fixing it	To make it stay up
REDEN, ALBERTA	Our secretary	Looking attractive	To gain weight
REITER, HENRIETTE	Her dignity	Acting	To rival Norma Shearer
REITZ, HATTIEANNA	Her persistency	Studying	To be popular
REMSPECKER, DORIS	Dancing	Dancing all the time	To be known as R. & P. & Co.
REYNOLDS, JANE S.	Being witty	Going with G. R.	Make all "E's"
RIEFELING, VIOLA C.	Her sweet disposition	Being obliging	To have long hair
RIES, MILDRED R.	Riding to school	Waving at people	To have curly hair
RIGGIO, CAROLINA R.	F. C.	Going with F. C.	To be an opera star
RINGER, MARY M.	That look	Studying	To graduate
RINGHAUSEN, MARION A.	Her sweetness	Clowning	To be serious
RITCHIE, VELMA M.	Her boy friends	Going with them	Having a good time
ROBERTS, CHARLOTTE Z.	That dove-like walk	Strolling	To be a model
ROBINSON, LOIS V.	Her poise	Being a modiste	To be renowned
RODGERS, ETHEL I.	Self confidence	Being nice	To have a career
ROGERS, BETTE	Bette	Dancing and singing	To make Broadway

B W A N A

NEW SENIOR IDENTIFICATION TABLE

GIRLS

NAME	BASIS OF FAME	CHIEF OCCUPATION	CHIEF AMBITION
ROGERS, ELINOR	Studiosness	Studying	To be popular
RODGERS, ELSIE B.	Being sweet	Liking everybody	To be a girl-friend
ROLAND, DOROTHY C.	Sophistication	Being quiet	To shout
ROTHENHAGEN, GRACE E.	Her kind deeds	Going with J. R.	To be popular
RUBIN, RUBY P.	Her athletic ability	Doing her French	To make a big hit
SALZMANN, ELFRIEDA A.	Piano	Tickling the ivories	To rival Paderewski
SCHARF, DORIS A.	Her height	Amusing her dog	To be tall
SCHIPKE, LORETTA	Talking	Going with M. V.	To go with R. R.
SCHNEIDER, VIRGINIA H.	Being nice	Doing nothing	To graduate
SCHOTTO, CAROL	Acting	Her clothes	To drive a car
SCHULER, ANITA S.	Those intelligent questions	Asking them	To know many teachers
SCHULZ, VIOLET M.	That school-girl complexion	Studying	To be a doctor
SCHUTT, DOROTHY J.	Her shorthand	Doing it	To get it done
SCOWN, GLADYS L.	Her art	Drawing	To be a map maker
SEARS, SARAH E.	Her cute clothes	Wearing them	To own Steinbergs
SENTNER, FLORENCE	Her pretty clothes	Studying	Why, Florence!
SHAFFER, JENNIE	Her poetry	Writing it	To be an actress
SHARNEY, ROSE	That speaking voice	Using it	To make the Senior Play
SIMMONS, MILDRED E.	Silence is golden	Saying little	To lead a mob
SIMPSON, VIOLET V.	Vi	Taking her time	To have more time
SKUBIZ, ALMA M.	Her quiet disposition	Being inconspicuous	To be everybody's friend
SMITH, KATHERINE	Kay Smith	Acting timid (?)	To run a —?
SMITH, MARGARET L.	Her smile	Smiling	To prevent wrinkles
SNOWHILL, NADENE	Her fairy-like figure	Trying to reduce	To weigh one hundred
SODEMANN, VIRGINIA C. W.	Demure Miss	Being sweet	To be boisterous
SOLDZ, SYLVIA	Harold	Going with Harold	From these, can't you guess?
SPINDLER, VELMA	Her car	Driving it	To avoid accidents
STAMM, EDWA.	Her red hair	Raving about S. R.	To —? Guess!
STARK, ALICE K.	Her brains	Getting "E's"	To be a Latin Prof.
STEIDEMANN, MILDRED	That friendly smile	Making friends	To be the first lady of the land
STELLER, FLORENCE	Her knowledge of history	Asking questions	To have him answer
STUDT, DOROTHY M.	Her size	Trying to grow	To succeed
SUMMERSBY, FRANCES	E. M. K.	Going with E. M. K.	To be a shoe model
SUSANKA, VIRGINIA G.	Oh, so quiet!	Being inconspicuous	To be a cheer leader
THOMAS, HARRIET	Sweet child	Living	To leave this world alive
THOMAS, NELLIE G.	Her athletic ability	Being athletic	To play football
THORUP, HELEN	Her pretty hair	Study???	To go to Central America
TILLISON, BONITA J.	Her name	Trying to live up to it	To succeed
TODD, MARJORIE	Red hair and freckles	Trying to reduce	Trying to weigh one hundred
TREJBAL, EMMA B.	Retiring disposition	Talking?	To say less

NEW SENIOR IDENTIFICATION TABLE

GIRLS

NAME	BASIS OF FAME	CHIEF OCCUPATION	CHIEF AMBITION
TUNNICLIFF, LUELLA	Shorty	Playing basketball	To grow
TURNER, MELDA M.	Her quiet air	Making good grades	To be a good dancer
TYLER, VIRGINIA	You tell us	Studying???	To leave Roosevelt
UPTON, VIRGINIA	Wellesley Cup Debate	Trying to find time	To find it
VIERHELLER, DORIS	Spanish	Speaking Spanish	To teach it
VOELPEL, MERCEDES	Her name	Being shy	To run a mile
VOLLMER, MARJORIE M.	That serious look	Looking that way	To create a sensation
VRSEK, MARY J.	Being nice	Going with H. W.	To go to college
WAGNER, BERNICE L.	Her sophistication	Being that way	To be a biologist
WALKER, HELEN	Her athletic figure	Going in for all sports	To win a tennis tournament
WALLACE, HELEN L.	Her cute clothes	Going with five and one-half footers	To own a lunch room
WATTS, VIRGINIA	Her friends	Being cute	To make friends
WEISS, MERCEINA L.	Her ability to play tennis	Playing tennis	To rival Helen Wills Moody
WHITE, DOROTHY E.	Her shorthand	Finding time to do it	To be able to read it
WHITNEY, DOROTHY	Her wonderful disposition	Being nice to all	To be a camp counselor
WIEBUSCH, DOROTHY L.	We don't know	Guess	Guess again
WIEDERMAN, VIRGINIA	Her quiet air	Studying	To be a dietitian
WIER, MARYANN I.	Isabella	Trying to be like Queen Isabella	To be like her
WIESNER, HELEN A.	Being nice	Going with M. B.	To be a nurse
WIGGIN, KATHLEEN	Beebe	Wearing beautiful clothes	To run a store
WILHURDT, LEOTA R.	Her typing	Working for her advisor	To teach geography
WILKINS, MARTHA L.	At last!	Going to Roosevelt	To graduate from college
WILLIAMS, MARJORIE E.	R. R. Reporter	Getting her assignments	The R. R. Editor
WILLIAMSON, VERNELLE	That grin	Grinning	To make others happy
WINKELMAN, LUCILLE	Lucille	Getting by	To graduate
WINSBY, MILDRED C.	Being sweet to all	Typing for others	To be a private Sec.
WITHINGTON, MARGIE	Red hair	Being cute	To go to Hollywood
YORK, MARY E.	Her Math.	Trying to get it done	To be a mathematician
YOUNG, THELMA E.	Dorothy	Being friendly	To play in Sousa's Band
ZIGMAN, LILLIAN M.	E. K.	Going with E. K.	To graduate





AN AUDITORIUM SESSION—ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL



BWANA

POETRY CONTESTS

JUDGES

Miss Wade
Miss Nicholson
Miss Meehan

WINNERS

Contest for pupils in first two years:

1. Arthur Kuhl
2. Ruth Murphy
3. William Small

Contest for pupils in last two years:

1. Vernon Meyer
2. Grace Burford
3. Carroll Huffstot

THREE SCENES FROM THE COWBOY COUNTRY

I

*Sandy, barren, dusty plains.
Cactus dotted, sagebrush strewn,
Seldom kissed by cooling rains,
Enchanted lie beneath a moon
Shining from a starry loft.*

II

*Rugged, solid, stern-faced crags,
Whose summits were in former days
Crowned with alien peoples' flags,
Melt in amethystine haze
Like spires of ancient Camelot.*

III

*Virgin forests, emerald hues,
Temples where a pristine folk
Worshipped when the world was new,
Toss their arms of pine and oak
Waving greeting to the sun.*

—Vernon Meyer
Term 7

(Won first place in contest for third and fourth year pupils)

BWANA

RAIN OUTSIDE

*Let me out! Oh, let me out!
Don't keep me here within these walls
When there is rain outside;
I want to stand and turn my face
Up to the dripping skies
And feel the cool refreshing drops
Splash on my weary eyes.
Let me out! Oh, let me out!
Don't keep me here within these walls
When there is rain outside!*

—Grace Burford
Term 8

(Won second place in contest for third and fourth year pupils)

PLEA OF THE OLD SETTLER

*For me the grilling labor,
The hardships of the trail;
For me the joy in finding
At the end a quiet vale,—
A spot to build a homestead
Beneath the western sky;
Here let me live in freedom,
O Lord, until I die.*

—Carrol Huffstot
Term 7

(Won third place in contest for pupils in the third and fourth years)

BWANAS

A SNOW THOUGHT

*The day has gone to rest. The sunset glow
Has died away behind the western hills.
On once-green plains, and where the summer rills
Have babbled, lies the opalescent snow.
I oft imagine, musing on a scene
Like this one, in my winter wanderings,
That snow is but the fluff from angels' wings,
From heaven dropt upon an earth serene.*

*On moonlit, starlit nights with snow around
In all-embracing vistas, far and vast,
And silence deep and peaceful—not a sound
To break the spell the fallen snow has cast—
A childhood fancy to my memory clings:
I see the snow as fluff from angels' wings.*

—Vernon Meyer
Term 7

WINTER IS AT ITS HEIGHT

*When a white blanket covers the earth,
And trees are leafless, and bushes bare,
When children with their sleds slide down
The highest hill in every town;
Then winter is at its height.*

*When the noisy snow-ball fights begin,
And noses are cold and strong winds blow,
When ice and skating are all around,
And the clank of skates a familiar sound,
Then winter is at its height.*

*When woodfolk sleep the whole month through;
For they have nothing else to do,
Since all around outdoors it's ice,
And their small homes are snug and nice,
Then winter is at its height.*

—Elaine Staudinger
Term 1

BWANIA

AN ODE TO FALL

*Oh beauteous fall, where have you gone?
You, with your leaves of red and brown.
Left, only, is the dark, bare tree;
A skeleton structure is all I see.*

*Where are your meadows of golden hue?
Gone, I suppose, with the rest, I rue.
Remains to us only the cold, black ground,
Where once your golden-rod I found.*

*Oh, how I hated to see you go!
Go, when flurried down the snow.
You made way for winter, so icy cold
Now your gay leaves mingle with the mold.*

—Virginia Roos
Term 5

FALLING LEAVES

*Swirling, twirling, drifting slowly down
In tumbling cascades of gold, red, and brown
To strike, and fall, and roll, and bound
Against the cold and barren ground.*

*Some roll and toss and seem to fight,
While others are still, so very quiet.
But each is ragged, rough, and torn,
And all are doomed to be forlorn.*

—Billy Evans
Term 4



CHOOSE YOUR FRIENDS WISELY

*Choose your friends wisely
Test your friends well;
True friends like rarest gems
Prove hard to tell.
In joy and in sadness
Test your friend well.*

*Oft bosom companions
Are dangerous things,
Rifling your honey,
But leaving their stings;
Creeping and crawling,
Like bees without wings.*

*Leave not your secrets
At every man's door,
High tide will shift them
Like sand on the shore,
Sift them and shift them,
Now higher, now lower.*

*Chose your friends wisely,
And well if you can.*

—Wayne Martin
Term 8

SEA MAGIC

*How great the magic
Of the mystic sea,
Who in an instant
Can transform herself
From a wrathful witch
Seeking to destroy
Into a mother
Crooning a lullaby.*

—Grace Burford
Term 8

BWANNA

THE MAGNETIC WEST

Star-dotted sky,
 Silvery moon,
Blue lakes on high,
 Dawn comes too soon.
Crisp mountain air,
 Radiant sun
Bring beasts from lair
 For night is done.
Flat waving plains,
 Grim mountains bare,
Fields blessed by rains
 Under His care.
Cool rushing streams,
 Far leaping trout,—
Come, careless dreams,
 Put fears to rout.

—Arthur Kuhl

Term 4

(Won first place in the contest for pupils in the first and second years)

THE WIND

I am a giant strong and bold,
Such jokes I play on young and old!
And I work hard from sun to sun,
But one must have a little fun.
Sometimes a boy I chance to meet;
I blow his hat across the street,
Then toss his kite up to the sky,
And help his mother's clothes to dry.
When night time comes a crawlin' round
I scare the folks and make weird sounds,
I blow hats off my enemies,
Up to the sky and over the trees.
I hum and sing through spaceless lots,
And smile at all the little tots,
While mother hears their prayers each night
Then tiptoes out and turns off lights.
These things I see as I go
Through summer, winter, ice, and snow.

—Ruth Murphy

Term 2

(Won second place in contest for pupils in the first and second years)

BWANA

LAY ME LOW

*Lay me low, my work is done,
I have striven hard and long
In the world's unequal fight
Always to resist the wrong,
Always to maintain the right.
Always with a stubborn heart,
Taking, giving blow for blow,
—I have played my given part,
I am weary, let me go—.*

*Stern the world and bitter cold,
Irksome, painful to endure,
Everywhere a love for gold,
Seldom pity for the poor,
Everywhere mistrust, disguise,
Pride, hypocrisy, and show;
Draw the curtain, close my eyes,
I am weary; let me go!*

—William Small
Term 3

(Won third place in contest for pupils in first and second years)

DERELICT

*Relentless sun—beating down,
Scorching a watery waste all around
Which scintillates and reflects many a dull ray
And merges lonely into the far distant gray.*

*Dull waters, having only a small dot
Which grows into a dull, black blot
And silently floats over the gray,
A forgotten vessel of a forgotten day.*

*Bereft of sail, of men joyous and gay,
Who wept and toiled in a long past day.
Forgotten it shall ever be,
A desolate ship on a desolate sea.*

—Billy Evans
Term 4

BWANA

SHORT STORY CONTESTS

JUDGES

Miss O. Solfronk
Mr. Tugel
Miss Manbeck

WINNERS

Contest for pupils in first two years:

1. Arleen Thyson
2. Anita Stewart
3. Sybil Swartout

Contest for pupils in last two years:

1. Vernon Meyer
2. Virginia Roos
3. Harold Clark
4. Margaret Winchester

BLUE MUD

GRANDAD MYLES said "Good night" to Tom Riley as the latter settled down beneath his blankets. Only Grandad and I now sat by the waning fire. The western night was middle-aged, and a shining ivory moon silhouetted a great hill, half a mile away, which hill in turn threw its shadow upon us.

Many were the stories traded round the campfire that night. Yet, when Grandad (who, by the way, owned the ranch) rode up and joined us, the best stories of the others faded in comparison to his. The feeling of congeniality, of friendship, and of good will, which I experienced about the campfire that night, made my soul rebel against the thought that I was leaving Grandad's ranch on the morrow.

For a while we sat in silence. Then Grandad asked me if I was leaving the ranch with good feelings towards him and the rest of the outfit. I answered that I had no complaint coming. Then the thought came to me to ask him a question which I had planned to ask long ago.

"I've been through a whole mess of odd corners on this ranch, but I've never yet seen a trace of blue mud. So why is it that you call this place BLUE MUD RANCH?"

He reflected a while. Then taking a long pull at his pipe, and pointing his finger in the direction of the hill I mentioned above, he began his story, which I have taken out of his characteristic dialect and set down below.

'Way back in 1869, I first came out to this part of Dakota with my partner, Ray Frazer. Ray had been to a college in the East and knew an

BWANA

uncommon lot about mining and metallurgy. With us we took a Sioux Indian, John Prairie-Hawk. You see, Ray and I had a half-crooked notion that there was gold around this part of the country, and we used the Indian as guide and trusted him a bit to help us find a lode or a vein of the yellow stuff.

One evening in June '69, we stopped our horses and pack-mules by the hill you see there. At that time, the hill was different in form. Instead of being shaped like a cone, as it is now, it was shaped like a U. You get the point. There was a valley surrounded on three sides by the hill. Ray suggested we camp in the valley for the night. John Prairie-Hawk did his best to dissuade Ray from his purpose, but Ray was a stubborn-headed fellow and won the argument by the simple device of shoving a six-shooter into the Indian's ribs.

We let John Prairie-Hawk, thus pacified, unload the horses, while we went for a tour of inspection of the hill. That was the queerest valley I had ever seen; I had a feeling that John Prairie-Hawk had sense in advising us not to spend the night in it. I was twenty-one that year, and there was not much that could send a cold chill down my spine. Nevertheless, I had one when I saw how the two sides of the valley—that is, the long parts of the U—seemed to lean over as if they would fall into the valley and bury us beneath. On the third side of the valley—in the curved part of the U, of course—was an immense rock about half way up the hill. As we walked up to it, I saw Indian characters traced on its smooth black face.

Ray looked at the rock, not so much for the writing on it, as for the way it was balanced. He turned to me. "Myles," he said to me, "there's going to be plenty of 'Hail Columbia' when this rock takes a notion to fall."

"Why do you think so?"

"Take a look at this hill and I'll give you a lesson in geology. You see how it's formed. Most of the two sides of the hill seem dependent on this side for support. If this weren't here, the two sides of the valley would fall together, wouldn't they?"

"I should think so."

"Well, did you notice how the shale slid when we walked up this side of the valley?"

"No, I didn't."

"Well, notice such things next time. Now this rock is the largest on this side of the hill. It's delicately balanced, for the shale supporting it has been washed away by time. If the rock should fall, it would cause a slide. The support of the other two sides would be taken away, and what would happen?"

"They'd fall into the valley."

"That's just it. This whole thing would fall together. Just think, I figure a crowbar used with one hand would tilt that rock and send it down."

A twig snapped behind us. Turning round, we saw John Prairie-Hawk.

"What is this rock called?" asked Myles.

BWANA

The Indian spoke impressively. "It is the rock of Waki-ya."

"Who's he?"

"He's the thunder-bird god. It was here that my ancestors sacrificed to him, on this very stone. I tried to prevent you from coming here, for my people fear the place since the Fear Cave has been discovered."

"What's the Fear Cave?"

"It is in this valley. A member of my tribe discovered it by accident—that is, during an earthquake the ground was loosened over its entrance. The brave, walking on the left side of the valley, was suddenly swallowed up by the earth. I was with the party, and when we all gathered round the pit into which he had fallen, we saw him lying there, dead from the fall. The pit, we found, was the entrance to a cave, which wound far underground, but the braves who set out to explore it told many strange tales about what was inside it." As he spoke, we were led by him to a spot covered with dead bushes. These we cleared away, disclosing a pit, many feet deep.

"Are you game to go down and look into this cave?" asked Ray.

I nodded assent (though my teeth were chattering). The Indian, having signified an intention to explore the cave also, brought a rope ladder, by means of which we descended into the pit, found the entrance of the cave, and with oil torches, we began our journey. Of the weird things in that cave, I might write a whole book. My yarn has to do with a large vault in that cave—a vault that made a whisper sound like a shout. The floor of this vault was made of soft clay of a bluish color. When Ray saw this, he let out a whistle, and began to fumble about in the clay. He picked up something like a glass bead. Then he picked up another glass bead, and another. It was midnight when we came out of that cave, laden with eighteen pieces of glass of varying sizes—from the size of a pea to the size of a human eye.

Next morning, while John was out gathering wood for the fire, Ray said to me: "Well, Myles, you and I are made men."

"How so?"

"Did you ever hear of diamonds?"

"You mean to tell me those were diamonds we picked up last night?"

"Absolutely. Diamonds in Dakota. Well, stranger things have happened." He leaned closer to me. "Listen, half of eighteen is nine. A third of eighteen is six. We can split this haul two ways or three ways, but I prefer two ways. So that means we'll have to get rid of John. Yes, get rid of him."

I was horror-stricken, but Ray pointed his revolver at me.

"As far as I'm concerned, I can have these all by doing you in the same way as I'm going to do John. If you let one word fall from your lips about what's going to happen——!"

I was scared stiff; it was like a nightmare, what happened. Ray took up his rifle, pointed it at John's figure, which was facing him near the big rock, and fired. John clutched at his left side, and fell. I knew how good Ray's aim

BWANA

was and knew that John Prairie-Hawk had gone to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

Ray had planned to go into the cave to get a few more diamonds, so he ordered me to get things ready for departure when he came out again. As I was packing the mules, after Ray had gone into the cave, I happened to notice a crowbar gone from the tool supply. I recalled that John had used it for something or other that morning and had slung it at his side when he went to gather wood. Well, I reflected, we could salvage that when we went to bury the body.

As I led the mules out of the valley with their packs on, something caught the tail of my eye by the big rock. A dark form crawled slowly toward it. I jumped to the saddlebag of my horse and took out the binoculars. Ray's aim had failed for one time. Evidently John had been shot in the left shoulder, for his arm hung limp on that side. I gasped as I saw him take the crowbar from his belt and get a leverage on the base of that rock. The rock tottered a moment, fell. Well, I can't describe what happened, because everything happened at once. The hill just fell together, as Ray had foretold. Somewhere in that hill, beneath tons of earth and debris, lie a Sioux Indian and his would-be murderer. After I sold the diamonds and bought this spot with the money, I had an idea I could dig out the entrance of that cave. But I'm getting old now, and the older I get the more contented I am. As far as I'm concerned, the diamonds and the cave can lie buried until the Lord calls John Prairie-Hawk and Ray from the hill.

VERNON MEYER
Term 7

(Won first place in contest for pupils in the third and fourth years)

TREES AGAINST THE SKY

*These black trees against the morning sky
Are like the lace mantillas
That the senoritas wear,
And this blazing sun that's peeping
Through the lacy branches
Is like the crimson rose
They tuck into their hair.*

—Grace Burford
Term 8

EWANA

HIS ONLY LOVE

“EXTRY! Extry! War declared with Germany!” shouted a ragged paper boy. “Get your paper and read all about the big news! Extry! Extry!”

A swarm of people crowded around the bearer of the journals, all with a common fear and a common curiosity to be satisfied.

A white-haired old gentleman rose excitedly from his wicker rocking-chair on a vine-covered porch and hurried as fast as his tottering legs could carry him to the newsboy. Pale with fear, his thin old hand reached for a newspaper, and, having secured it, pushed his way out of the crowd, back to his home.

“Mother! Mother! It’s true!” he cried as he jerked the door open. “War has been declared!” he quavered. Then a light came into his eye as he said with a determined air, “But they shan’t get my Kenny, by Heaven, they shan’t!”

“Now, now, father,” soothed a silvery-haired old lady. “You mustn’t excite yourself. You know what the doctor said about your heart. Now, sit down, and tell me about it quietly.”

The old man’s face twitched as he sank into his chair.

“Mother,” he choked, “they won’t take him away from us, will they? He’s all we’ve got. If he goes, we won’t have anything to work for, anybody to love, or anyone to wait for in the evenings. Oh, Mother, they won’t take him from us? They can’t; they can’t!”

“No, no, father, they won’t take him from us,” she promised, trying to blink back the tears that would, in spite of all she could do, force themselves into her eyes. “Don’t you think you’d better come inside now? It’s getting a bit cool out here. “Besides,” she said, brightening, “Kenny’ll be home any minute now. Here, take my arm.”

The door closed behind the aged couple, and once more all was quiet. Suddenly a shrill whistle rang out in the clear air, and a head of dark, curly, brown hair appeared. A pair of feet clattered up the wooden stairs, and a tanned hand pulled the door open wide with a “Hello, Mom, hello, Dad. Supper ready yet, Mom?”

The boy threw himself into a convenient chair and closed his eyes. “Whew, but I’m tired,” he breathed.

“Say, Dad, you know that fellow——” He stopped suddenly and peered sharply into his father’s worn face. “What’s wrong, Dad? What’s the matter, Mom?” he queried anxiously.

“Kenny, my boy,” began Mrs. McCarthy, “did you know that—that war was declared?”

BWANA

"Sure," answered the boy. "What's all the fuss about, anyway? Don't see why they put it off so long! We'll go over there and show those Boches a thing or two about fighting!" he declared enthusiastically.

"But, Kenny," his mother puzzled, "what do you mean by 'we'? You haven't—surely you didn't, oh, no you couldn't have enlisted! Tell me you didn't!" she begged.

"Why, Mother," said the boy, "I don't understand. Of course I enlisted. You wouldn't want me to be a slacker and stay at home, would you? That's what I was going to tell you about. That fellow that I met yesterday bumped into me again today, and we enlisted together. We leave for training camp in about two weeks."

"Kenny, Kenny why did you do it?" Mrs. McCarthy moaned. "What will your father and I do without you?"

"Now, Mother, you mustn't carry on so. If Kenny has enlisted, it's too late to back out," he sensibly argued, "But, oh, Ken, why did you do it?" he sobbed.

Two weeks later a trainload of boys left for Camp W—— in Kentucky.

Ken McCarthy, with arms loaded, and pack strapped upon his back, bade his parents and friends a last good-bye.

"Be careful, Kenny dear, and write often," Mrs. McCarthy said as she pressed a large box of food and cigarettes into his arms.

"Fight to the last, son, and remember to write home," bravely said Mr. McCarthy.

Then Ken turned to a fair-haired, blue-eyed girl who whispered, "I'll be waiting for you, Ken dear, when you come home again."

"Thanks, Kathie, that's all I wanted to know," fervently declared the boy.

"All aboar-r-r-d!" shouted the conductor. "All aboard!"

With a final farewell Ken was off. The little group stood watching the train until it was out of sight.

Two months slipped by, and Ken McCarthy's regiment went "Over There."

Letters were received regularly for six months, then the notes of cheer from France ceased to come. Hours, days, weeks, and months, all passed slowly to the ones who were anxiously awaiting the arrival of the little squares of white paper which never came. Hope had been abandoned that mother, father or sweetheart would ever again see the one they loved so well. Then, on one never-to-be-forgotten day, the long-looked-for letter came. It was written in a shaking, quivering hand, and was only one page, but it contained the message that they were awaiting.—Kenny was still alive! The letter ran—

B——, 1919.

Dear Mother and Dad:

For the last two months I have been laid up in an emergency hospital, and I was unable to write to you.

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Don't worry about me. I received only a scalp wound, and will be out of bed in two weeks.

As I am still a little weak, I can't write a long letter, but just a short one to tell you that I am all right, and will be with you soon.

Love,
Kenny.

After the excitement of receiving the letter had subsided, Mrs. McCarthy ran to the telephone.

"Operator, give me Parkview 4600,—Yes, please.—Hello, Kathie? We've just received a letter from—Oh, you did, too? Isn't it wonderful?—Yes, do.—All right. Good-bye."

"Kathie received a letter, too, father," said Mrs. McCarthy to her husband.

"Well, I'm glad," heartily responded the relieved father. "If Kenny wants to get married, I'm glad it's some nice Irish girl like Kathie, instead of someone else,—a German girl, for instance."

"Oh, now, father," interposed Mrs. McCarthy. "You shouldn't say that! Just because we're at war with Germany, there's no reason to be prejudiced against the German people in America. Frieda is a nice girl, but—well, just the same I'm glad he's going to marry Kathie."

After Kenny had regained his strength, he had gone back to the front, and his letters came at regular intervals.

"Howdy," greeted the postman. "Got another letter for you!"

"From Kenny?" anxiously asked the impatient father.

"Yep," answered the bearer of the desired envelope. "'S from Kenny, all right, all right."

The door slammed behind the postman as Mr. McCarthy called to his wife.

"Kathie, dear, it's a letter from our Kenny. Hurry down, and we'll read it together."

The old lady ran down the stairs as fast as her age would permit, and slipped into a chair that her husband had drawn to the table for her. Mr. McCarthy sat on the edge of his chair, waiting impatiently for his wife to adjust her spectacles. When she had done this, she took up the letter and read as follows:

Schnoeningsburg, Germany,
May 8, 1919.

Dear Mother and Dad:

Good news! *The Armistice has been signed!* Today we received orders to pack and start for home!—HOME, gee, how good that word sounds, because home means you and and all my friends.

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I'm just about bursting with joy and happiness. It's been fierce over here, but everything is going to be all right, now.

Mother and Dad, I have a big surprise for you. I am going to bring her back with me. I know you will receive her, for she is of good German blood.—Her name is Olga.

Here Mrs. McCarthy could read no further because of the scalding hot tears that rolled from her eyes down her furrowed cheeks.

"Oh, poor Kathie, how can we tell her?" sobbed the Mother.

"But, I don't understand," puzzled Mr. McCarthy. "He and Kathie were to be married." His voice rose and a proud look came into his flashing Irish eyes. "He can't bring her into my home, *Patrick McCarthy's* home!"

"Now, father, we must make the best of it," said Mrs. McCarthy. "We must be kind to the poor creature. After all, she'll be away from all her friends and relatives. Poor thing! I'm afraid she'll be unhappy. Oh, but I do wish Kenny hadn't been so foolish!" she murmured to herself.

Kenny was coming home! At last the big day arrived. The train pulled into Grand Central station, and a load of boys clambered off the packed cars. Each was looked over carefully by the awaiting trio, but no Kenny appeared. Then, at the end of the car up bobbed a curly head.

"Kenny!" cried Mrs. McCarthy as she ran toward him, with tears of happiness streaming down her cheeks.

"My boy!" hoarsely whispered the father as he embraced his son. "Look, Mother. He's a captain! And he's got a medal, too. See!"

"Where's Kathie?" asked Kenny after he had embraced his parents. Didn't she come? Mother, what's wrong? She isn't sick, is she?"

"Hello, Kenny, here I am," Kathie said in a low voice. "How are you?"

"Why, Kathie, that's no way to greet the fellow you're going to marry! Specially when he's been away for two years," he reproached.

"But, Kenny, I don't understand what you mean. What about that German girl you were going to marry?"

"Kathie, I don't understand what you mean. *You're* the girl I'm going to marry," said puzzled Ken.

"I mean Olga, Kenny. You know, you wrote to your Mother and Dad about her."

"Oh, My! Oh, Oh!" laughed Kenny hysterically. "That's a good one. Oh, my, Ha, Ha, Ha."

The other three looked at Kenny queerly, and then Mrs. McCarthy's eyes filled with tears.

"Kenny, dear," she sobbed, "is **that** the way the shell-shock affected you? Come dear, let's go!" she begged.

"Oh, wait a minute," choked Ken, hardly able to speak. "That's too good for words. Be back in a minute."

BWANA

A few moments later he returned leading an enormous police dog.

"Folks, may I present Olga to you?" he asked with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Oh, Kenny, then *she's* a dog!" breathed Kathie with relief.

"Now," asked Kenny, as he held out his arms, "Now will you greet me as is fitting for a girl to greet the man she is going to marry?"

VIRGINIA ROOS
Term 5

(Winner of second place in short story contest for the pupils in the third and fourth years.)

DAWN

*When shadows still cling to each mobile thing
And all the world is hushed,*

*Then is the time, in every clime,
To watch while the world's not rushed.*

*Then is the hour to look for the flower
And hunt for the warbler's nest;
To look at each petal and watch a bird settle
On the swaying branches to rest.*

*Only then can you see, as spry as can be,
Many a bird, worm, insect, and beast.
For the toil of the day later drives away
Every creature to seek his own peace.*

—Bernice Whitney
Term 6

BWANA

BUT HE WALKED BACK

JONAH BROWN, of Springfield, was in an unenviable position. The negro lodge, The Magnificent Sign of the Spirit, was holding its annual convention at St. Louis, and he was chosen to represent the Springfield chapter. Jonah, while highly honored at being chosen, wished that there had been some monetary reward also. But it was the lack of money that had caused Jonah to be selected. Here was the situation: The Springfield Chapter was financially embarrassed, or, in plainer words, "broke." Even so, they wished to send a delegate to the convention. Hence, their choice of Jonah. The colored section of Springfield was justly proud of him for living so long and so elegantly on so little money. The lodge was sure that he could get to St. Louis in a manner befitting a delegate of so grand a lodge, even though he had no money. But Jonah was not so sure.

"How kin I git t' St. Looey wifout no money?" he mourned. "De days is ovah when you could ride de rails."

He began walking slowly toward the railroad station in the hope that the train was in on which he had a friend working as porter. He had once helped this porter out of some trouble about shooting craps, and the man's gratitude had never waned. Also, he was somewhat awed by Jonah's happy-go-lucky nature, and thought that nothing was too big for Jonah to handle. Jonah was going to borrow enough money from this porter to get him to St. Louis. As luck would have it, that porter's train was in; but he had no more money than Jonah.

However, after listening to Jonah's story, the porter thought of a plan which, although it was hazardous, could easily be followed to a successful close by such a man as Mr. Jonah Brown. The plan did not appeal to Mr. Brown; for, while he was of an adventurous nature, nothing of this kind had ever occurred to him.

"Dere's nuffin' to it," argued the porter. "All you haf to do is call up de station-master of Springfield and pretend you is de station-master of St. Looey. Den you say, 'Hello! Is dis de station-master of Springfield? Hitch up an extra Pullman on the 8:20 to St. Louis an' dere'll be a porter down to attend to it on de trip.' You'll be dat porter and when de train 'rives at St. Looey, you skip. Ain't dat simple?"

"Mebbe so," dubiously agreed Jonah. "But 'sposin' I gits caught?"

"You cain't git caught," protested the porter. "Nuffin' can go wrong."

Jonah's mind began to work rapidly. He thought of the reputation he had to uphold, and suddenly there flashed upon him the enormous possibilities of the porter's scheme. He could ride into St. Louis in his own private car! Here was a feat that had never been heard of in all the history of colored

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Springfield! The idea of doing something new and unusual enabled him to reach a decision at once.

"Le's go, big boy," he shouted to the porter. "St. Looey, heah I come!"

Their first step was to dress Jonah in one of the porter's uniforms. It fitted him nicely, although Jonah lamented wearing anything signifying work. Next, Jonah practised a speech to be made over the telephone while impersonating the St. Louis station-master.

"Hello, is dis de station-master of Springfield?" began Jonah.

"No, no! Dat's wrong," interrupted the porter. "You gotta say 'th-is,' not 'dis.' I know it's hahd, but you gotta do it."

"Hello, is th-is de station-master of Springfield?" repeated Jonah.

"'Tain't neah puffect," said the porter, "but mebbe the telephone will hide some of dat. Anyhow, we gotta try."

On the way to the telephone booth the porter gave some last-minute advice, "I know dis St. Looey station-master and he suah is hahd-boiled. So when you talk, talk short and snappy."

After getting the number, Jonah, taking the porter's tip, said, "Hello, is th-is Springfield? Union Station, St. Louis, talkin'. Hitch up an extra Pullman on the 8:20 to St. Louis. A porter's comin' down to take care of it on the trip. Good-bye."

He hung up quickly, giving the man on the other end of the line no chance to answer. He hoped that the authoritative tone he had used would help to convince the other party that it was the station-master of St. Louis speaking.

It was now three o'clock and Jonah was not going to the station until seven. During the next four hours, Jonah's time was his own. And now that he was partially assured of getting to St. Louis, he began to look at the scheme from another angle. Since what he was going to do was not exactly correct anyhow, why not go a little farther? He was going to St. Louis in a private car, was he not? Well, why keep it a secret? Seizing upon a sudden inspiration, he dashed to the telegraph office and sent the following telegram (collect, of course):

Convention Headquarters
Magnificent Sign of the Spirit
St. Louis, Mo.

The delegate from Springfield is coming in a private car on the 8:20. Be there to meet him.

THE SPRINGFIELD CHAPTER.

Then he very carefully packed a suit of his best clothes and anxiously waited for seven o'clock. When this hour finally arrived, Jonah, handsomely dressed in the porter's uniform, with his suit under his arm, reported to the station-master at Springfield.

BWANNA

"I'se de porter to go on de extra Pullman on de 8:20 to St. Looley," he announced.

"All right, it's on Track 3, the last car," the station-master informed him. He then added, "For the life of me, I can't figure out why he wanted that extra car. I've been thinkin' of callin' up St. Louis all afternoon, and now I believe I will!"

"Pahdon, Suh," said Jonah, "but I know why he wants dat Pullman."

"Well, spill it, and make it snappy. That phone call has been worrying me all afternoon."

"De private car ob de president ob de line done broke down an' he wanted another car."

"Why did he have to send for one all the way from Springfield? Aren't there any extra cars in St. Louis?"

"No, Suh, dey's all used up."

"It sounds kinda silly to me, but I suppose I'll have to send that car," concluded the station-master.

When he was in the Pullman, Jonah breathed a sigh of relief.

"I was suah in a tough spot for a while, but Jonah fooled dat white man," and he chuckled contentedly to himself. He began musing about what the other lodge brothers would think when he stepped out of his private car. He was so deep in his thoughts that he did not hear the train start. In a few hours he was in the train-yards of St. Louis and his train was moving slowly towards Union Station.

"Dis is my big moment," thought Jonah; but he reckoned without "Never-late" O'Riley, the station-master of St. Louis. This man was a demon for efficiency and had acquired his nick-name by "bawling out" engineers whose trains were not on time.

It happened that Mr. O'Riley, attracted by the throng of colored people that had turned out in answer to Jonah's telegram, stopped alongside this train, and, as was his habit, made a casual inspection of it to see if there wasn't something amiss with which he could confront the engineer.

"Hey!" he shouted to that man, "I thought there were supposed to be fourteen cars on this train. I counted fifteen."

"Oh, that's an extra car we picked up at Springfield. The station-master there said you wanted it."

"He said I wanted it, did he?" bellowed O'Riley. "Where did he get that bright idea?"

"Search me," replied the engineer, unabashed, "but the porter that came in on it might know something. He's in the last car—a Pullman."

However, as Jonah noticed that he was in St. Louis, he had quickly taken off his porter's uniform, and, when the train pulled into the station, there was no porter on the extra Pullman, but a colored gentleman named Mr. Jonah Brown. No sooner had the train stopped than Jonah, seeing the crowd that had gathered to welcome him, stepped out and said, "Brothahs and sistahs, I

BWANA

am highly honahed at dis magnificent display of—or—er—magnificence. Let us sojourn to de meetin' place of de convention."

So when Mr. O'Riley arrived at the last Pullman to question the porter, there was no porter to be found. He thought that maybe the crowd of negroes might know something about him.

"Say," he called, "Did any of you see a porter get off that last car?"

The crowd, awed by Jonah's arrival in a private car, had unofficially but unanimously elected him spokesman. When Jonah saw that they were expecting him to answer the white man, he realized he must show a bold face. "I came in on this heah train, suh, but I don't 'sociate with porters," he said haughtily, and hoped fervently that O'Riley would question him no farther. It was a crucial moment, but nobody besides Jonah knew it.

"Okey," said O'Riley, and walked on.

That night, as Jonah was going to bed in the room furnished him by the convention he began talking to himself.

"An' how am I goin' to git back to Springfield? Boy! I'm goin' to walk! When dat man asked me if I had seen de porter, I almost passed out. Dere was too much excitement all through dat trip. Dat kind of life is too strenuous for Mr. Jonah Brown."

HAROLD CLARK
Term 5

(Winner of third place in short story contest for the pupils in the third and fourth years.)



BWANA

THE MAKING OF A MAN

BOOZE awoke with a start. He blinked his blood-shot eyes and looked around in alarm. The police? A sigh of relief shook his lean figure. It was only the whistle of the train as it went around a bend. He grunted and dropped back on the dirty floor covered with straw.

Booze closely resembled a bundle of rags. One could discern patches of black, red, lavender, blue, and grey; one would vow the black rags were trousers, and the red and blue, the patches, which lent a highly decorative feature to them. The grey would be seen to be a flannel shirt. The other black blot was a battered felt hat, and the lavender, that deep, inspiring lavender, was a large handkerchief! The derelict was long and thin. Black, tousled hair and a thin, unshaven, dissipated face made his aquiline nose and deep-set eyes more noticeable.

Booze had not always been a "bum." He had been fairly well educated. He had once had ideals, but they had fallen, one by one. Why? Drink was the curse of his life, or the blessing, it depended upon his indulgence to specify that. At sober moments, when his past standards arose to confront him, he solemnly swore to himself that he would turn his back on the past and start anew. Alas! The craving would seize him and soon he soothed his weak spirit and forgot his resolutions.

The train, Arizona-bound, stopped with a screech of brakes. The freightmen went from car to car watering the cattle. One of them paused at the car, in which lay Booze, to shut the door. He caught sight of the recumbent figure and called to a fellow freightman, "Another drunk, Steve. Help me throw him out." Together they lifted the limp figure and, with a wide swing, threw him several feet from the track, on the soft, burning sand. The whistle blew, and, with another screech of brakes, the freight train pulled out, leaving Booze just awakening to the situation. He lurched to his feet and ran drunkenly after the freight, but the train soon disappeared. He began to look at his surroundings. Nothing but sand and sky met his gaze—not a tree was in sight.

"What a country!" he groaned. The blistering sands burnt his poorly-shod feet, and the hot desert wind blew fine particles of sand into his face and clothing as he lurched off away from the track. He swore at the deal Fate had handed him.

Hunger assailed him as the hot sun reached its zenith. He pulled a stale sandwich from his pocket and munched it slowly. Once or twice he sat down to rest, but the sand scorched him and he quickly resumed his march.

As the afternoon wore on, a speck appeared on the horizon. As it drew nearer, he saw that it was a man on horseback. He waved his purple handkerchief frantically. The rider spurred his horse and soon drew rein before him.

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The newcomer was strong and sunburned. A large sombrero was tilted on the back of his head, and his light hair hung in strands on his moist forehead. He was dressed in a brightly-checked shirt, open at the throat, and brown corduroy breeches. His boots of black leather were highly ornamented. He sat on his horse with the ease of a born rider, and Booze, even in his muddled condition, felt a glow of admiration for this fine, strong man, typical of what he himself could have become.

The cowboy was regarding him with ill-concealed amusement. "Where you bound for?" he drawled.

"Anywhere I can get a hand-out," answered Booze, "and as soon as the next train comes along, I'm moving!"

The cowboy laughed heartily. "Reckon you won't. The next slow train comes by in two days, and all the rest are fast freights."

"Do I have to stay in this place for two days?" groaned Booze.

"Yep! What are you going to do in the meantime?"

"None of your business," snarled Booze. "I can take care of myself!"

"Didn't mean it that way," answered the cowboy shortly. "I need help and I sorta thought you could help me, for awhile, anyhow."

"Me—work? Why, say, I can't even ride a horse. No, I won't accept your kind offer," he added sarcastically.

"Afraid you'll starve then, waiting for your train," answered the cowboy, calmly, "because the nearest ranch is miles from here and walking in this sand is like walking on a rolling barrel."

"Guess you're right," Booze admitted, grudgingly; "you've got me cornered, anyway. All right, I'll go."

The cowboy hoisted him up behind him.

"What's your name?" he asked as he leaned over to tighten his stirrup.

"Booze."

He caught a whiff of the liquor and knew how this tramp had acquired his name. He looked at Booze in disgust. Why hadn't he guessed it at first? He said nothing but spurred his horse homeward.

Booze held on the best he could and his stomach felt upside down at the jogging motions of the horse. He breathed easier when the ranch came in sight. It was a small place, the house itself merely a shack of two rooms with the corral behind it. He could see a herd of cattle grazing in the distance.

"This is the Bar K ranch," said the cowboy as they rode up, "and I'm Fred Stone, sole owner, cowboy and help of the Bar K. I started this thing five years ago with fifty head of cattle. Although it's small, it's growing, and find I can't do all the work myself. It's branding time now and all the men are needed at the big ranches, so you'll have to do, I guess."

They entered the house. The first small room served as a kitchen and

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contained a large, rusty stove, a small table and three rickety chairs, a wood-box, and a large box containing cooking utensils. On a rack nailed to the wall near the window were his stock of books: a Bible, a few O. Henry stories, a much-thumbed copy of Dickens' *Pickwick Papers* and some old magazines and newspapers. A few old calendars and illustrations from magazines, were stuck here and there by way of decoration.

Fred Stone led him into the smaller room which served as a bedroom and pointed to a folded cot. "Guess you'll have to use that for a while. It's shaky but comfortable. You can put it up while I make supper. Like veal chops and fried potatoes?"

Booze assured him that he did. He had just finished putting up the cot when his employer called him to supper.

The meal was nourishing and filling. Fred had opened a can of tomatoes, and after drinking the hot, strong coffee in the big mugs, Booze felt his spirits returning. They ate their meal in silence, then Fred leaned back in his chair and the two smoked contentedly.

"We'll have to get a new outfit for you," he said; "I wonder if you could get into one of mine? You're about as tall as I am. Can you ride?"

"Nope, I've never tried it."

"Well, you'll learn soon enough. Your work for the present will be to brand the cattle while I catch them. We'll take turns at making meals, too." He pushed back his chair and arose. "I have to go out and water the cattle now. No, you don't need to help tonight. If you care to bathe and shave, I'll get that outfit for you."

"Well—," said Booze hesitantly, "Well, I guess so."

Fred disappeared into the next room and returned with a grey flannel shirt, black riding breeches, and tall leather boots. "Here they are," he said, "I hope they'll fit," and he grabbed his hat and hurried out to get his work done before the sun set.

Booze began to work immediately. He had not washed for weeks. Two hours ago he had been planning how to get some food, a horse, and get away to resume his care-free life; but now, something in this big man's clear gaze had brought some long-forgotten self-respect back to him. His boss held him in contempt he felt, so he resolved to stay and show this man that he had not yet fallen too low to be saved.

When Fred entered the kitchen an hour later, he stopped in surprise. A new Booze, clean-shaven, stood before him, washing the few supper dishes.

"My, you've changed so I didn't know you," he exclaimed. "That suit fits you better than I thought it would, Boo—Say, what is your real name?"

Booze hesitated, but remembering his last resolution, he said, "Lee Mason," and held out his hand. Not for an instant did Fred hesitate, but immediately clasped the proffered hand. Lee felt he was a man once more.

BWANA

For Lee, his first week at Bar K was the longest in his life. His poisoned system craved the stimulation to which it had become so accustomed. He worked like a horse just to weary his body so that at night he would fall asleep immediately.

In appearance he was soon greatly changed. His once pale, sickly skin had become a golden brown, and his muscles were strong and firm. His eyes were quick and his hand sure. His appearance gave no hint of the suffering inside. Fred could only guess what he was going through; wisely he made no comment.

One night when Lee thought he could stand it no longer, he dressed, mounted his horse, and rode the five miles to Red Gate. Coin after coin exchanged hands over the dirty bar. At last he fell asleep. It was thus that Fred found him. He dragged Lee outside and threw him across his horse. He mounted his own pony and, leading the other by the bridle, he rode home.

Lee slept all that day and awoke the next morning with a heavy head. He dressed slowly and stumbled to the kitchen, expecting to see Fred preparing breakfast. The room was deserted, the fire was out, the table was empty. He called; no answer came.

"Guess he's out rounding," Booze mumbled as he lit the fire. Soon an egg and some bacon were sizzling temptingly in the pan. When he had finished eating, he started out. As he rode to the latest grazing pasture, he wondered where Stone was and what he would say about his escapade. He cringed at the thought of the other's scorn.

He reached the pasture and reined in his horse in surprise. The cattle were spread for miles around the country. Where was Stone? He cupped his hands to his mouth and shouted. Far away he heard a neigh. It was Sand, Fred's horse! He galloped in the direction from which it came, and a cry of fear escaped his lips. Lying on the ground before him was Fred Stone, unconscious, with his leg twisted under him. Beads of perspiration broke out on Lee's forehead and his hands trembled as he bent over the still figure. Was he dead? He felt his heart. It was beating. He breathed a prayer of thankfulness.

He lifted his benefactor gently on his horse, and rode slowly home, just as Fred had done with him the day before. After arranging Fred as comfortably as he could on his cot, he raced to Red Gate for the doctor. After a short delay, he secured him and they hurried back to the ranch.

The doctor set the broken leg and tried to make Fred regain consciousness. At last the still, blue eyes opened and rested upon Lee. Try as he might, Lee could not meet them, and he stood with bowed head beside the bed.

"How did you do it, Fred?" asked the doctor, as he packed his instruments in his bag.

"I was racing after some run-away cattle when my horse shied at a rattlesnake and threw me. Unluckily, my leg was caught in the stirrup and twisted."

BWANA

"Too bad, too bad! Well, I'll have to leave you boys now. I've several calls to make. I'll be back later in the week. Only thing you have to do, that is to be still—let Lee here do the work. Understand?"

"It was all my fault," said Lee, when the doctor had gone, "and as soon as you get a real cowboy—one that's not a coward and a drunkard—I'll leave!" He looked up, his eyes blurred. Fred was regarding him with his usual smile.

"All right, buddy," he said, "you're fired; but would you consider the position of partner of the Bar K?"

Lee gasped. "Partner? Now you're kiddin'. You don't want a partner like me!"

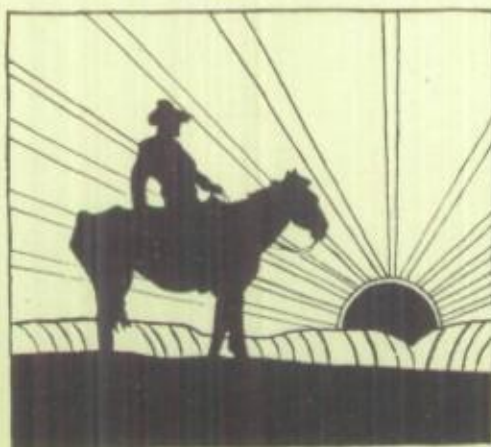
"You bet I do," said Fred, holding out his big hand. "We'll fight this thing out together."

"And win," added Lee, grasping his new partner's hand tightly. Then he hurried from the room, murmuring, "I've got to round up the cattle," but Fred knew that Lee had not wanted him to see the tears in his eyes.

"All right, partner," he answer, and slept peacefully, knowing that all was well.

MARGARET WINCHESTER,
Term 6.

(Winner of fourth place in short story contest for pupils in third and fourth years)



BWANA

FOR THE LOVE OF HER DAD

PATRICIA MARLOWE was exceedingly comfortable. It was certainly very pleasant to lie in the hay-loft with nothing to do but dream of pretty clothes and fashionable homes. Patricia, aged sixteen, lived with her father on their ranch in Texas. Her dainty little mother, born and reared in the East, had been unable to stand the rough, Western life, and had died when her daughter was but three years old. Pat could only dimly remember the mother who had so enjoyed dressing her in fancy clothes, but she inherited the same love for elaborate things. It was her dearest wish to leave the simple life her father loved and go to the city. Now, her pleasant dream was suddenly interrupted by the lazy voice of Jake McArthur, the old ranch foreman, who was addressing several of his fellow ranchmen in the slow, monotonous tones for which he was well known.

"Wal," Pat heard him drawling, "it shore is tew bad Pat ain't a boy. She's a kinder disserpointment to 'er dad. 'Twouldn't be so bad ef she waren't askeered o' hosses 'n guns 'n things——"

The group moved out of the stable and the girl in the loft, who was listening so intently, could hear no more.

Patricia sat up so quickly that Toby, the old cat sleeping at her side, opened drowsy eyes and gazed at her in mild surprise. After the first flare of indignation, Pat began to ponder the meaning of old Jake's words. She was a disappointment to the kind father whom she adored! But surely that stupid foreman was mistaken. Her father had never given the slightest sign that he was anything but proud of her, except—— Suddenly Pat remembered the strange expression that had clouded her father's face when she had stoutly declared that she would not ride Black Diamond, the wild brute that was the pride of the ranch, and that she hated all horses! In truth Pat **feared** all horses. She even considered it a sore trial to ride her gentle little pony. Perhaps Jake was partially right. It probably would please her father very much if she could learn to like horses.

"Well," she resolved aloud, "I'll show those cow-punchers who's afraid of horses!"

As if in defiance of her intentions, one of the animals below snorted and stamped. Pat shuddered. What was the use of telling herself that she would learn to like those horrid beasts when she knew that she could never overcome her fear of them?

"O, Pat-sy," she heard a familiar voice calling. "Where are you, honey?"

"Coming, Dad," she answered and scrambled down out of the loft.

"Pat," said her father as she ran to meet him, "I'm going to deliver a big shipment of cattle. It's a rush order so we're leaving right away. Some of

BWANA

the boys are going with me, but the rest of them will be here. I'm leaving you in charge, but you needn't worry because Jake will take care of everything."

Pat smiled. Whenever her father went away he "left her in charge." She never exactly knew what she was in charge of, for Mrs. Harding, the housekeeper, took care of the house, and Jake McArthur ran the ranch.

"All right, Dad," she said.

"And, Patsy," continued Mr. Marlowe, "I've received the payment for this shipment in advance. The money's in the safe in the library. There's quite a bit. All the boys' wages come out of it, and I don't know what we'd do if anything happened to that money. You'll look out for strangers around these parts won't you, Pat? Tell Jake if you notice anything wrong."

Patricia promised that she would.

After dinner Jake approached Pat, who was lying in the hammock.

"Me'n the boys is all a' goin' down to Gardiner's ranch tonight, Pat. They're givin' a barn dance, so I reckon we'll be late."

"All right, Jake. Have a good time."

About midnight Pat, who was a light sleeper, awoke with a start. She was positive that someone was moving around downstairs. She dressed quickly and tiptoed to the stairs. As she began to descend noiselessly, she heard the front door being softly closed. She ran down to the door and was just in time to see a figure mount a horse and ride off into the darkness. She rushed to the library, and in another instant she was staring into an empty safe. For a moment she stood transfixed. But only for a moment. She dashed to the telephone, and after several attempts to call the Gardiner ranch, realized in dismay that the telephone was out of order.

"I must get Jake in some way," thought Pat. "I'll have to go to Gardiners'."

The Marlowe ranch was deserted, save for Mrs. Harding, Pat, and few stable boys.

Entering the barn, Pat saw that Prince, her little pony, Black Diamond, and three other old horses were the only occupants, for all the horses were away with their riders. There was great need for haste and Pat doubted if fat, lazy Prince, whom she seldom exercised, could reach the Gardiners' in time. She knew that she could afford to take no chances. The older horses were out of the question. There was only Black Diamond. Pat's heart sank as she looked at the fiery steed who stood gazing at her with defiant eyes. But her father's money——

She walked quickly to the animal's side and began to talk to him in coaxing tones, meanwhile attempting to pat his velvety nose. However, Black Diamond was in no mood to be petted and wheedled into allowing a saddle to be placed on his back. Perhaps he resented the interruption of the nap that he had been enjoying. He snorted angrily, but he soon found that the young girl at his side was also very determined.

BWANA

After repeated attempts Pat was still unsuccessful, and it was by mere chance that she finally managed to get the saddle on Black Diamond's back. She could never remember just how she succeeded in mounting the obstinate animal. The horse reared and leaped, he kicked and shook himself. When Pat picked herself up from the ground for the fourth time, her mind was in a daze. She had looked for some opposition, but she had not expected this. After attaining her momentary seat for the fifth time, Pat felt that Black Diamond's struggles were becoming weaker. He was wearing out. So was Pat, but she would not give up. Desperately she clung to the horse's neck, and finding that he could not dislodge her, the animal surrendered.

Pat never forgot that ride. She took a short cut through a canyon, and as she rode up and down the steep sides, and through the boulder covered gorge, she kept urging Black Diamond to greater speed. He obeyed at the lightest touch of the reins. Pat had all she could do to stay on his back, for she was unused to hard riding. But the horse did not attempt to throw her again.

When Pat rode up to the Gardiner ranch-house, an amazed and curious group of cowboys immediately gathered round her. She was badly bruised and shaken, and Black Diamond was flecked with foam. Quickly Pat told Mr. Gardiner what had happened, and in a few moments four parties of three men each rode off in different directions to cut off the escape of the thief. Neighboring ranches were requested to be on the look-out. The sheriff was also notified.

Pat was taken into the house where Mrs. Gardiner begged her to rest. But although it seemed impossible for the robber to elude all of the pursuers who were searching for him, Pat could not rest. The wait seemed interminable. Finally, in about two hours, Mr. Gardiner telephoned that the man had been caught and that all the money was safe. Pat cried in her relief.

Mr. Marlowe returned the next day, and the story of the robbery was related to him dozens of times by elated ranch-hands.

Pat was warmly praised by everyone, but the look on her father's face when he patted her on the back said, "Atta-girl, Pat! I knew you had it in you!" was reward enough for her.

There was a great celebration at the Marlowe ranch that night, and it was all in honor of Pat. And as that exceedingly happy girl, having slipped away from her enthusiastic admirers, was on her way out to the barn to give Black Diamond a lump of sugar, she heard old Jake McArthur talking to his usual audience.

"I shore gotta hand it to that gal," he was drawling in his customary way. "She couldn't a bin a better boy."

ARLEEN THYSON,
Term 4.

(Winner of first place in two-year short story contest)

BWANA

DORA MELBURN'S DISCOVERY

THROUGH the whirling particles of snow a dim light was seen. From a frame building rushed a small crowd that hurled themselves into the storm. The dim light soon proved to be the 10:15 train. When it stopped, a small bundle of humanity wrapped in furs stepped daintily from it. A few persons boarded it, and then it pulled out not to return for a week. A small girl, who looked to be about twelve, now walked into the wooden structure and waited impatiently for someone to meet her.

Outside the building a chatter arose from the crowd. Who was she? They thought they were to see a grand personage, but instead, only a girl had alighted from the train. One of the women who was apt to know all the town gossip said, "Thet be her. Thet be the child-story book-writer what come here to be in the story-writin' contest in New York. She be staying with her aunt, Sophy Melburn. She is comin' here tuh get what folks call 'local color!'"

Soon a wagon sent to take Dora Melburn to her aunt's home drew up in front of the building. Rather reluctantly she climbed in.

That very afternoon she began her short story for the contest. Running down the hall of her aunt's home, she exclaimed, "Oh, Auntie, I have such a romantic title. Just listen! *The Treasure of Indian Cave*. Isn't that mysterious? Do you know, Auntie, that mother said I was going to be a great writer in time, and that I'm "cut out" to be an author? But oh, dear, I just can't think of a story to go with my title."

A week passed, and the story had progressed. Dora's story was about two girls who had gone out West, but for the world, Dora could not think why they had gone there. Her story continued with many impossible happenings, but it had adventure, exciting adventure, and thrills. In less than three days all the town folk were curious about her story.

Dora sent her story to the great metropolis to be judged. That day she was talking to her aunt. "But I'm sure I'll get the prize. Why, all the villagers think my story is good, and mother says I'm a born writer. Why not, Auntie, with my hero and heroine doing grand things?" said Dora.

"Now, Dora, just you listen to me. Don't you think that there are other writers just as good as you competing for that prize?"

"O Auntie, you don't understand. With my ability and such a good story, I don't see how I can help but get the prize!"

Two days had passed since the day on which the stories were to be judged, and Dora had not heard a word about the fate of her story. Many thoughts ran through her mind. Had she passed? What was the prize? Just then the mailman's whistle was heard, and he handed Dora a large, bulky letter.

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Hastily she opened it. The letter read:

New York City, January 3, 1930.

Dear Miss Melburn:

As one of the judges of the contest, I am sorry to be the bearer of bad news, but your story was the most ridiculous one I have ever read. I am willing, however, to pay you ten dollars for it, because I can use it as an example of what not to do in writing a story.

Respectfully yours,

G. A. KRENNING.

"Oh!" exclaimed Dora, deeply disappointed. She sank into a chair and tried to think. Were the judges wrong? They could hardly be. It was a sad girl who packed her suitcase to go home. And after all that trouble she had failed to write anything but what was ridiculous. She had not found local color, but she had discovered herself.

ANITA STEWART,
Term 2.

(Winner of second place in two-year short story contest)

THE BIRDS

Soaring, ever soaring, in the air so high,
Up, up, up, above our heads they fly,
Happy, ever happy, as they wing their way
They are ever chirping, and singing all the day.
Busy, ever busy, working though they are,
They are ever happy, gayer than we by far.
Hunting, ever hunting as for their food they look,
Never grumbling, grumbling, as they take it to their nook.
They color the sky with their wings, so bright,
As ever they fly towards the sun's great light.
Their beauty surrounds us here and above,
Ever as we watch them, our hearts fill with love.
Always so dainty and graceful they fly,
These graceful figures, so happy and shy.

—Gertrude Gibson
Term 2

BWANA

HAIR RAISED—FREE OF CHARGE

“**A**W, MAMMY, I don't want to go down to get water. It's too close to the cemetery!”

“But Sam, I need water; you gotta go. You know you can run down.”

Sam, twelve years of age, being persuaded by a shiny nickel, went on the run.

The cemetery? What a place to go on a cold night with snow covering everything! The wind was making the trees howl and moan. The moon cast weird shadows everywhere. Sam, a typical negro boy, was easily frightened, and if it had not been for the nickel at home, he wouldn't have gone. The pump was reached at last. The pail was now one-half full. A strong wind had arisen. Sam shivered. What a night! He looked around. How distant those lights did seem. Would he ever get there? Talking half aloud, half to himself, he said, “I wonder if I could run home with the——”

C-r-aa-aa-ck was the loud and distinct sound behind him. Sam whirled around as if he were on a pivot. Nothing was there. Sam would have turned pale, if such a thing had been possible. He was shaking, not from cold but from fright. The wind was moaning and blowing the trees. The moon looked coldly down on him. Poor Sam! His imagination had finally conquered him, and what cruel thing imagination is at times. Sam saw goblins dancing around him. What was that shadow? A man was approaching. Had he stopped a moment? What made that twig fall? Sam's heart beat faster.

The pail was almost full. Only a little more and the homeward journey would be begun. Sam raised the pump handle. What was that? A ghost? Sam ran and the water splashed from the pail. He turned around. Nothing was there. Should he go back and refill his pail, or walk on home? Before he had decided, his legs were carrying him home. The ghost was still pursuing him. What was this unknown creature?

Sam was out of breath, and the pail was practically empty. The only thing he could do was to stop a moment to regain his strength. The mysterious creature kept on coming. The wind had stopped, the pursuer stopped, as if tired out. Sam, with shaking knees, approached slowly. Would the white lump again begin its chase as suddenly as before? What was it? Sam was very close now. He stopped, looked at it very cautiously and laughed. Sam, much disgusted with himself, found the pursuer of the night to be a sheet blown from someone's clothes-line nearby and carried along by the wind, frightening him. He ran down to the pump, filled the pail again, and went home, having no more experiences with a ghost that night.

SYBIL SWARTHOUT
Term 2

(Winner of third place in two-year short story contest.)





TORCH—MAY, 1930



TORCH, 1930

BWANA

TORCH, 1931

Torch members, class of January, 1931, elected in their New Senior year:

Martha Blackmore	Vincent Ameiss
Cylvia Aaron	Oliver Siegmund
Virginian Nordman	Josephine Flory
Marie Geimer	Helen Winkler
Eugenia Henke	Peter Geist
Dorothea Knecht	Jack Weaver
Louis Tirmenstein	Charles Flachmann
Marjorie Toon	Walter Dahlgren

James Gamble

Torch members, class of January, 1931, elected in their Senior year:

Mary Lou Renard	John Skubiz
Helen Stone	Milly Kretzschmar
Katherine Pappas	Cyril Swatek
Joseph Gordon	Grace Wiber
John Gates	Franklin Baker
Alice Victor	Ramona Duncan
Nathan Tutinsky	Ruth Ude
Margaret Lund	Edward Meyer
Beatrice DeVos	Jack Baur

Torch members, class of June, 1931, elected in their New Senior year:

Helen Boling	Viania Ireland
Helen Jane Colvin	Arthur Kiel
Mildred Lloyd	Vernon Meyer
Richard Anschuetz	Virginia Upton
Herbert Morisse	Charles Lorenz
Dorothy Whitney	Kenneth Koerner
Carroll Huffstot	Oren Early
Ruth Brookes	Lawrence McDougall
William Ault	Wilbur Grosse
Herbert Ingram	Virginia Breun
Bernice Caram	Mildred Winsby
Fred Schuler	Elizabeth Fales
Francis Bradley	Helen Exner
Alberta Reden	Merceina Weiss
Donnell Dutton	Dorothy Rauscher

BWANAS



BOYS' INTERSCHOLASTIC DEBATES

IN the Princeton Cup Debates this year, Roosevelt was quite fortunate in winning both of her contests. Our negative team, composed of John Dula, Robert Brookes, Richard Ralls, and Cyril Swatek, alternate, won a unanimous decision over Beaumont's affirmative team at Beaumont. The affirmative team of Richard Buch, Thomas James, Mortimer Rosecan, and Herbert Ingram, alternate, fared equally well at Roosevelt, beating Central's negative team by a unanimous vote of the judges.

The subject this year was "Resolved that present conditions in Russia justify recognition of the Soviet government by the United States."

Soldan also won both of her debates, but since only one decision was unanimous, Roosevelt was awarded the cup to keep during the ensuing year.

To gain permanent possession of the cup, a school must win it three times. Cleveland has already won it twice, while Soldan and Roosevelt have one victory each to their credit.

BWANA



GIRLS' DEBATING TEAM

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THE WELLESLEY CUP DEBATES

THE debating season opened in a blaze of glory for Roosevelt! The school has at last won the right to permanent possession of the Wellesley Cup, offered as a trophy for debating competition among the girls.

Since the other three teams withdrew from the league, Cleveland and Roosevelt, each having two legs on the cup, were the sole contestants this year. The schools chose as their subject, "Resolved, That chain stores are detrimental to the best interests of the American public." Roosevelt, upholding the negative side of the question, won by a vote of two to one, thereby gaining the third and conclusive leg on the cup.

Coaches: Miss Koch, Miss Manbeck, Mr. Hall, and Mr. Rosenkranz.

The team: Dorothy Whitney, Mildred Lloyd, Rose Sharney. Alternate, Virginia Upton.



THE WELLESLEY CUP



SCHOOL CALENDAR
ROOSEVELT "RED LETTER" DAYS
JANUARY TO JUNE, 1930

January 28. Back to school for a brand-new term. Everyone is very happy (?)

February 12. Election of school officers. My, did you ever hear such interesting speeches? And the results were splendid. A big day, all right.

February 13. First regular meeting of Student Council. Officers elected and business attended to.

February 21. All "high stepping" Rooseveltians were the guests of the Hi-Y boys at a very lovely dance. Everyone had a big time in a big way!

February 26. Senior class officers elected. We're sure they are proud, and who wouldn't be?

February 27. All dramatically inclined Seniors assembled in the aud. after school to display their talents for Senior play tryouts. With such a world of material, the school is assured of a splendid cast.

March 5. Report cards, and oh, what long faces!

March 7. Girls' New Jay Party. The Novelty Orchestra played, and we wonder just how many Seniors came forth and took advantage of the New Jays?

March 14. Boys' New Jay Party. Can you beat it? Those Seniors! Will they never grow up?

Roosevelt held Open House and entertained parents and friends in a novel and interesting fashion.

March 15. A St. Pat's party was given on Humphrey street by a noble Senior. Did the guests have fun? You should have seen 'em dancing on the porch!

March 28. Another Roosevelt triumph! Our debaters walked off with the Princeton Cup.

April 8. Washington University Oratorical tryouts. Such orators! We're sure to win the contest.

April 25. Sure enough! Roosevelt walked off with a first and a third place. Our representatives were certainly a credit to us.

April 26. The Seniors "stepped out" and gave quite a splendid dance at school on the stage. The decorations were great, and the balloons—!!

May 2. The Senior class presented "The Amazons" to a full house. It was splendid, too, don't you know!

May 5. Senior literary tryouts for graduation. Can these Seniors talk!

May 9. "Torches are made to burn," and they did. The Torch Ceremony was held, and the speaker, Dean McCourt, was very interesting.

May 10. Our dignified Literarians took a day off, so to speak, and went on an outing. From all indications everyone had a rollicking good time.



BWANA

May 14. Third-quarter report cards. What is the verdict?

May 15. A group of students were greatly thrilled to hear Madame Ryder, pianist, who honored them with some lovely selections.

May 17. A Senior stag party. This proves that boys can have a good time without the girls.

May 22. A peppy rally. Can we sing? And can we cheer?

May 23. The glorious event! The Track Meet! What an array of red and white. How Roosevelt did turn out!

June 2. Class Day and what a program. We didn't know that we had so many future Pavlowas and Rudy Vallees.

June 3. Senior finals are in full swing. Are they burning midnight oil, and, oh, those sleepless nights!

June 12. Ah, ha! Graduation night. A host of Rooseveltians are happy, yet sorry. Their happiest days are over, but the memory will linger forever.

June 16. Vacation time! Tennis, golf, swimming, sleep. "Oh boy, ain't it a grand and glorious feeling!"

HERMOINE HAMEL
HERBERT SCHROEDER

CALENDAR—SEPTEMBER 1930 TO JANUARY 1931

Sept. 2.—School opened promptly at 8:40. Happy days are here again? Maybe.

Sept. 10—First meeting of the Seniors. All of them realized for the first time that they were Seniors!

Sept. 11—First meeting of New Seniors. More competition for the Seniors!

Sept. 17—Regular term campaign speeches (or what have you) in the Aud., followed by elections. Our football hero, Larry McDougal, was elected mayor.

Sept. 24—Our "King Tut" lived up to his name and was elected president of the Senior class. Such popularity must be deserved.

Oct. 4—Football is in the air. Roosevelt played a practice game with the Western Military Academy and started off the season with a victory.

Oct. 6—Our fighting Rough Riders played the last game of the tennis tournament. Soldan defeated our boys, but cheer up, better luck next time.

Oct. 8—Report cards. A few Senior parents decided to keep an eye on their offspring during the evenings to see that they studied school lessons.

Oct. 16—First football rally. Who said Roosevelt didn't have pep? Just look who our cheer leaders are! According to size—Bob, Billy, Al, and Art. Good? We know!

Oct. 17—Only a half day of school. Marie M. and Jean E. wish there was a Dairy Show every week. We don't blame them.

Oct. 20.—The cast for "Quality Street," the Senior play, was chosen.



ROOSEVELTIANS AT PLAY

One Hundred Ninety-three

BWANA

Oct. 24—New Junior girls' party in the gymnasium. Certain Senior girls and boys had as good a time as the New Jays.

Oct. 25—Another football victory, this time over Central. Who says a class president can't play football?

Oct. 31—Boys' New Jay party. The boys were given samples of cartooning and singing by Irving Wenzel and the Triple Quartet respectively.

Nov. 1—Mr. Schueneman and the Pep "R" girls did their bit to help Roosevelt defeat our South Side opponents, Cleveland, 7-0. Let's go, Roosevelt! Another leg on the cup!

Nov. 2—A big rally at 2:20. Mr. Hart's surprise was Scotch, but it certainly was great: it was Mr. Alexander in person. We certainly hope he comes back for another visit before the term is over.

Nov. 4—Walter Wiseberg is still thinking of Monday's Aud. and has decided he wants to be a boy scout and do his daily good turn by carrying to class the books of some pretty Rooseveltian.

Nov. 5.—A Rough Rider without a joke about "Jewel-Box" Deitz. What is the world coming to?

Nov. 10—Armistice Day Program in the Aud. Those whose first hour classes met on the ground and third floors attended. Lucky people! Missed a first hour class!

Nov. 11—No school today. We all agree here at Roosevelt that this was one important result of the World War. Who disagrees? Our Mayor?

Nov. 15—Football again—Roosevelt vs. Beaumont. Just another victory for Roosevelt, 14-0.

Nov. 21—The Senior dance took place in the girls' gym. Everybody had a good time, and the Seniors are looking forward to the next social event.

Nov. 22—Roosevelt cinched the Yale Bowl today for the coming year by defeating Soldan 6-0. The school wishes to congratulate those boys who made this year's football season a great season for Roosevelt.

Nov. 24—Two big events took place today, both of them Auds. The first was a grand rally for the whole school in order to celebrate the victory of our football team. The second, for the pupils on the first and second floors, was to celebrate the coming of the girls' debate.

Nov. 26—The girls of Roosevelt have done their part to bring another permanent trophy to Roosevelt by beating Cleveland in the Wellesley Cup Debate. We extend our congratulations to those girls who made this victory possible.

Nov. 29—The game with Tilden Tech. of Chicago ended in a 0-0 tie. We are sorry our boys didn't add another decisive victory to their series, but we believe they did excellently in the bad weather that they had.

Dec. 2—The Wellesley Cup was presented in the Aud.

Dec. 5—The Senior Play, "Quality Street," was given. Everyone pronounced it a great success.



BWANA

Dec. 11—Literary tryouts for graduation were held. We hope those who are selected will be as calm on graduation night as they were at this tryout.

Dec. 19—The Torch induction ceremony was held this evening, and the new members were solemnly initiated.

Jan. 10—The Yale Bowl was presented today in the Aud. Let's hope we are successful in winning it next year so that we may keep it.

Jan. 23—The thing for which we have been waiting for four years is about to come to pass—our graduation!

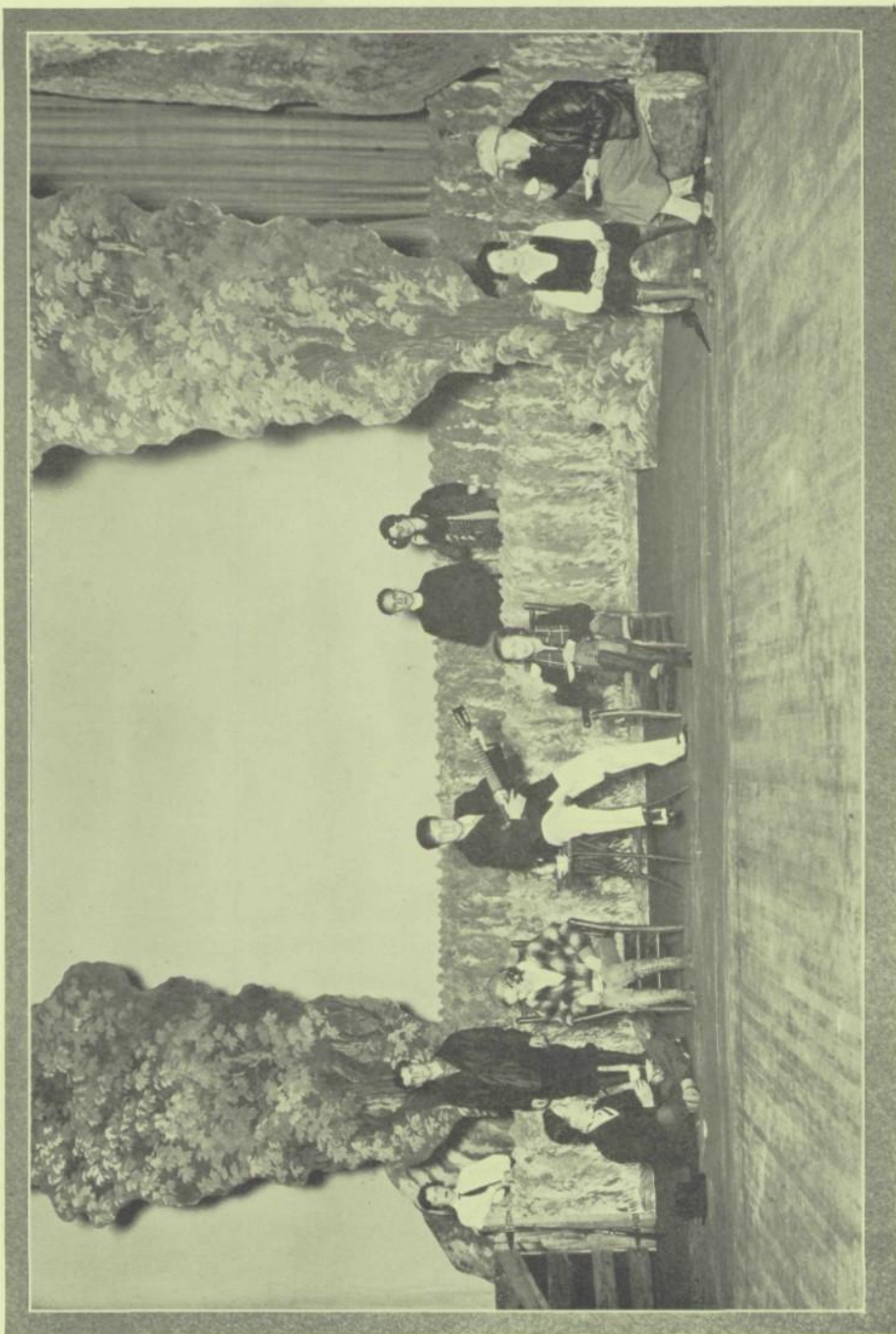
SENIOR PLAY—MAY, 1930

THE Senior Play! Society night at Roosevelt! Seven-thirty and all seats were filled, except the reserved ones, for the holders of those valuable pasteboards enjoyed the privilege of coming late and still securing a seat. Finally even these were filled, and the house was darkened. "The Amazons" had begun!

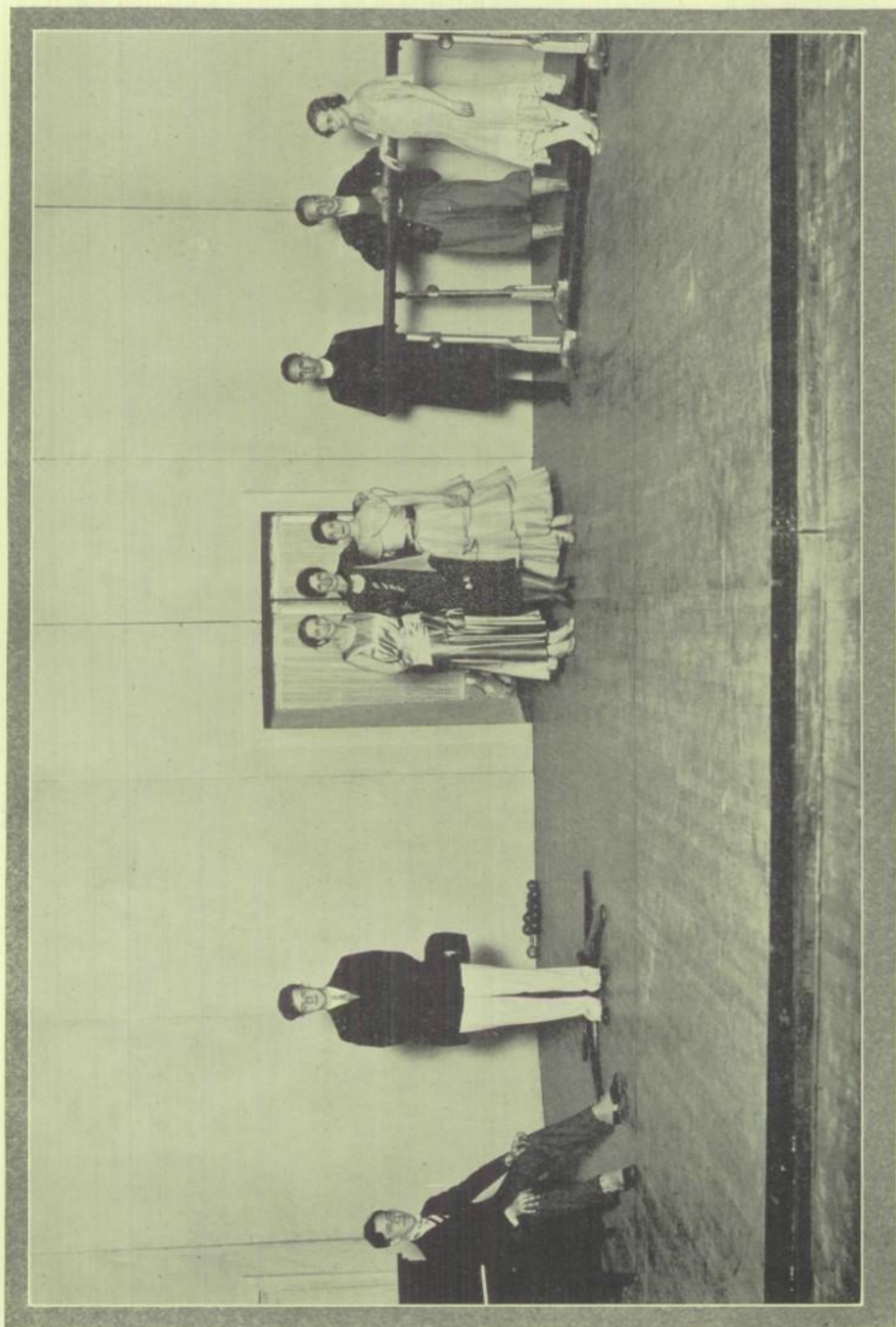
For three hours the audience witnessed scene after scene of "side-splitting" humor and romantic love-making. "Tweenie" and Andre' de Grival, admirably played by Louis Horton and Oscar Schowalter respectively, were constantly getting into trouble through their "undying love" for "Willie" and "Tommy" Belturbet (Virginia Fischer and Mary Lou Dimond). Jimmy Proffitt as Lord Littlely, although not so comical at "Tweenie" and Andre' in their love-making, finally won, "Noel" Belturbet (Jane Summersby). The part of Lady Castlejordan, the mother who did not want "her girls to be girls" but finally consented to their donning frocks, was competently played by Evelyn Underwood. John Darr played the part of Mr. Minchin, the family adviser, a prim old gentleman who was shocked at most of the girls' actions. Betty O'Brien was seen as "Sergeant" Shuter, the girls' "hardboiled" gymnasium instructor. Herbert Schroeder played the part of Fitton, the faithful caretaker of Overcoate Park, the estate of the Belturbets. Orts, a poacher, succeeded in "beating up" the much abused "Tweenie" and Andre' but was finally overpowered by Litterly and Fitton. Kenneth Roth was the fighting law-breaker.

Eleven o'clock arrived, and the curtain closed on one of the "funniest" plays ever seen on the Roosevelt stage.





SENIOR PLAY—MAY, 1930



SENIOR PLAY—MAY, 1930



ROOSEVELTIANS

One Hundred Ninety-nine

BWANA

SENIOR PLAY—DECEMBER, 1930

WHEN Valentine Brown came back from the Napoleonic wars, plus a Captain's commission and minus the use of one of his hands, he went to Quality Street, to see his old friends, Phoebe and Susan Throssel. He found the Blue Room, where he had said goodby to them ten years before, converted into a school-room. Ten years before Phoebe had hoped to marry him, for a romance had sprung up between the two. But now, Valentine hinted that teaching had left its marks on Phoebe. After Valentine's remarks, Phoebe took stock of her face, and changed its appearance. Taking the name of Libby and posing as Phoebe's niece, she so captivated Valentine that he took her to a ball held in Quality Street. Valentine did not dream that the girl he was entertaining was anyone else than the fictitious Libby, and confessed his great love for Phoebe to her. After the ensuing complications had been straightened out, Valentine and Phoebe again renewed their great love for each other.

To view the unfolding of this plot, an appreciative audience filled the Roosevelt auditorium on December 5, to see "Quality Street," by Sir James M. Barrie.

Grace Burford, who played Phoebe, leaves behind her a memory of acting which will never be forgotten by those who saw her. Cyril Swatek, as debonair Captain Brown, shared the honors with Miss Burford. Estelle Borrowman, Georgette Holmes, and Helen Stone deserve praise for their interpretation of the busybodies of the neighborhood. Phoebe's sympathetic sister was played by Florence Siebel, and her domestic, Patty, was Virginia Schulte. The handsome military figure was none other than Peter Geist.

A distinctive feature of the play was its inclusion of a host of minor characters, thus giving a number of seniors opportunity to display their histrionic ability. Our BWANA editor starred in this group as Harriet. Other characters were the tall Ensign Blades, played by Oliver Siegmund; Robert Hubbard, the diminutive Gallant; Old Soldier, Jack Weaver; Katherine Bishop; and Trent Eberts. Not yet seniors, the children who helped to give the school-room atmosphere are to be congratulated.

Above all things we take off our hats and give three cheers for Miss Charity Grace, who in this play has reached her highest mark as a coach for senior plays.

VERNON MEYER



SENIOR PLAY—DECEMBER, 1930

BWANA

Alumni Notes

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

Patricia Kelsey
Dorothy Pappas
Mary Lou Dimond
Hermoine Hamel
Helen Evens
Dorothy Ann Rebstock
Marian Moskop
Lottie Schlauter
Anita Kieckers
Dorothy Maier
Ottillie Pemberton
Edna Moller
Elizabeth Bischoff
Bernice Lauth
Elizabeth Heier
Jane Russel
Vivian Nelson

Maxine McPherson
Marjorie Cain
Price Reed
Melvin Strassner
Virgil Wodicka
John Kane
George Etz
Frank Adam
Denice Glascoe
Herbert Schroeder
Barney Morris
Robert Miller
James Proffitt
Woodruff Marsalek
Willard Schroeder
Violet Brinkop
Louis Horton

P. G. COURSE

Philip Prosser

Richard Ralls

Virginia Peschke

STEPHENS COLLEGE

Ann Arpe
Frieda Marie Degler

Margaret Lee Evans
Evelyn Underwood

HARRIS TEACHERS COLLEGE

Dorcas Bristow
Hester Schaefering

Virginia Fischer
Jane Summersby

ILLINOIS

Doris Giesiecke

George Pring

"MIZZOU"

Harry Herbig
La Calif Creelman

Charles Yaeger
Bill Hundhausen

William Peterson

BWANA

LINDENWOOD

Katherine Barrington

Marian Lloyd

BROWN

Mary Moore

Katherine Cleland

Daisy Mae Reed

Evelyn Burke

Margaret Wegman

RUBICAM

Francis Crosley

Alexander Montieth

Genevieve Fitzsimmons

Sametta Coleman

Charles Bailey

Florence Webb

Mary Lindle Chase

SPEEDWA

Hilda Windleman

ROLLA

Richard Skyver

Clem Orf

Wallace Crow

MISCELLANEOUS

Richard Burg is attending Western.

Bernard Winkler is working at Frank Adams' Electric Co.; Baxter Pearson is also working for an electric company.

Anita Schemmer is now at Missouri State Life Insurance Co.

Isabel Bauer prefers the Glassman Realty Co.

Loretta Wadley is working for Dr. D'Oench, dentist.

William Fagler is temporarily working at Butler Bros.

Victor Sellers is working at Mercantile Trust Co.

Leo Zappe is planning on going into business for himself after finishing the embalming course at Washington.

Richard Buch is attending Harvard.

Elizabeth O'Brien and Sylvia Huf can be found at Hadley's.

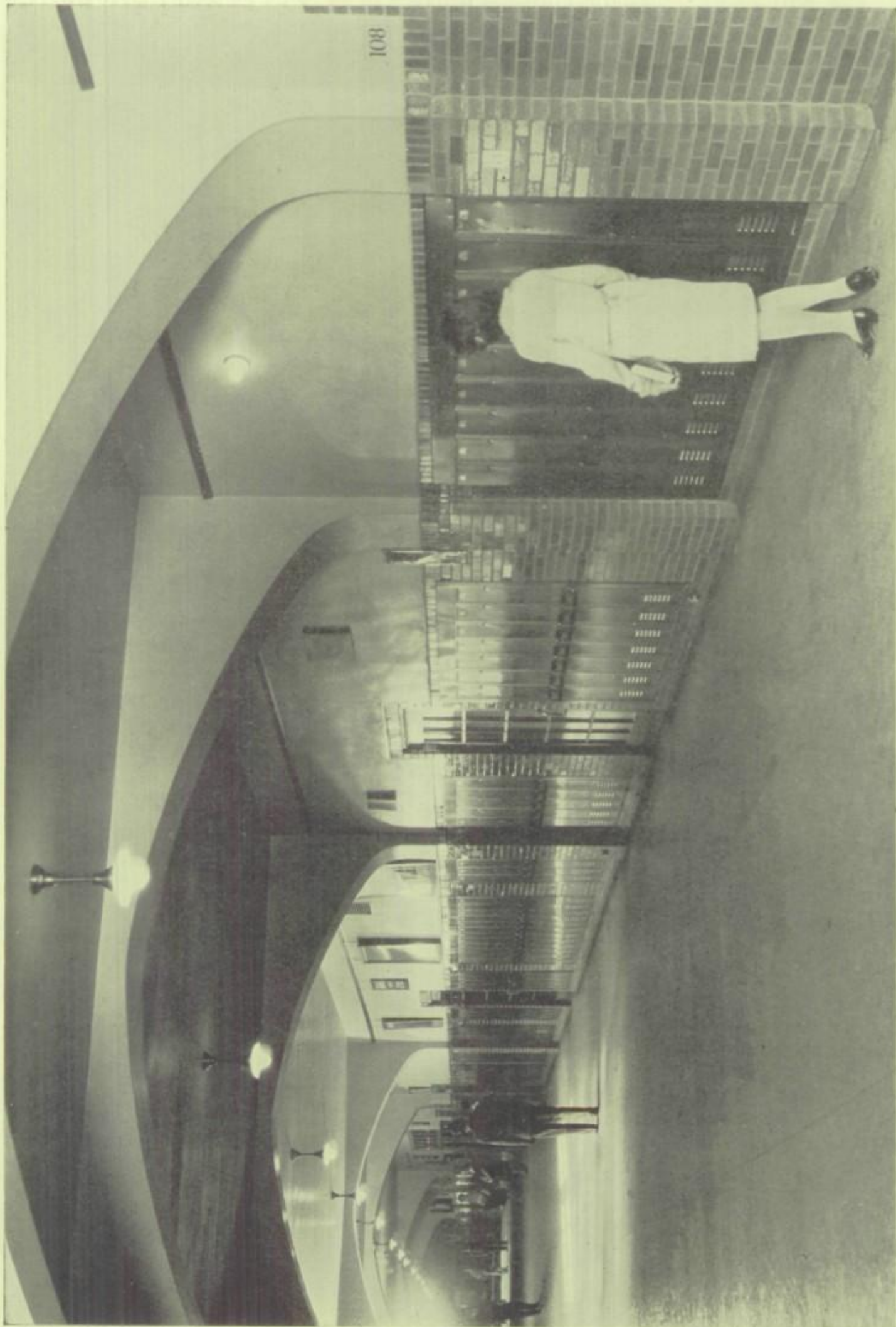
Katherine Wallace is working at Purina Mills.

Joe Becker is preparing for a course at Carnegie.

Robert Freywald is selling bonds.

At De Pau are Robert Brookes and John Dula.

VIRGINIA ROOS
HELEN WINKLER



CORRIDOR, ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL

BWANA



WINNERS IN THE ORATORICAL CONTEST

In the spring of 1930, the members of each English class in Roosevelt High School prepared speeches in regard to the school tax campaign then being conducted in St. Louis. After the speeches were delivered, two representatives from each class were chosen to compete for further honors. From these representatives, twelve pupils were finally elected by a faculty committee to speak before the school and to be voted on later by popular ballot. Helen Stone and Oliver Ohlendorf were the victors in the contest. On March the twenty-first and twenty-second, they delivered their tax campaign speeches over KMOX and over KSD. We are proud of our school orators!

ART CONTEST

(Original Designs for Club Pictures)

JUDGES

Miss Lawton
Miss Remnitz
Miss M. Brown

WINNERS

1. Cartoon Club
2. Art Club

Mask and Buskin Club—given Honorable Mention.



WHO ARE THEY?

No. 1—See advertising page 321
 No. 2—See advertising page 318
 No. 3—See advertising page 310
 No. 4—See advertising page 323
 No. 5—See advertising page 333
 No. 6—See advertising page 324

No. 7—See advertising page 306
 No. 8—See advertising page 305
 No. 9—See advertising page 307
 No. 10—See advertising page 326
 No. 11—See advertising page 319
 No. 12—See advertising page 324



BWANA

BASKETBALL, 1929-'30

Roosevelt's basketball team this season was composed almost entirely of new material since none of last year's "regulars" were back. Coach Lorenzen was compelled to shift and experiment with his players in order to find the best men. The team lost the two pre-season games with Western Military Academy and with Warrenton, Missouri.

Soldan, Roosevelt's first opponent in the regular Interscholastic League competition, was forced to the limit in order to defeat the fighting, though inexperienced, Rough Riders by the score of 20-16. Before the second league encounter, the Crimson and White basketekers revealed their strength by crushing Principia 37-16. Webster, however, proved a more stubborn foe and humbled the Rough Riders 19-16 in a close game. The Rooseveltians then took the short end of a 30-15 count with St. Louis U. High, last year's prep school champions. The cowboys gave the strong Cleveland quintet a good battle in their second league encounter, but were defeated 21-19. Beaumont, the next foe, downed the Roosevelt basketekers by the score of 28-20 but Central found things a bit more difficult and retired with the short end of a 17-12 verdict.

The Rough Riders again bowed to Soldan in their second league encounter with the West-Enders. The final score was 22-14. The cowboys then registered two very impressive victories in the two succeeding non-league contests with Principia and Western, defeating the former team 21-17 and humbling the latter by a 33-26 score. The team then "pulled" a big surprise by trouncing Cleveland 28-21. Dillman, Parker, and Yaeger shone on the offense while Patton played his best defensive game of the season. The Warrenton, Missouri, team, which had defeated the Rough Riders with ease earlier in the season, next felt the sting of defeat at the hands of the fighting Roosevelt basketekers who came up from behind in the final quarter to nip the visitors 31-29. The Crimson and White cageman were clearly a far better team than they had been earlier in the season when they suffered defeat at the hands of Warrenton.

The above statement was again borne out in the next league encounter with Beaumont who lost to the Rough Riders by the score of 23-22. The contest was easily the most thrilling played this season with the lead changing half a dozen times during the game. Parker and Alvis starred as high point men, the former making eight points and the latter seven. The guarding of Patton and Yaeger was also excellent.

The Roosevelt quintet finished the league season by trimming Central 30-21 to take third place in the league, standing with a record of four victories and four defeats. The Rough Riders were slow in getting started in the final contest, but were unbeatable when they did hit their stride.



OUR FOOTBALL HEROES

Two Hundred Nine

BWANA

In the annual St. Louis District Basketball Tournament, the Roosevelt basketballers, tired out by the strain of stiff competition, performed very creditably by surviving the first round and by putting up a hard struggle in the second with the skilful, flashing St. Louis U. High quintet only to lose in a closely contested encounter 23-20.

Considering the inexperience of the players, the 1929-'30 Basketball team had a very successful season.



TENNIS, 1930

An inexperienced tennis team represented Roosevelt this season, but it succeeded in finishing second to the more skilful racquetteers from Soldan. Although only one veteran returned from last year's team, the newcomers, after experiencing their first "baptism of fire," played a bang-up game and threatened to bring the tennis trophy to Roosevelt.

The team played fairly and fought hard for every point. It is to this clean fighting and to the ability of the coach, Mr. Lorenzen, that we may attribute a successful tennis season. Ward Parker, the first singles player, lost only one match, while the doubles combination of Winsby and St. Jean did not once taste defeat. Bick and Von Bauer, both newcomers, played commendably and "split even" in their tournament play.

The individual rating of the players is as follows:

	Won	Lost
Parker	3	1
Bick	2	2
Von Bauer	2	2
Winsby, St. Jean	4	0

By their victory, Soldan gained possession not only of the tennis trophy but also of the Hellmich Cup.

JOSEPH GORDON



TENNIS TEAM

BWANA



THE YALE BOWL

In the picture above, one sees the most coveted of all athletic trophies—as far as the city high schools are concerned—the Yale Bowl.

In 1915, the Yale Alumni Association of St. Louis offered this magnificent silver bowl as a football trophy to the city high schools with the stipulation that it must be won five times, not necessarily in succession, by one school, before it might become the permanent possession of that school.

Up to the present time, Roosevelt and Soldan have both won it four times; Cleveland, three times; Central, twice; while Beaumont, through a series of misfortunes, has yet to gain possession of it.

We need but one more championship before it becomes our permanent property. Shall we get it? Let's hope so!

WILLIAM AULT



OUR COACHES

As Roosevelt has always ranked high in athletics, it is only fitting that we give credit to the coaches of our athletic teams.

Mr. Castleman has been our track coach since the opening of Roosevelt and has consistently "turned out" teams that have either brought championships to our school or have ranked in second place. His record at McKinley is widely known and there, as well as at Roosevelt, he developed a number of world-champions.

Mr. Carlson has gained renown in high athletic circles, due to the caliber of both his football and baseball teams. Since assuming the duties six years ago, he has coached two championship football teams, another that tied with Soldan for first place, and baseball teams that have finished both first and second.

In basketball we have Mr. Lorenzen whose percentage of championship teams is high. Several years ago he brought a baseball championship to Roosevelt while in the last few years his tennis teams have been both champions and runners-up. He has recently assumed another duty, that of athletic equipment manager.

To Mr. Riley we owe a vote of thanks for his work in assisting Coach Castleman. The success of our teams has been materially aided by his efforts.

Mr. Neeb deserves the credit for developing our second teams and through his efforts they are in training and are kept physically fit.

Although Mr. Voss, our athletic director, does not do any actual coaching, we owe him a great deal. He has kept up the school spirit, conducted rallies and carried out the sale of tickets for our athletic contests.

WILLIAM AULT

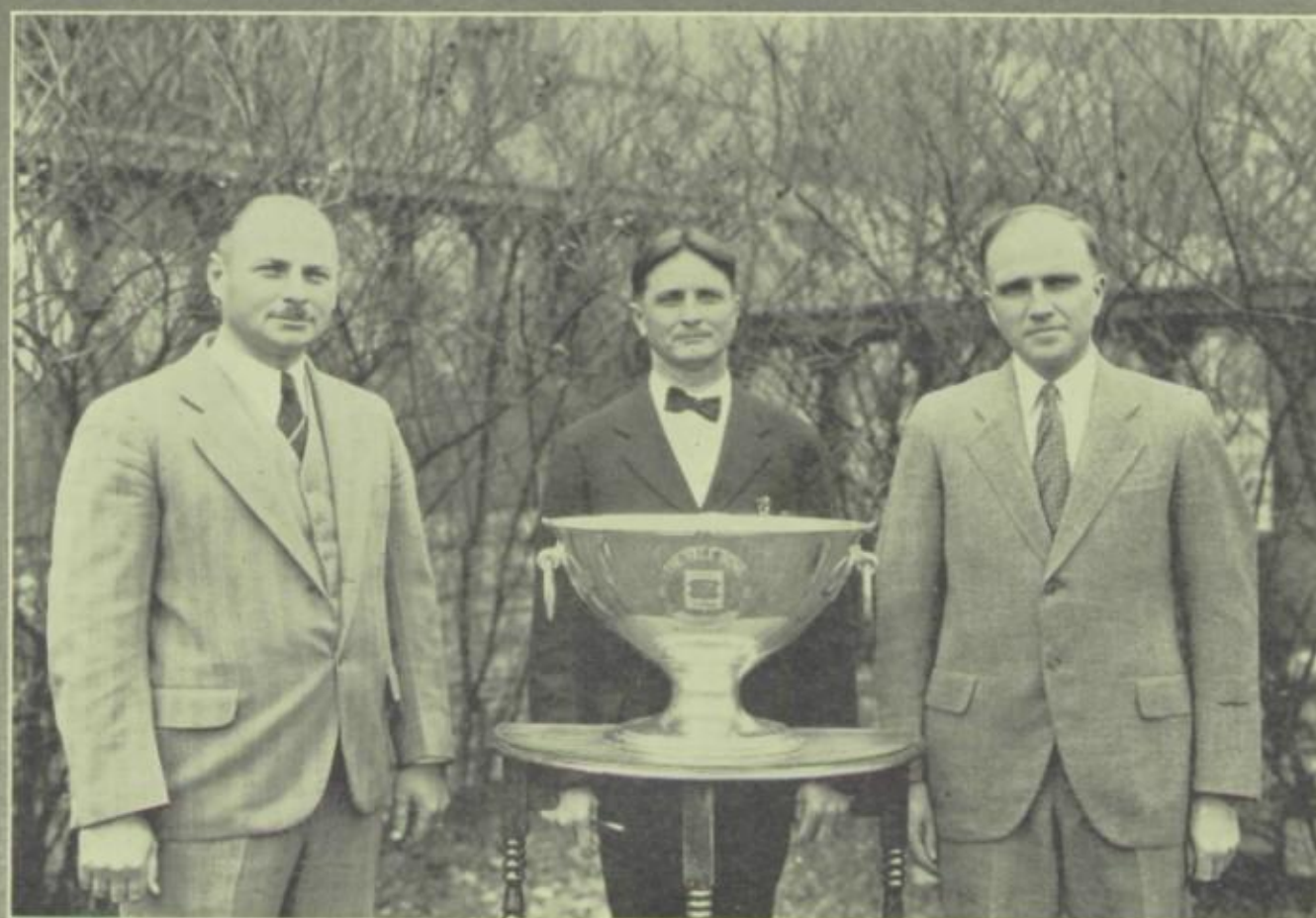
Two Hundred Thirteen



*Crimson—white—Fight! Fight!!
Crimson—white—Fight! Fight!!*

*Fight!! Fight!!
Crimson—White.*

BWANIA



FOOTBALL

PRACTICE GAMES

Coach Carlson's 1930 football team, striving to gain another championship, opened their practice season by playing East St. Louis High School a 6-6 tie game. With little practice behind them, our boys put up a great fight against the strong opposing squad, and but for a few bad "breaks" would have returned the victors.

Playing through the balance of the pre-season games, Roosevelt downed in easy fashion Western Military Academy, 33-6; Principia Junior College, 20-0; and St. Louis U. High, 32-0.

As was clearly evidenced later in the season, Roosevelt displayed marked power on both offense and defense.

ROOSEVELT DEFEATS CENTRAL

Opening the league season, Roosevelt defeated Central 12-0. This year Central put on the gridiron one of its strongest teams in years and made our boys hustle throughout. Roosevelt, however, displayed a superior brand of play and was clearly the dominant team. Captain "Tut" Tutinsky with

B V A N I A

his sparkling end runs and Gus Beiser with his driving line-smashes were the "shining lights," while the team as a whole played a steady game and allowed the Central eleven no chance to score.

Scoring—Touchdowns: Stewart, Tutinsky.

ROUGH RIDERS DOWN CLEVELAND, 7-0

By defeating Cleveland, 7-0, in what was undoubtedly the most important game of the year, the Roosevelt team went far towards winning the coveted Yale Bowl and at the same time stamped themselves as potential champions.

This game was indeed hard fought, but the score does not indicate the true superiority of our Crimson team. Time and again our backfield ripped off gains through the Cleveland line and around the ends. Roosevelt out-gained the Orange and Blue squad, 17-3, in first downs and in total yardage, and there was no doubt whatsoever in the minds of the spectators as to the better team.

The lone score of the game came in the second period when "Tut" advanced the ball on a long run to the 15-yard marker from which Beiser carried it over. "Red" Krause added the extra point with a place-kick. Roosevelt's rugged defense was again manifested, and the entire team functioned in its usual smooth manner.

Scoring—Touchdowns: Beiser.

Extra points: Krause.

ROOSEVELT DEFEATS BEAUMONT

Our Rough Riding warriors practically "cinched" our fourth leg on the Yale Bowl by outplaying Beaumont, 14-0.

The whole team played exceptionally well, and time and again long runs were made through the line. Captain Tutinsky had wonderful interference on two end-runs, totaling thirty-seven yards for the first score; Koerner made the second touchdown on a line plunge of seven yards.

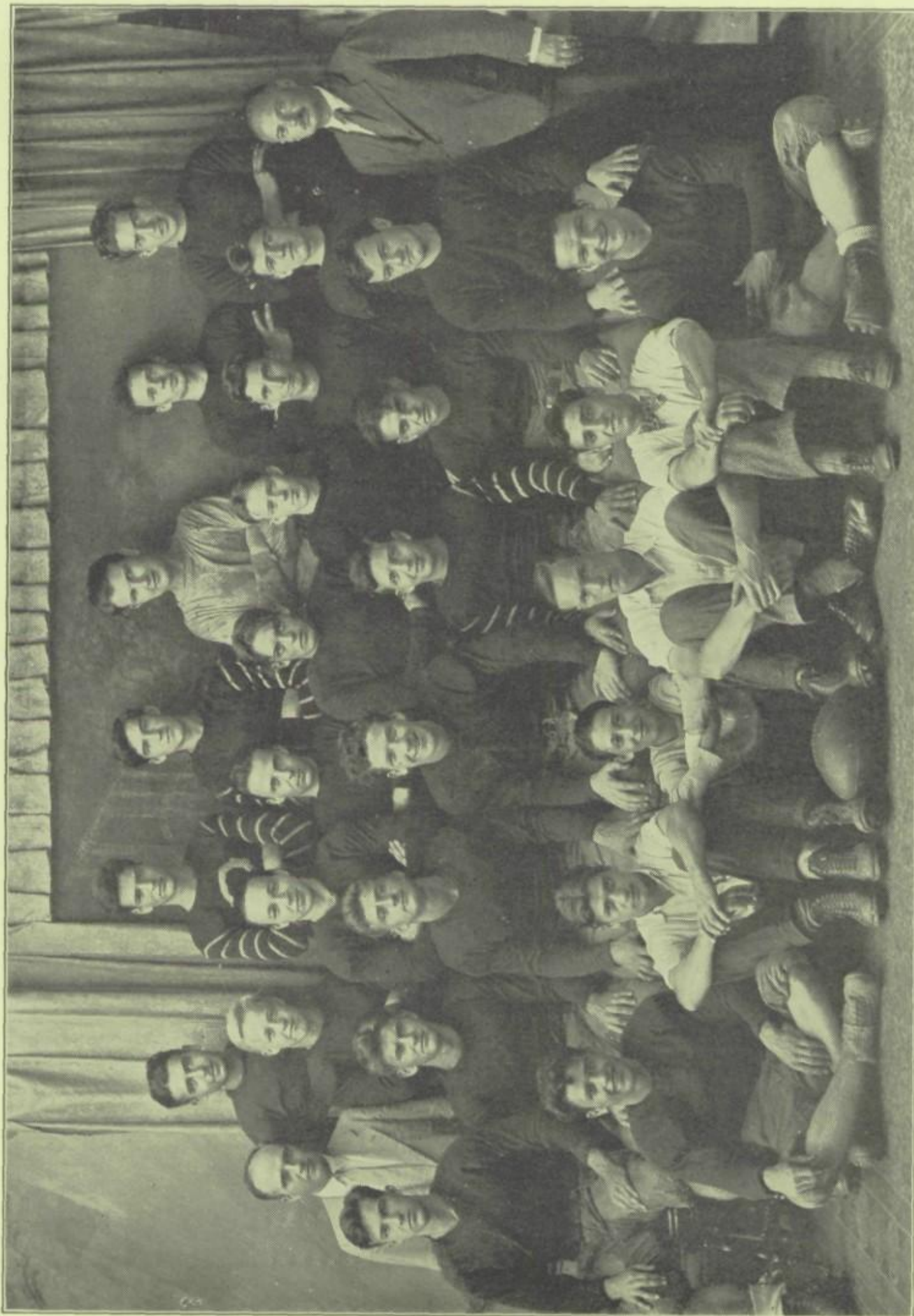
Captain Tutinsky's running and calling of signals, Norman Kloepper's plunging and his one 43-yard run, and Ken Koerner's work in running and blocking easily featured the game.

Scoring—Touchdowns: Tutinsky, Koerner.

Points after Touchdowns—Kloepper, Baronovic.

ROOSEVELT BEATS SOLDAN

The hard-fighting Roosevelt eleven brought the coveted Yale Bowl to our trophy-case for another year by defeating Soldan, 6-0. Incidentally, this is the third championship under Coach Carlson.



1930 FOOTBALL SQUAD

BWANNA

Roosevelt showed its superiority early, being denied touchdowns on some bad breaks. Tutinsky, our flashy quarterback and captain, ended his high school playing in a blaze of glory with a 72-yard run. The line stopped many Soldan runs and time and again opened the way for the backs. It was a coincidence that Soldan lost on a blocked punt, as Roosevelt had done in the previous year.

Tutinsky was easily the star, his kicking, passing, and running featuring the game.

Scoring—Touchdowns: McDougall.

This season Roosevelt scored 130 points to 12 for its opponents, both touchdowns coming against the team in pre-season games. The record was seven won and two tied for the season.

Baronovic (right end), Ciarniello (right guard), Beiser (right half-back), and Tutinsky (captain and quarter-back), were chosen on the all-star teams of all four city newspapers. Maile was named once on the first team and three times on the second, while Platt, Patton, Krause, Kloepper, named on the second teams of all four, were also honored.

ROOSEVELT TIES TILDEN TECH.

Roosevelt tied Tilden Tech., the runners-up in the Chicago High School League, 0-0, on the sloppy field. The game was marred by the fumbling of the slimy ball, but there was no doubt of the superiority of the Crimson.

Tutinsky and Beiser played well in the backfield, and, considering the muddy field, the entire line played wonderfully.

LINEUP

Strugar or Patton.....	L. E.
Krause or Stewart.....	L. T.
Maile	L. G.
Platt	C.
Ciarniello	R. G.
Eaton or McDougall.....	R. T.
Baronovic	R. E.
Tutinsky (C.).....	Q. B.
Koerner	L. H. B.
Beiser	R. H. B.
Kloepper	F. B.

Shannon, Brown, Buch, and Max were used as substitutes at various times.

Mr. Neeb, the coach of the second team, deserves credit for getting the entire squad in condition, and also for developing a second team which lost but one game.

WILLIAM AULT
BOB GRODZENSKY

BWANA



ROOSEVELT POINT WINNERS—TRACK

THE 1930 TRACK SEASON

INDOOR STATE MEET

Roosevelt began the 1930 track season auspiciously by taking first place in the Indoor State Meet at Columbia, Missouri, on Saturday, March 29. The Crimson runners scored $23\frac{1}{2}$ points, while Soldan took second place with 19.

Broe came through in characteristic style by winning the 440 in the excellent time of 54.5 seconds. Bill Hundhausen also starred by scoring second in both the broad jump and the 60-yard low hurdles. Strugar did his part by taking third in the shot, while Kristen tied for third in the pole vault. The Rough Riders made the rest of their points in the relay events in which they scored two firsts and a third. The quartet of Sertl, Shaw, Hundhausen, and Shannon won first place in the 440-yard relay after a thrilling race, and another point was added when Shannon, Amacher, Tutinsky, and Broe took third in the $\frac{3}{4}$ -mile relay. Then came the final event, the 880-yard relay. The score stood $18\frac{1}{2}$ for Roosevelt and 16 for Soldan. The outcome of the meet depended upon the result of this relay. The race proved easily the most exciting event of the meet. The first three runners, Sertl, Shaw, and Hundhausen, fought every inch of the way, but despite this, when Broe, Roosevelt's anchor man, received the baton, he was several yards behind. "Red," however, pulled up steadily and finished a foot ahead, winning the race and

BWANA

the meet as well. Two relay prizes and a splendid point trophy came into our possession as a result of our victory.

McKENDREE MEET

A picked Roosevelt Senior track squad journeyed to Lebanon, Illinois, Saturday, April 26, to participate in the annual McKendree College Invitation Meet. The Crimson tracksters came in a close second with 25 points, the Carbondale, Illinois, team winning by half a point.

"Red" Broe, our great middle distance runner, was high point man of the meet with $11\frac{1}{4}$ points, while Bill Hundhausen was third with 8. Broe broke two records, winning the 440 in 52 seconds and the 880 in 2 minutes 4.7 seconds. Hundhausen broke the low hurdle mark with a record of 26.4 seconds and finished a close second in the high hurdles. Strugar and Shaw performed creditably by placing fourth in the shot and 220 respectively. The Roosevelt relay team, composed of Tutinsky, Shannon, Gamble, and Broe, won another trophy by taking first in that event.

MISSOURI STATE INTERSCHOLASTIC MEET

On Friday afternoon, May 3, a squad of Roosevelt tracksters went to Columbia by auto to take part in the annual State Interscholastic Track and Field Meet.

Saturday morning dawned bright and clear, ideal conditions for a meet. Roosevelt placed fourth among the Class A schools with $19\frac{1}{2}$ points, just $4\frac{1}{2}$ points behind the winner, Kansas City Northeast.

Among the many remarkable performances of the day were those of Gorman Broe, great Roosevelt runner, who took first place in both the 440 and 880. "Red" broke the state record in the 440, running the distance in 50.9 seconds, a mark seldom approached by high school runners. He took the 880 with ease in the very fast time of 1 minute, 59.1 seconds. Bill Hundhausen, our 1929 low hurdle champion, had some real competition in the hurdle races, both of which were run in record-breaking time. He scored 5 points by taking second in the high hurdles and third in the low. Shaw, competing against some of the best high school sprinters in this part of the country, did well by taking third in the 220-yard dash, which was run in the remarkable time of 21.5 seconds by Nelson of St. Joseph Central. Strugar took a fourth place in the shot with a long heave of 45 feet 5 inches, while the diminutive Ward Parker cleared his own height to tie for fourth place in the high jump. The relay team, composed of Sertl, Shaw, Shannon, and Broe, took fourth place.

ST. LOUIS DISTRICT MEET

Roosevelt Senior tracksters made a fine showing in the District Meet Saturday, May 10, at the High School Stadium by taking second place. Webster Groves, the winner, scored but three more points than the Rough Riders. The Juniors also did well by annexing 12 points. Eighteen new

BWANA

records were established during the meet, three of which were made by Roosevelt athletes. True to form, Gorman Broe broke records in both the 440 and 880 yard runs. Richard Buch came through with a new record of 115 feet in the discus. Hundhausen took second in both hurdle races, scoring 6 points. Shaw and Sertl placed third and fourth respectively in the 100-yard dash, while Shannon finished third in the 440. Parker placed third in the pole vault, and Strugar fourth in the shot. The Roosevelt relay team, composed of Shaw, Shannon, Hundhausen, and Broe, broke the 880-yard relay record, running the distance in 1 minute, 33.6 seconds.

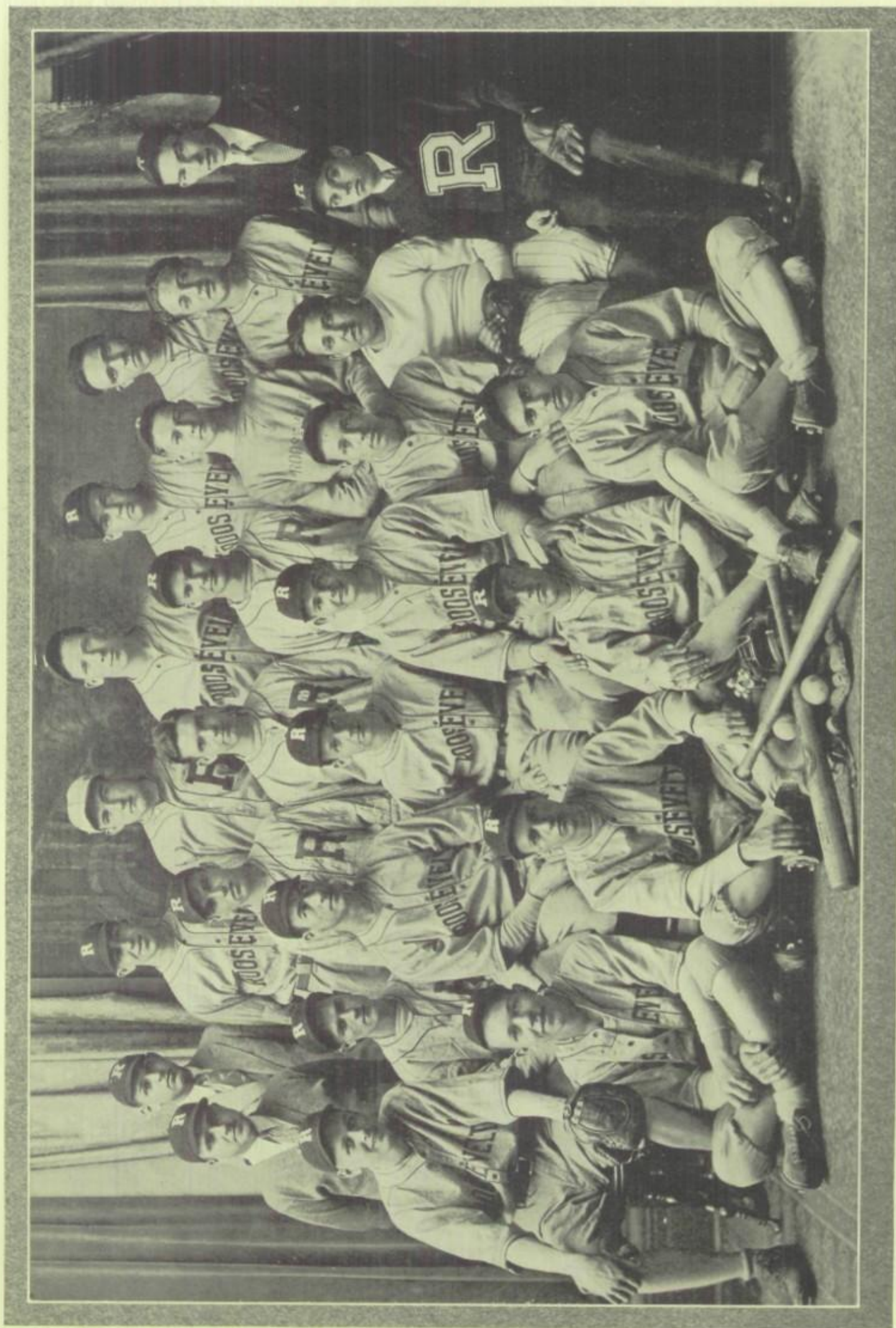
In the Junior division, William Buch placed second in the 220-yard, third in the 100-yard, and was anchor man on the relay team. Kloepper and Kosney finished second in the shot and 50-yard dash respectively, while Fries ran fourth in the 440. The relay team tied with Maplewood for second place.

INTERSCHOLASTIC MEET

Coach Castleman's boys made track history by triumphing for the third consecutive year in the Interscholastic Meet. This is the first time that any St. Louis High School has won this meet for three successive years. The Rough Riders amassed 134 points, the greatest number that any school has scored in the history of the meet. Beaumont finished second with 96 markers. The Juniors and Seniors carried off their divisions by a wide margin, while the Midgets, lacking half a point, finished second to Central.

"Red" Broe, who won every race he ran during the year, and who everyone agrees is the best middle distance runner ever developed in the St. Louis High Schools, finished his great career at Roosevelt as a track athlete in a blaze of glory by taking first place in both the 440 and 880, fourth in the shot, and running anchor man on the victorious relay team. He established a new record of 51.6 seconds in the quarter mile, and, since he already held the record in the half, he took things easy in that race. Shaw took second in the 220 and third in the 100, while Johnny Sertl scored second in the century dash. Hundhausen finished in a tie for first place in the high hurdles and placed second in the lows. He also scored three additional points by taking second in the broad jump. Nicholson ran a great race in the mile run, winning it in the fast time of 1 minute, 52.7 seconds. Shannon and Tutinsky did well by taking second to Broe in the 440 and 880 respectively. Kristen "pulled" a surprise by tying Wright, star Beaumont pole vaulter, for first place in the pole vault. Ward Parker did nicely by placing fourth in the pole vault and third in the high jump, while Sturgar and R. Buch finished second and third in the shot. The speedy Crimson relay quarter of Shaw, Shannon, Hundhausen, and Broe won the 880-yard relay in the fast time of 1 minute, 34 seconds.

Bill Buch was the outstanding star in the Junior division, taking first in both the 100 and 220 yard dashes and running anchor man on the winning relay quartet. Won't this big boy burn up the cinders as a Junior next



BASEBALL SQUAD—SPRING, 1930

BWANA

year? Kloepper, who will also be a Junior next season, surprised everyone, including himself, by taking first in the Junior shot with a mighty throw of 51 feet 8 inches. Junior captain, "Wallie" Woods, starred by placing first in the 50 and third in the 100, while Bill Sturm took second in both the 50 and 220. Les Fries had a full afternoon with a first place in the 880 and a fourth in the 440. Asher, Brown, the Reese brothers, Dey, and Marienfeld were the other Juniors to place. Dey, Johnson, Sturm, and Bill Buch made up the victorious relay quartet.

The Midgets had the misfortune to lose one of their best men two days before the meet, and, to make matters worse, Jimmy Saylor, unbeatable little high jumper, dislocated his elbow so that he could do no better than take fourth place. Lindley starred by taking first in the broad jump and fourth in both dashes; Pellikan placed in the two dashes; Ruecker won the high jump, while Emmert and Evans scored in the hurdles and shot respectively. The relay quartet finished second.

The Roosevelt tracksters made a wonderful showing all season. They won more trophies than any other team has done in the history of the school, and, as a climax to their splendid record throughout the season, they achieved the most complete victory in the Interscholastic Meet that any school has ever accomplished in the long history of the meet. May the 1931 squad be as formidable a one!

ROOSEVELT PLACES THIRD IN BASEBALL

The High School Baseball League in 1930 continued the "Round Robin" tournament eliminations which had been introduced during the previous year. An unusual feature of the baseball season was the small amount of inclement weather that was encountered.

Roosevelt finished first in the elimination round by winning all four games played. In the "Round Robin" semi-finals, Roosevelt lost to Cleveland 3-1, while Soldan defeated Beaumont. In the finals, Soldan defeated Cleveland for first place, while Roosevelt defeated Beaumont, thereby winning third place. Thus, although our team had a record of five games won and one lost, we finished third.

In the elimination round, Roosevelt defeated Soldan, 12-8; Cleveland succumbed with a score of 9-1; Beaumont was defeated, 5-3; Central was also overcome, having a score of 9-1.

From a comparatively "green squad," Coach Carlson molded a determined and hard-fighting team which put up a determined bid for the championship. Captains Yaeger and Murdock, with pitcher Baumgartner, were largely responsible for the team's success. Baumgartner pitched every game, winning five and dropping one. Kerchanski and Shy also starred for the team. The indomitable spirit of the boys on the Roosevelt team won the respect of the schools throughout the circuit and showed them that "Roosevelt Fights!"



GIRLS' GYMNASIUM CLASS

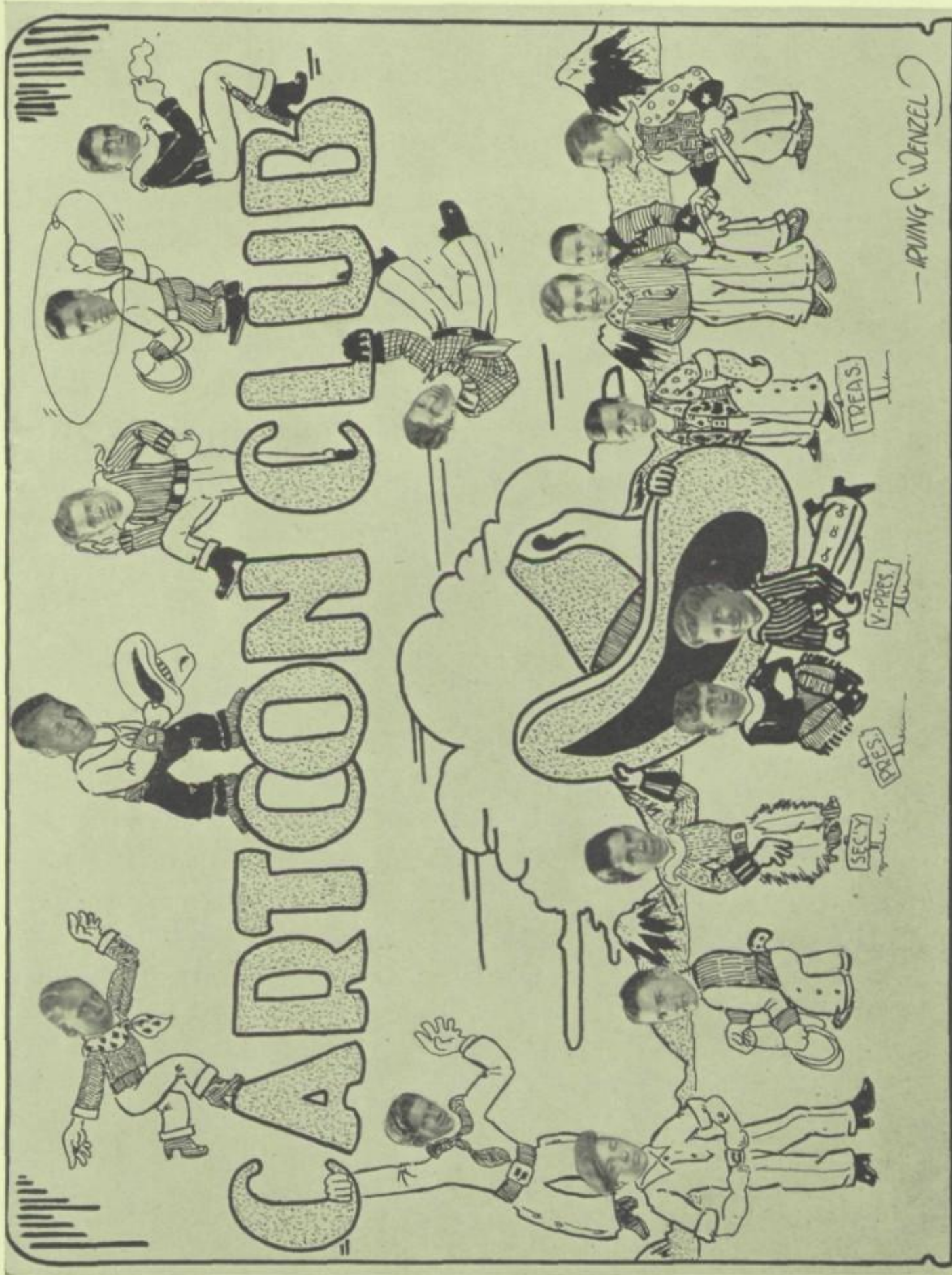
ORGANIZATIONS



BWANA

SCHOOL ORGANIZATIONS

ORGANIZATION	SPONSOR	ORGANIZATION	SPONSOR
Aquatic Club	Mr. Marx	Mask and Buskin	Miss Manbeck
Art Club	{ Miss M. Brown Miss White	Naturalist Club	Miss Ewers
Athenaeum Club	Miss Elmore	Novelty Orchestra	Mr. Grossman
Aviation Club	Mr. Piliboss	O'ita	Miss Thiesen
Band	Mr. Maginn	Orchestra	Mr. Maginn
Baseball	Mr. Carlson	Pennell Club	Miss Stansell
Basketball—Boys	Mr. Lorenzen	Pep "R" Club	Miss Schlutius
Basketball—Girls	Miss Varian	Philatelic Club	Mr. Lenney
Bwana	{ Miss Mills Miss L. Solfronk Miss Nerud	Priscilla Club	{ Miss Gilmore Miss Mier
Carol Club	Miss Hilb	"R" Club	Mr. Inbody
Cartoon Club	Miss Barbee	Roosevelt Uke Club	Miss Gerdes
Chess Club	Mr. Bock	Rough Rider	{ Miss Runge Mr. Kammerer
Citamard	Miss Jordan	Spanish Club	Miss Comfort
College Club	Miss Dockery	Sportsman's Club	Miss Whitelaw
Comites	Miss Meehan	Student Council	Miss Crowder
Craft Club	Mr. Reynolds	Tennis—Boys	Mr. Lorenzen
Engineering Club	Mr. Gammeter	Tennis—Girls	Miss Watt
Football	Mr. Carlson	Thrift Club	Mr. Spaulding
Forum	Mr. Tugel	Torch	Miss Crowder
French Club	Mr. De la Roche	Track	Mr. Castleman
German Club	Miss Debatin	Triple Quartet	Miss Hilb
Girls' Swimming Club	Miss Garesche	Vocations Club	Miss Simon
Glee Club	Miss Hilb	Volley Ball	Miss Cromer
Golf Club—Boys	Mr. De la Roche	Seniors	Miss Battle
Golf Club—Girls	Miss Flanigan	Sevens	Miss Long
Literary Society	Mr. Schmale	Sixes	Miss Wade



WON FIRST PLACE IN CONTEST



CARTOON CLUB

The purpose of the Cartoon Club is to teach and stimulate interest in Cartooning.

The course of lessons is the same as that used in the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts.

Moderator

Miss Barbee

OFFICERS

January to June 1930

President

Irving Wenzel

Vice-President

Robert Millard

Secretary

Bill Hood

Treasurer

Joe Lawler

September 1930 to January 1931

President

Joe Lawler

Vice-President

Bill Hood

Secretary

Leland Bauer

Treasurer

Albert Hunn

ART CLUB

Purpose: To increase the members' capacity to appreciate art by visiting the Art Museum every other Tuesday.

The meetings held at Roosevelt are devoted to club activities. At present leather work and block printings occupy the attention of the members.

Moderators

{ Miss White
{ Miss Margaretta Brown

OFFICERS

January to June 1930

President

Carroll Huffstot

Vice-President

Wilma Nowotny

Secretary

Elsie Rogers

Treasurer

Letha Jost

Librarian

Helen Winkler

September 1930 to January 1931

President

Gertrude Block

Vice-President

Helen Noe

Secretary

Elsie Rogers

Treasurer

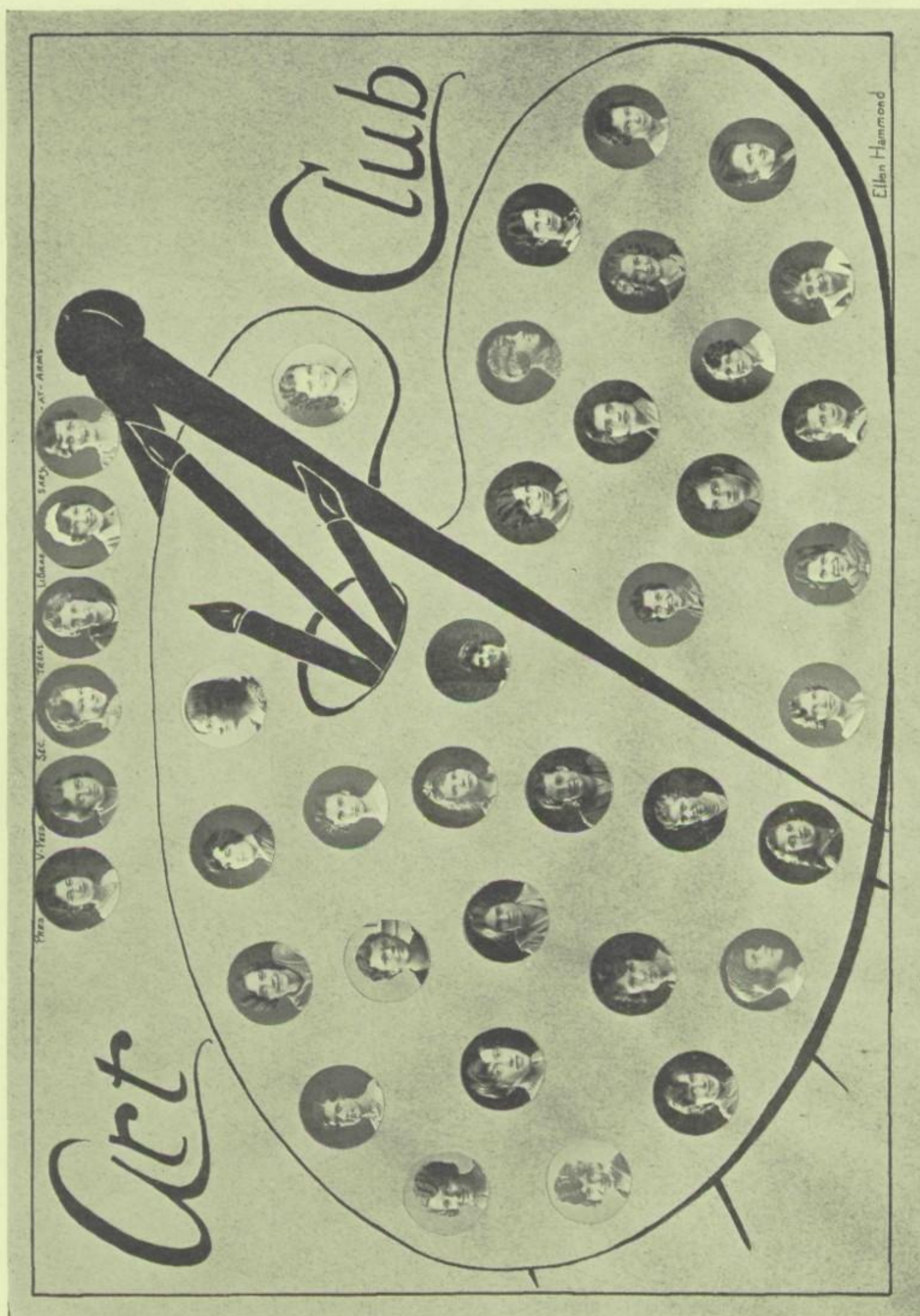
Melba Hoffman

Librarian

Jane Crooks

Sergeant-at-Arms

Louise Singer



WON SECOND PLACE IN CONTEST

BWANA

MASK AND BUSKIN

Purpose: To practice dramatic art.

Meetings on B Tuesdays in 301.

Moderator

Miss Manbeck

OFFICERS

January to June 1930

President	Woodruff Marselek
Vice-President	Sametta Coleman
Secretary	Marian Moskop
Treasurer	Cyril Swatek
Sergeant-at-Arms	Oscar Schowalter
Librarians	{ Oren Early Grace Burford

September 1930 to January 1931

President	Georgette Holmes
Vice-President	Oren Early
Secretary	Ramona Duncan
Treasurer	Frank Baker
Sergeant-at-Arms	Oliver Schmitker
Librarians	{ Audrey Rauss Grace Burford

ATHENAEUM

The purpose of the Athenaeum is to stimulate an interest in the study of history.

Moderator

Miss Elmore

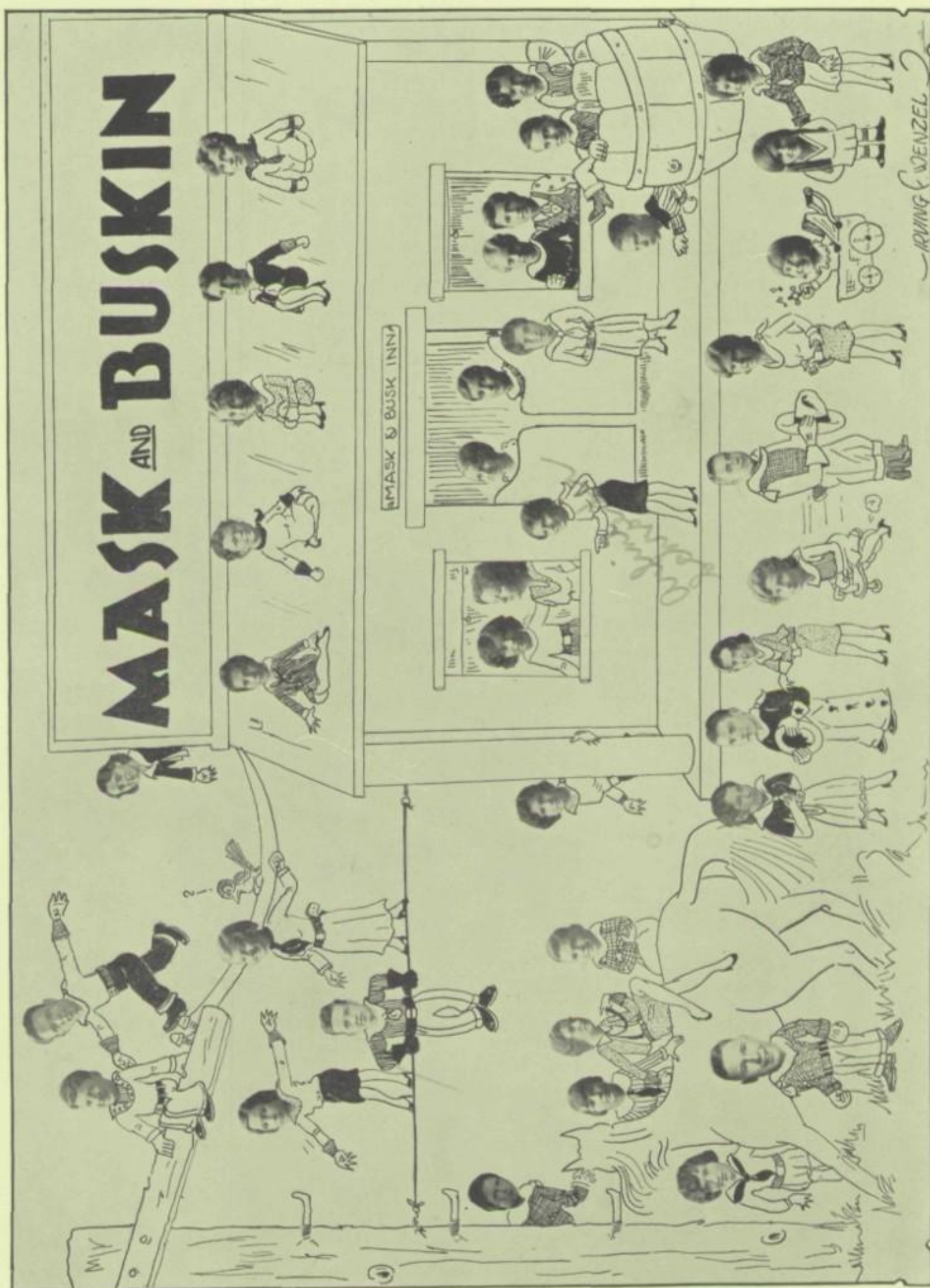
OFFICERS

January to June 1930

President	Wilbur Grosse
Vice-President	Fred Schuler
Secretary	Mary York
Treasurer	Philip Strugar
Sergeant-at-Arms	Herbert Morisse
Editor of Mercury	Adeline Franzel
Associate Editor of Mercury	Ottillie Pemberton

September 1930 to January 1931

President	Fred Schuler
Vice-President	Wilbur Grosse
Secretary	Elinor Franzel
Treasurer	Herbert Morisse
Sergeant-at-Arms	Francis Bradley
Editor of Mercury	Mary York
Associate Editor of Mercury	Margaret Smith



GIVEN HONORABLE MENTION



AVIATION CLUB

Purpose: To stimulate interest in the promotion of commercial aviation and scientific model building.

Moderator

Mr. Piliboss

OFFICERS

January to June 1930

President	Donnell Dutton
Vice-President	William Turner
Secretary	John McClarin
Treasurer	J. M. East
Sergeant-at-Arms	Elmer Knudsen
Librarian	Bob Miller

September 1930 to January 1931

President	William Turner
Vice-President	Bob Miller
Secretary	Jacob Friedman
Treasurer	Frank Zimmer
Sergeant-at-Arms	Sidney Langbein
Librarian	Charles Picker

BAND

The purpose of the band is to stimulate school spirit at all school programs and to teach the appreciation of music.

Moderators

{ Mr. Piliboss
{ Mr. Maginn

OFFICERS

January to June 1930

President	Edward Meyers
Vice-President	Allen Price
Secretary	Philip Godwin
Treasurer	Walter Harmacek

September 1930 to January 1931

President	Philip Godwin
Vice-President	Helen Exner
Secretary	Walter Harmacek
Treasurer	Eugene Babbitt
Sergeant-at-Arms	Louis Nauman

Wm. A. St.



ROOSEVELT BAND

BWANA



AQUATIC CLUB

Purpose: The purpose of this club is to promote the art of swimming among Roosevelt boys; and to support and train a swimming team to represent Roosevelt in competition in the water.

Moderator

Mr. Marx

OFFICERS

January to June 1930

President

Samuel Bjorkman

Vice-President

Wendell Wishon

Secretary and Treasurer

Albert Hunn

Business Managers

{ Wendell Wishon
Leonard Schildroth

Coach of Swimming Team

Wendell Wishon

September 1930 to January 1931

President

Charles Flachmann

Vice-President

Edwin Till

Secretary and Treasurer

Wendell Wishon

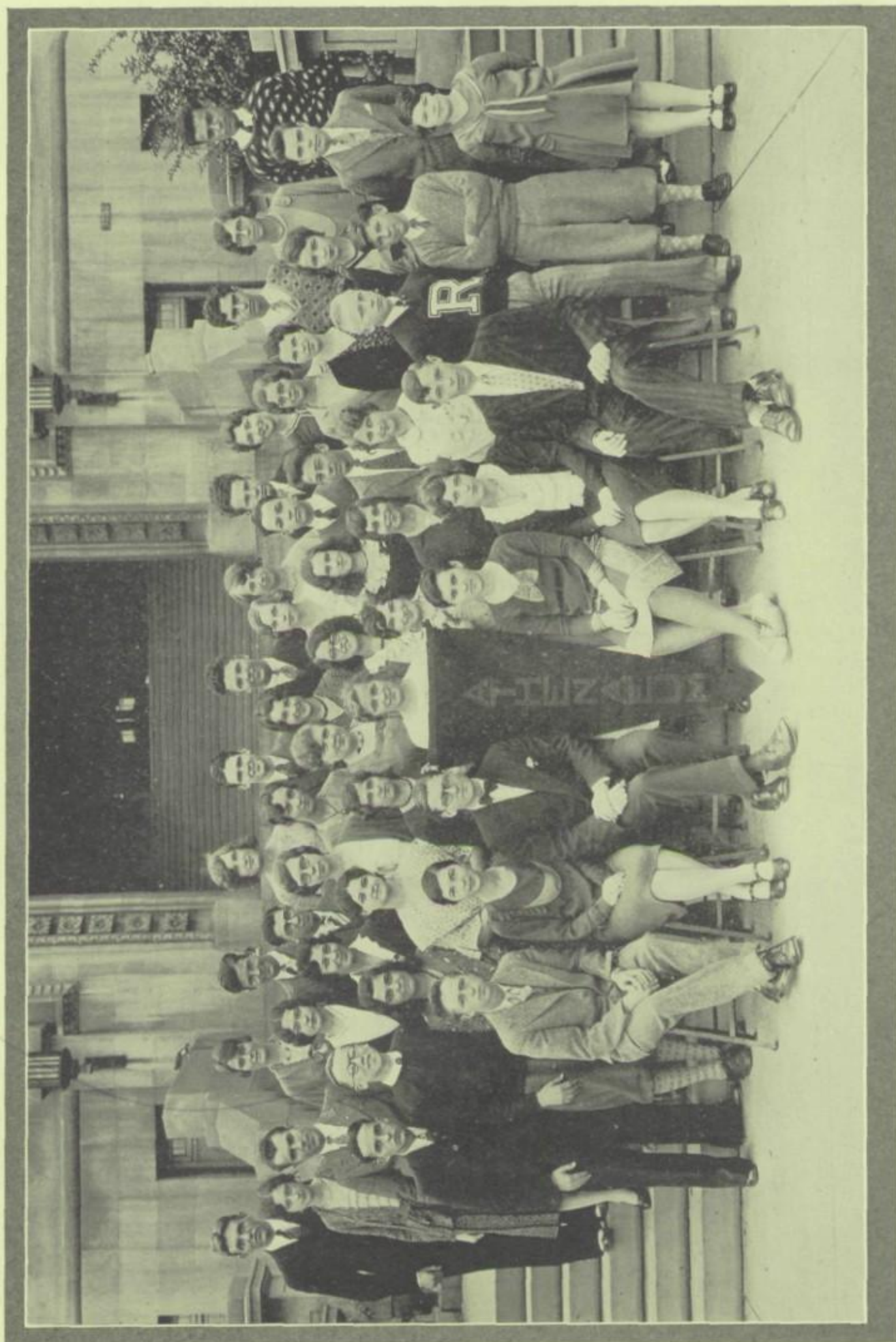
Business Managers

{ Wendell Wishon
Albert Hunn

Coach of Swimming Team

Wendell Wishon

"Best wishes
ever to be"



ATHENAEUM

BWANA

BASKETBALL CAPTAINS

Term 1	Ida Langeneckert	Term 5	Aloise Murphy
Term 2	Martha Willert	Term 6	Marie Lynch
Term 3	Esther Ellspermann	Term 7	Luella Tunnecliff
Term 4	Theresa Michaels	Term 8	Gertrude Schulte

CAROL CLUB

The Carol Club is a girls' choral organization that is attempting to develop a greater appreciation of the best types of music among its members.

Every Tuesday and Friday during the fourth period in room 301 the club holds its rehearsals under the direction and supervision of Miss Hilb. For anyone interested in joining the club, tryouts are held at the end of each school term.

Moderator

Miss Hilb

OFFICERS

January to June 1930

President	Florence Seibel
Vice-President	Jean Engel
Secretary	Marian Moskop
Treasurer	Anita Kieckers
Librarians	{ Marion Binks Norma Wendt

September 1930 to January 1931

President	Virginia Nordman
Vice-President	Norma Wendt
Secretary	Alberta Reden
Treasurer	Tillie Bowman
Librarians	{ Jean Engel Caroline Metz



AVIATION

BWANA

CHESS CLUB

The purpose of the Roosevelt Chess Club is to promote interest in chess and to further the scientific knowledge of this ancient game.

Moderator

Mr. Bock

OFFICERS

January to June 1930

President

Joseph Gordon

Vice-President

Ben Schwartz

Secretary and Treasurer

Otto Gutfreund

Sergeant-at-Arms

Frank Baker

September 1930 to January 1931

President

Frank Baker

Vice-President

Joseph Gordon

Secretary and Treasurer

Irwin Johnson

Sergeant-at-Arms

Robert Hubbard

CITAMARD CLUB

The purpose of this club is to arouse interest in dramatic art. The meetings are held in Room 301 on A Tuesdays.

Moderator

Miss Jordan

OFFICERS

January to June 1930

President

Paul Brown

Vice-President

Everette Gordon

Secretary

Edna Milius

Treasurer

Anita Kieckers

Sergeant-at-Arms

Dorothy Young

Librarians

{ Catherine Weber
{ Evelyn Burke

September 1930 to January 1931

President

Richard Anschuetz

Vice-President

Charlotte Anschuetz

Secretary

Grace Olsen

Treasurer

Helen Rose

Librarians

{ Charlotte Anschuetz
{ Laura Press



Louise Schenk

*Bernice
Vanderpluyzen*

GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAMS



THE COLLEGE CLUB

The purpose of the College Club is to promote opportunity for the development and expression of individual talent, especially in the literary line; and to train its members in the art of public speaking.

Moderator

Miss Dockery

OFFICERS

January to June 1930

President

Mary Moore

Vice-President

Jo Flory

Recording Secretary

Helen Boling

Corresponding Secretary

Kay Smith

Treasurer

Lottie Schlatter

Sergeant-at-Arms

Marie Bristol

September 1930 to January 1931

President

Jo Flory

Vice-President

Helen Boling

Recording Secretary

Dot Whitney

Corresponding Secretary

Emily Chipley

Treasurer

Virginia Emig

Sergeant-at-Arms

Betty Schmitt

Colors: Green and White.

Motto: Always to Excel.

CRAFT CLUB

The Craft Club was organized for the purpose of promoting the Art of Woodcraft. This club meets every Tuesday in Room 41.

Moderator

Mr. Reynolds

OFFICERS

January to June 1930

President

William Gubser

Vice-President

Robert Buckrucker

Secretary and Treasurer

Julian Hoffmann

Sergeant-at-Arms

Clifford Fisher

September 1930 to January 1931

President

Robert Buckrucker

Vice-President

Julian Hoffmann

Secretary and Treasurer

Otto Knell

Sergeant-at-Arms

Charles Brown



CAROL CLUB



COMITES LATIN CLUB

Purpose: To further interest in classical studies.

Moderator

Miss B. Meehan

OFFICERS

January to June 1930

President

Carroll Huffstot

Vice-President

Virginia Mueller

Recording Secretary

Helen Jane Colvin

Treasurer

Eugenia Henke

Corresponding Secretary

Mercedes Voelpel

Sergeant-at-Arms

Oscar Goldfarb

Chairman Program

Committee

Virginia Dorsch

September 1930 to January 1931

President

Alice Stark

Vice-President

Dorothy Rauscher

Recording Secretary

Mercedes Voelpel

Treasurer

Lillian Hermeling

Corresponding Secretary

Virginia Mueller

Sergeant-at-Arms

Margaret Libby

Chairman Program

Committee

Genevieve King

ENGINEERING CLUB

The purpose of the club is to furnish vocational guidance to prospective engineering students by presenting to them the work and conditions of various engineering professions.

Moderator

Mr. Gammeter

OFFICERS

January to June 1930

President

William Ault

Secretary

Robert Mieher

Treasurer

August Koopman

September 1930 to January 1931

President

Robert Mieher

Secretary

Victor Silber

Treasurer

Harold Furtney



CHESS CLUB



THE FORUM

The Forum is a literary club. Its purpose is to promote literature and public speaking. The Forum enters a debating team annually in the inter-scholastic debates.

The Forum's team of last year won by a unanimous decision, and together with the Literary brought the Princeton cup to Roosevelt for the first time.

Moderator

Mr. Tugel

OFFICERS

January to June 1930

President

Thomas James

Vice-President

Herbert Ingram

Secretary

Sidney Ackerman

Treasurer

Richard Buch

September 1930 to January 1931

President

Herbert Ingram

Vice-President

Joseph Gordon

Secretary

Harry James

Treasurer

William Withington

Sergeant-at-Arms

Albert Schoenbeck

ANATOLE FRENCH CLUB

Purpose: To promote interest in the French language, literature, and customs of the French people.

Moderator

Mr. De la Roche

OFFICERS

January to June 1930

President

Bernice Caram

Vice-President

Hilda Winkelman

Secretary

Philip Prosser

Treasurer

Marian Binks

Sergeant-at-Arms

Joseph Belko

September 1930 to January 1931

President

Bernice Caram

Vice-President

Leona Quinn

Secretary

George Melas

Treasurer

Anna Mae Paton

Sergeant-at-Arms

Joseph Belko



CITAMARD



COLLEGE CLUB

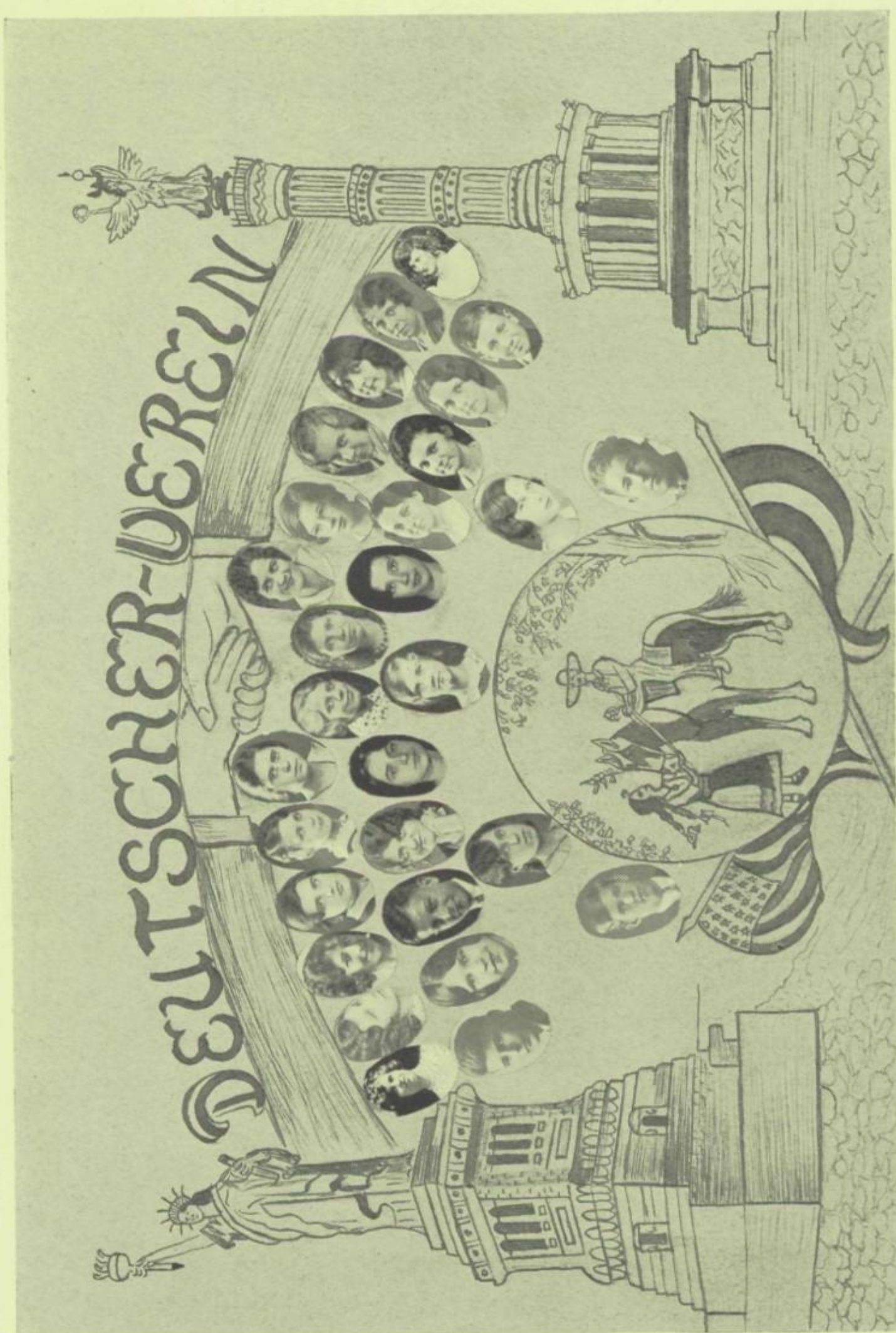
LATIN COMMITTEES CLUB

						
Serg.Arms	Rec.Secy.	V.Pres.	Pres.	Treas.	Corr.Secy.	Ch.Pro.Com.
						
						
						

CARROLL HUFFSTOT '30



CRAFT CLUB





GERMAN CLUB

The purpose of the German Club is to offer its members the opportunity to practice every day German and to become acquainted with the language, the literature, the customs, and the history of Germany.

Moderator

Miss Debatin

OFFICERS

January to June 1930

President

Charlotte Anschuetz

Vice-President

Melba Doerr

Secretary

Richard Anschuetz

Treasurer

Cornelia Boehlau

September 1930 to January 1931

President

Charlotte Anschuetz

Vice-President

Helen Exner

Secretary

Carl Brehm

Treasurer

Richard Anschuetz

GLEE CLUB

The purpose is to have the pleasure of participation in more artistic male ensemble singing and to provide music for school activities.

Moderator

Miss Hilb

OFFICERS

January to June 1930

President

Fred Schuler

Vice-President

Paul Brown

Secretary

Herbert Ingram

Treasurer

Robert Kirby

Librarians

{ Phillip Prosser

{ Richard Ralls

September 1930 to January 1931

President

Herbert Ingram

Vice-President

Jerome Dingerson

Secretary

William Grosse

Treasurer

Robert Kirby

Librarians

{ Robert Grodzensky

{ Clyde Sundell

Accompanist

Elfrieda Salzmann



ENGINEERING CLUB



BOYS' GOLF CLUB

The purpose of this club is to stimulate interest in golf and to have friendly matches with other schools. During the term, tournaments are held and prizes are awarded.

Moderator

Mr. De la Roche

OFFICERS

January to June 1930

President

Harvey Forestner

Vice-President

John Gates

Captain

Thomas Draper

Secretary

Roy St. John

Treasurer

Lyle Shontz

September 1930 to January 1931

President

John Gates

Vice-President

Harvey Forestner

Captain

Thomas Draper

Secretary and Treasurer

Marvin Williams

Sergeant-at-Arms

Lyle Shontz

LITERARY SOCIETY

Motto: Vita sine litteris mors est.

Purpose: To stimulate interest and develop ability in speech and debate.

Moderator

Mr. J. E. Schmale

OFFICERS

January to June 1930

President

John Dula

Vice-President

Robert Brookes

Secretary

Robert Mueller

Treasurer

Richard Ray

Sergeant-at-Arms

Allen Johnson

Librarian

Cyril Swatek

News Editor

Richard Ralls

September 1930 to January 1931

President

Louis Tirmenstein

Vice-President

Fred Schuler

Secretary

Herbert Morisse

Treasurer

Francis Bradley

Sergeant-at-Arms

Frank Baker

Librarian

Wren Ferguson

News Editor

Allen Johnson



FORUM

BWANA

GIRLS' GOLF CLUB

Purpose: To develop interest in America's most popular sport.

Moderator

Miss Flanigan

OFFICERS

September 1930 to January 1931

Captain

Jane Corn

Secretary

Mildred Steidemann

Treasurer

Mary Parker

NATURALISTS' SOCIETY

Purpose: To promote and further interest in nature studies.

Moderator

Miss Ewers

OFFICERS

January to June 1930

President

Jack Baur

Secretary

Walter Gundlach

Treasurer

Peter Geist

September 1930 to January 1931

President

Peter Geist

Secretary

Herman Dreker

Treasurer

Robert Cooper

Sergeant-at-Arms

Ralph Kitchell

Meetings are held on A Mondays in Room 130.

ORCHESTRA WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY IV PERIOD

We meet twice a week to study, in detail, the higher types of orchestral music.

Moderator

Mr. Maginn

OFFICERS

January to June 1930

President

Warren Von Der Ahe

Vice-President

Sidney Ackerman

Secretary

Mary Louise Voorhees

Treasurer

Fred Caesar

September 1930 to January 1931

President

Warren Von Der Ahe

Vice-President

Fred Caesar

Secretary

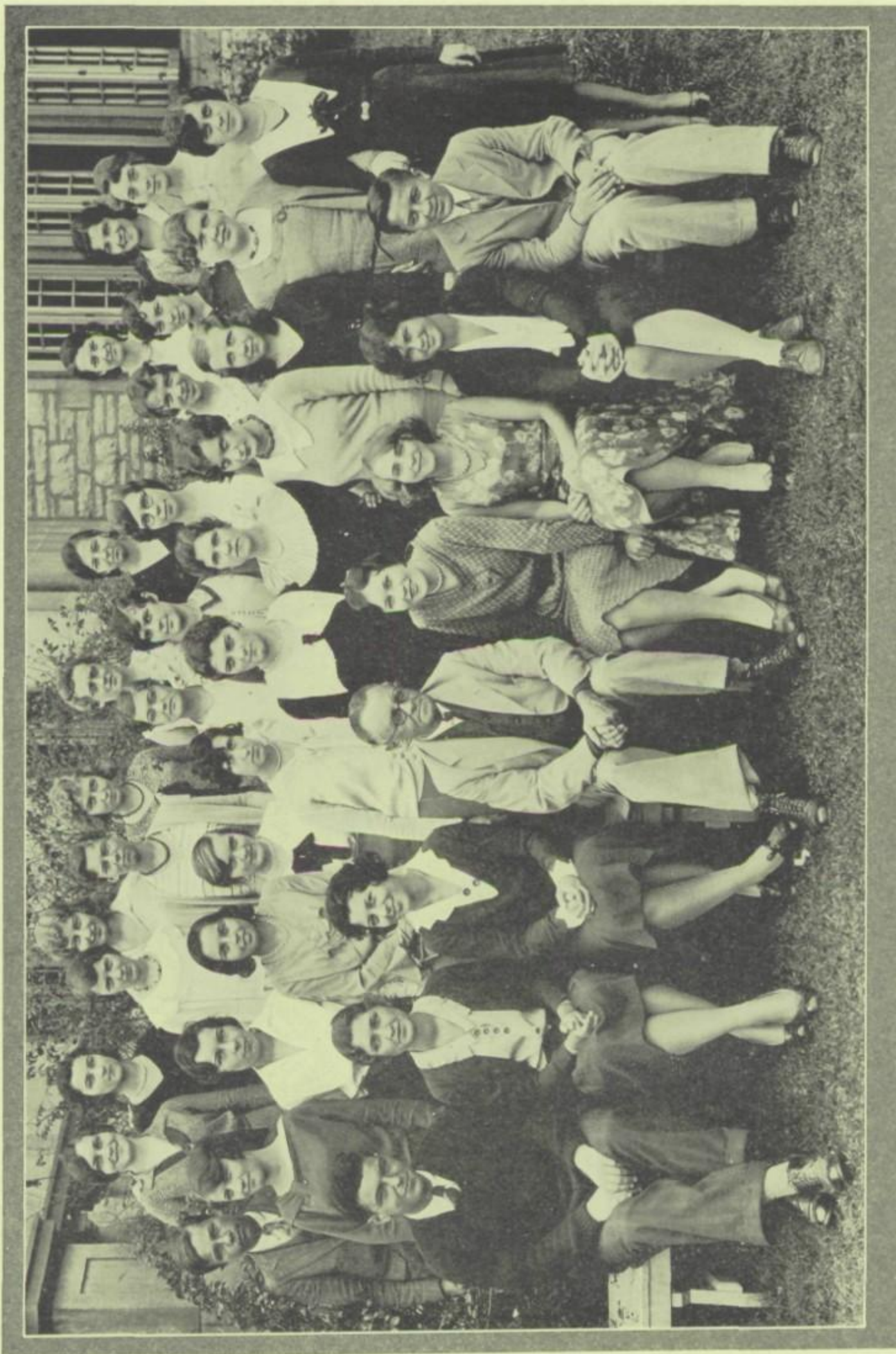
William Mattingly

Treasurer

Robert Graul

Librarian

Harold Ivie



FRENCH CLUB

BWANA

NOVELTY ORCHESTRA

Purpose: To play music for the pleasure of it and to furnish music for school functions, such as rallies, senior class parties, and other events.

Moderator

Mr. Grossman

OFFICERS

January to June 1930

President

Robert Freywald

Secretary and Treasurer

Allen Price

Librarian

Warren Von Der Ahe

September 1930 to January 1931

President

Allen Price

Secretary and Treasurer

Philip Godwin

Librarian

Richard Hayes

O'ITA

The purpose of the Society is the improvement of its members in literary attainments.

O'itaitees are encouraged to use their literary talents in writing for the Gold Bug, a paper published for every O'ita meeting.

Moderator

Miss Eva C. Thiesen

OFFICERS

January to June 1930

President

Adline Fixman

Vice-President

Martha Blackmore

Recording Secretary

Beatrice De Vos

Corresponding Secretary

Elinor Franzel

Treasurer

Mildred Blustein

Sergeant-at-Arms

Rena Mandel

Editor of Gold Bug

Adeline Franzel

Associate Editor of Gold Bug

Omega Hays

September 1930 to January 1931

President

Beatrice De Vos

Vice-President

Helen Exner

Recording Secretary

Marie Geimer

Corresponding Secretary

Mercedes Voelpel

Treasurer

Martha Blackmore

Sergeant-at-Arms

Jean Shaffer

Editor of Gold Bug

Grace Rotenhagen

Associate Editor of Gold Bug

Celestine Du Laney

St. Louis
1927



GLEE CLUB

BWANA

ORCHESTRA TUESDAY AND THURSDAY VI PERIOD

Purpose: It exists for the purpose of teaching its members to appreciate music of higher composition.

Moderator

Mr. Maginn

OFFICERS

January to June 1930

President

Denton Skaggs

Vice-President

Elizabeth Fales

Secretary

Dick Tankersley

Treasurer

Norman Abernathy

September 1930 to January 1931

President

Al Mullmann

Vice-President

Charles Traber

Treasurer

Edward Wedel

Secretary

Josephine Long

Librarian

Dorothy Wiebusch

PEP R CLUB

The purpose of the Pep R is to foster a better school spirit and to support all school activities. The Pep R is also sponsoring the new club called "Rooters' Club" to which all holders of season tickets for sports are eligible.

Moderator

Miss Schlutius

OFFICERS

January to June 1930

President

June Edwards

Vice-President

Grace Wiber

Secretary

Margaret Evans

Treasurer

Marion Hyman

September 1930 to January 1931

President

Grace Wiber

Vice-President

Marcella Breitschuh

Secretary

Grace Olsen

Treasurer

Alberta Reden

Sergeant-at-Arms

Jane Corn

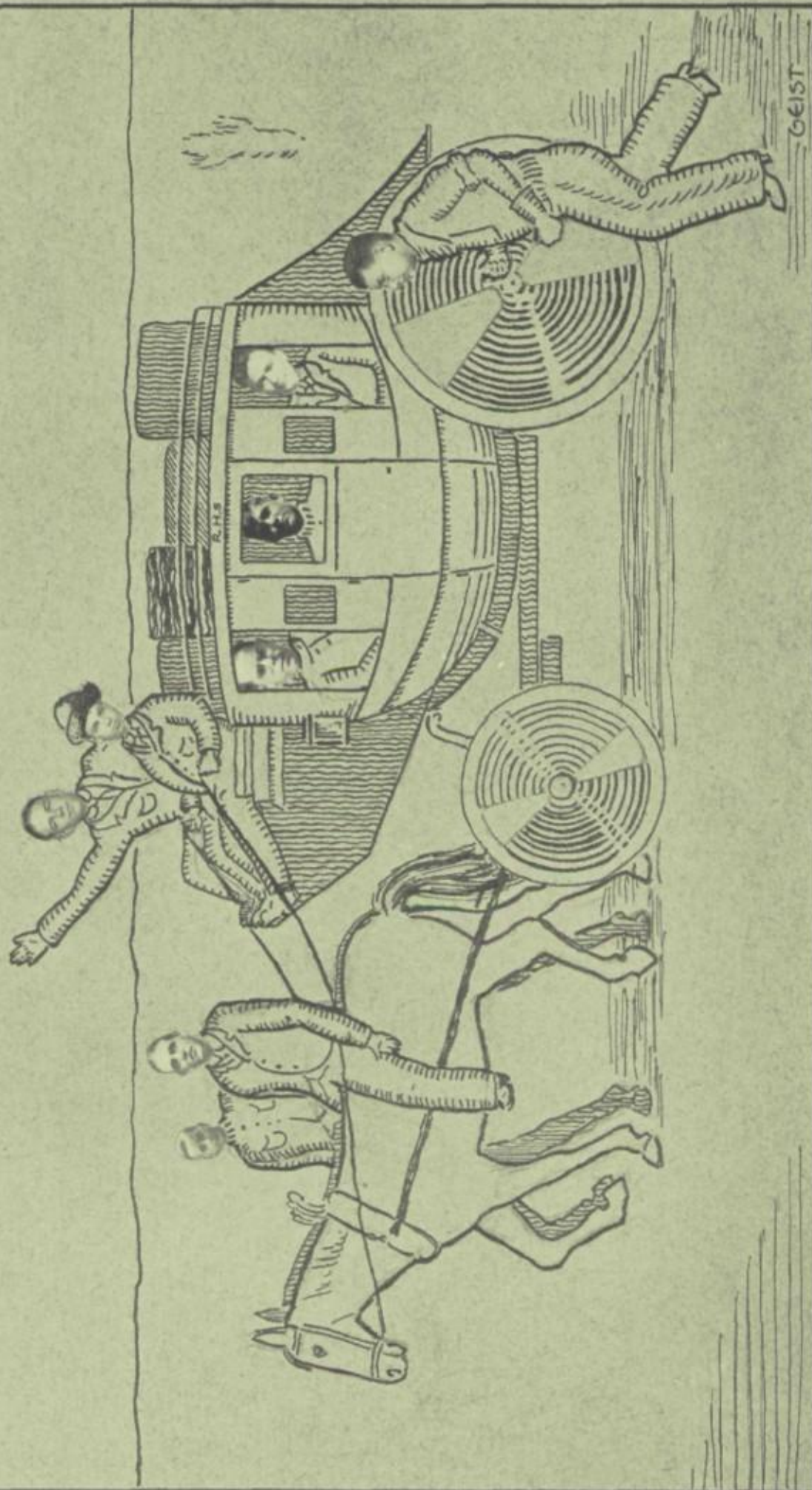


GOLF CLUB



LITERARY SOCIETY

NATURALIST SOCIETY





NOVELTY ORCHESTRA



O'ITA



ORCHESTRA

Two Hundred Sixty-four

Mary Williams
"Gay"



PEP-R CLUB

BWANA

PENNELL CLUB

Purpose: To bring together students interested in art.

Moderator

Miss Stansell

OFFICERS

January to June 1930

President

Walter Dahlgren

Vice-President

Irving Wenzel

Secretary

Peter Geist

Treasurer

Charles Flachmann

September 1930 to January 1931

President

Peter Geist

Vice-President

Arthur Marienfeld

Secretary

Trent Eberts

Treasurer

James Miller

PHILATELIC SOCIETY

Purpose: To promote greater interest in stamp collecting here at Roosevelt and to bring collectors together.

Moderator

Mr. Lenney

OFFICERS

September 1930 to January 1931

President

Walter Dahlgren

Vice-President

George Perkins

Secretary

Francis Bradley

Treasurer

Gary Davidson

PRISCILLA CLUB

Purpose: The members sew for charity and also for themselves.

Moderators

{ Miss Gilmore
{ Miss Mier

OFFICERS

January to June 1930

President

Wilma Holtz

Vice-President

Ramona Duncan

Secretary and Treasurer

Freda Marie Degler

Sergeant-at-Arms

Virginia Rummeler

September 1930 to January 1931

President

Ramona Duncan

Vice-President

Alice Victor

Secretary

Ruth Kassing

Treasurer

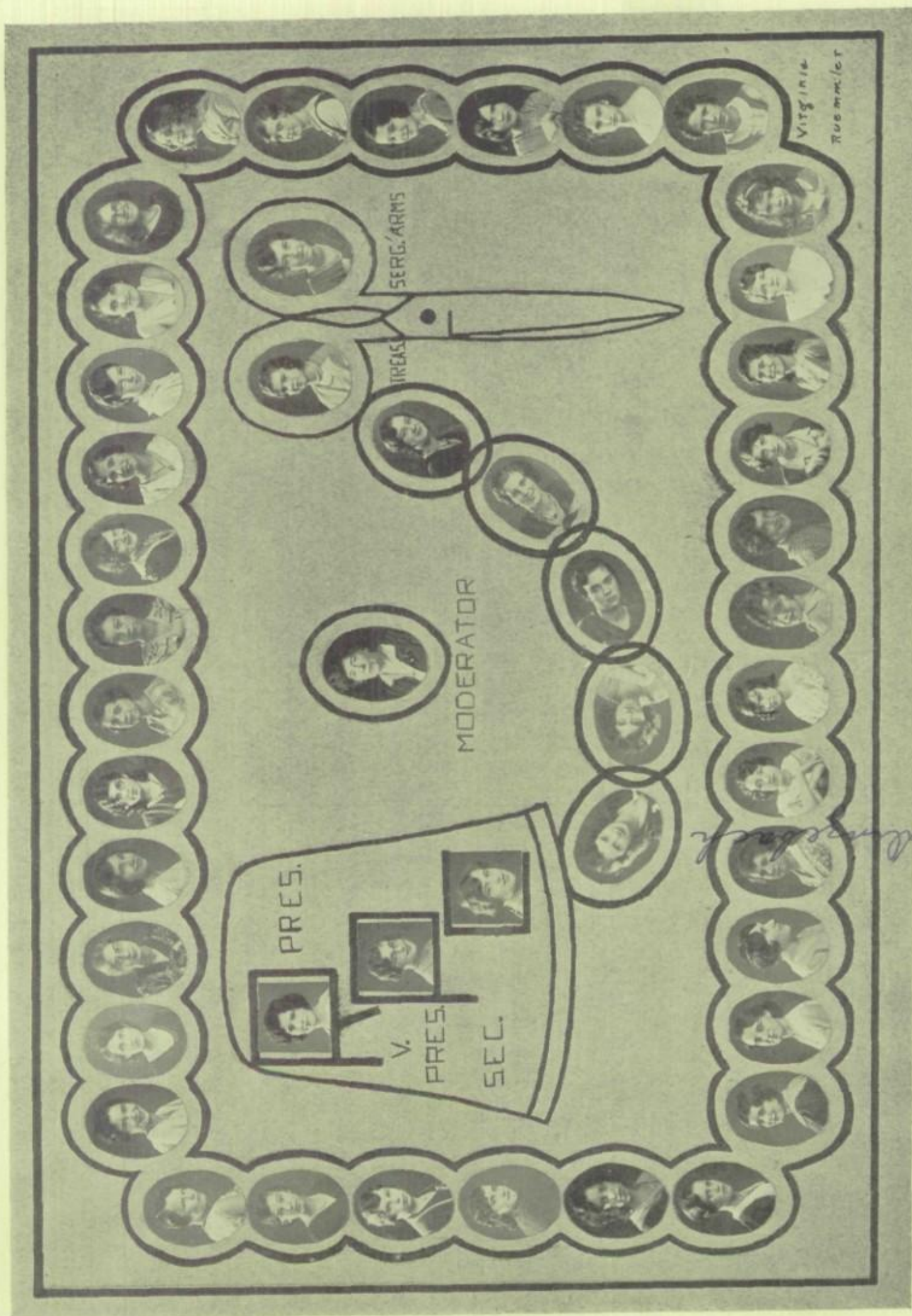
Virginia Sodeman

Sergeant-at-Arms

Virginia Rummeler



PHILATELIC SOCIETY



PRISCILLA CLUB

"Love"
Marianne



"R" CLUB

The "R" Club is an organization composed of Roosevelt athletes who have won their letters in one or more of the five major sports—track, baseball, tennis, football, and basketball. The purpose of this club is the maintenance of Roosevelt high standards of athletics and sportsmanship.

Moderator

Mr. Inbody

OFFICERS

January to June 1930

President

Gorman Broe

Vice-President

Bill Hundhausen

Secretary and Treasurer

Richard Buch

September 1930 to January 1931

President

Ward Parker

Vice-President

Nathan Tutinsky

Secretary and Treasurer

Jack Weaver

MEMBERS OF "R" CLUB

Bill Buch—Track

Bill Kerchanski—Baseball

John Bruen—Track

Jim Rothery—Track

Jim Saylor—Track

Ed Alcorn—Track

Jim Gamble—Track

Jack Weaver—Manager

Joe Drabelle—Track

Bob Miller—Track

Merrill Baumgartner—Track

Art Marienfeld—Track

Harry Plitt—Baseball

Roy St. Jean—Tennis

Ward Parker—Tennis, Track, Basketball

Jack Compton—Track

Dean Dey—Track

John Feuerbacher—Manager

Bill Cuthbertson—Track, Manager

Carl Wood—Track

BWANAS

Al Shannon—Track
Kurt von Bauer—Tennis, Manager
Jim Reese—Track
Robert Reese—Track
Ken Koerner—Track, Basketball, Football
Nathan Tutinsky—Track, Football
August Kristen—Track
Bob Hathaway—Track
Phil Strugar—Track
Ken Dillman—Basketball
Lester Fries—Track
Larry MacDougall—Track

Merritt Winsby—Tennis
Whitten Platt—Football
Maupin Patton—Football, Basketball
Joe Gambaro—Manager
Dick Pelikan—Track
Bill Evans—Track
Roy Emmert—Track
Wilbur Velten—Track
Charles Valci—Baseball
Bill Sturm—Track
Vincent Bick—Tennis

THE SERVICE BUREAU

THE Service Bureau of Roosevelt High School was instituted in the September term of 1930. Its purpose is to promote the spirit of service in the school and to raise the standard of scholarship. Although the Bureau is still in its infancy, it is gradually becoming a larger and more complex system, involving more pupils and more work.

Students wishing to receive service points are asked to make out forms telling what kind of work they desire. This information, along with their programs and the names of their advisers, is filed in order to be used for future reference.

When any new position arises, or a vacated post has to be filled, the Bureau refers to these forms. A pupil is found who desires that type of work, and the position is immediately filled, without trouble or worry on the part of those concerned.

When the student has received the desired position, cards are made out by the Bureau secretaries telling what type of work the worker does, who his adviser is, and how many service points he receives. In this way, those wishing to receive service points get their positions without any unnecessary trouble, and the post that has to be filled is taken by a person who has been investigated by the Bureau and pronounced thoroughly reliable.

In the event that a pupil doing service fails in any subject, blanks are made out by the Bureau, informing the student that he is to be removed from his position. Blanks are also sent to his adviser and to the person for whom the pupil is working. Thus, by removing this student and by substituting for him a student who has passing grades, the standard of scholarship is raised.

Thus it may be seen that this system not only records service points and promotes the spirit of service but also upholds the standard of scholarship in the school.

The Bureau is located in room 214; the moderator is Miss O'Leary. Staff—Lillian Lamme, Decke Gilman, Jo Flory, June Finegan, Eugenia Henke, Virginia Roos.



ROUGH RIDER STAFF

BWANA

ROUGH RIDER

Faculty Advisers

{ Mr. Kammerer
{ Miss Runge

STAFF

January to June 1930

Editor

John Kane

Associate Editor

Evelyn Underwood

Business Manager

Wm. Rosenbaum

Assistant Business Manager

Jack Weaver

Exchange Manager

Kurt Von Bauer

REPORTERS

Wm. Ault

Edna Moller

Frank Baker

Mary Moore

Helen Boling

Marian Moskop

Virginia Braun

Robert Mueller

Violet Brinkop

Georgia Pipes

Robert Brookes

James Proffitt

Richard Buch

Daisy Mae Reed

Helen J. Colvin

Mary Lou Renard

John Dula

Oscar Schowalter

Oren Early

Herbert Schroeder

James Gamble

Roy St. Jean

Elizabeth Heier

Helen Winkler

Herbert Ingram

Virgil Wodicka

Dorothy Young

CARTOONISTS

Walter Dahlgren

Louis Rassieur

Ted Stewart

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHERS

Louis Horton

Delos Reynolds

TYPISTS

Hazel Douglas

Marjorie Meyer

Thelma Gubser

Velma Ritchey

Virginia Hazenstab

Kathryn Wallace

Dorothy McKee

Bernice Yansky

DISTRIBUTORS

Marvin Asher

Louis Horton

Al Davis

Ken Koerner

Joe Drabelle

Alex Montieth

John Gates

Maurice Pierce

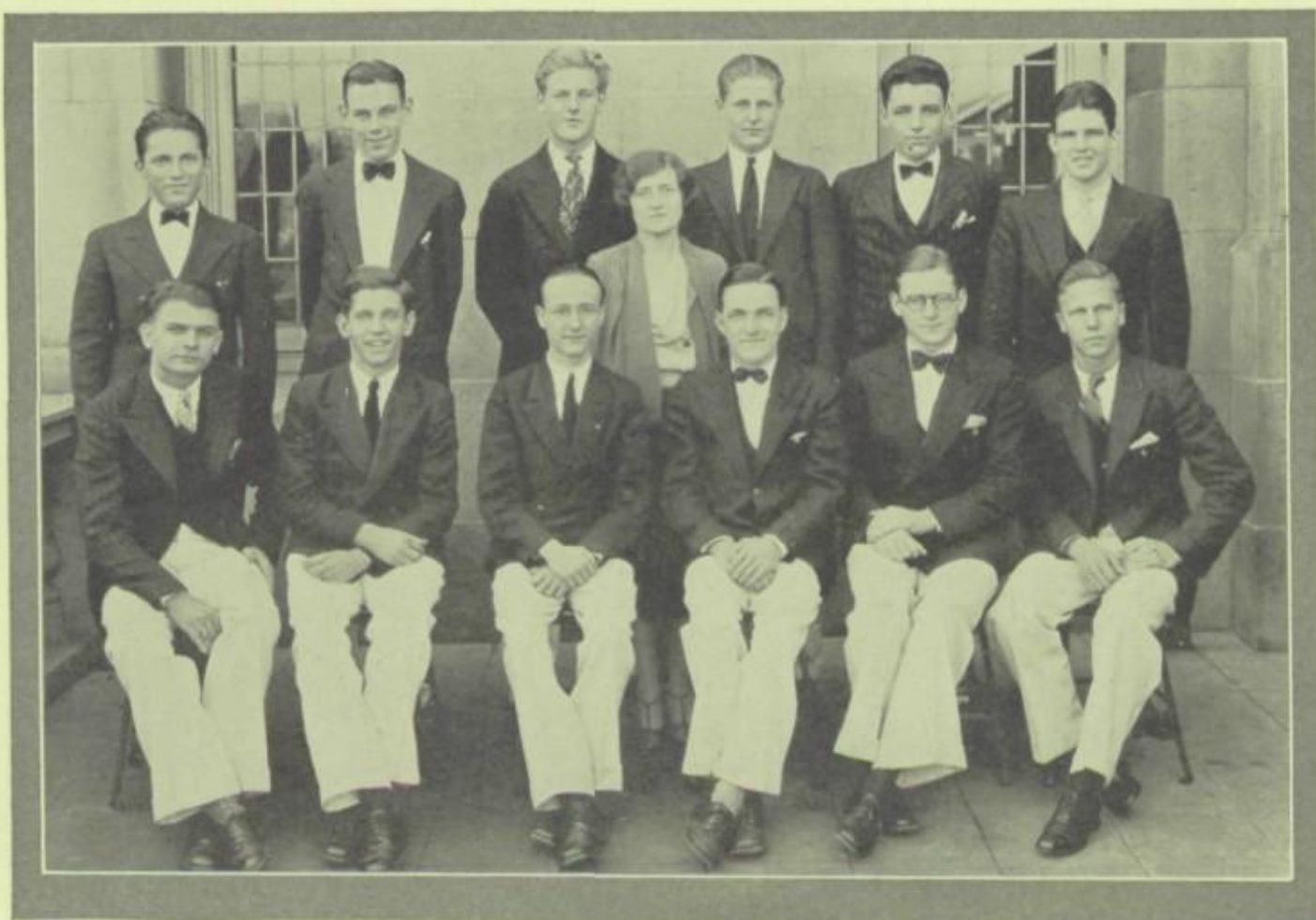
Bill Gubser

Bud Straub

Lee Hall

V. Vaskov

BWANA



Bob Kirby
6 5 4 3 2 1

TRIPLE QUARTET

Purpose: To develop skill and pleasure in ensemble singing of male voices and to assist in school activities.

Moderator

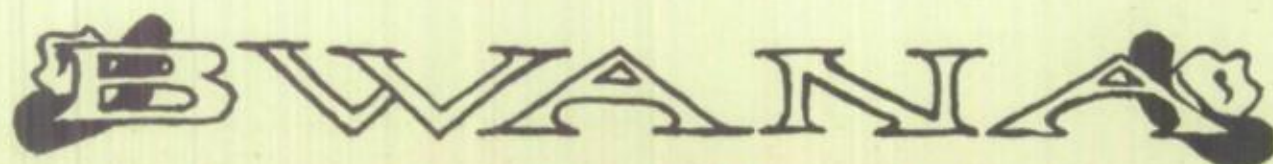
Miss Hilb

OFFICERS

September 1930 to January 1931

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Librarian
Director
Accompanist

Fred Schuler
Jerome Dingerson
Robert Kirby
Robert Grodzensky
Clyde Sundell
Richard Anschuetz
Elfrieda Salzmman



ROUGH RIDER

STAFF

September 1930 to January 1931

Editor	Jack Weaver
Associate Editor	Virginia Braun
Business Manager	Bill Bolz
Assistant Business Manager	Norman Dietz
Exchange Manager	Kurt Von Bauer

REPORTERS

William Ault	Mildred Lloyd
Frank Baker	Edward Miller
Helen Boling	Robert Morris
Norma Branditz	Lavina Niehaus
Helen Jane Colvin	Robert Pelton
Ramona Duncan	Georgia Pipes
Oren Early	Mary Lou Renard
Frances Feichert	Roy St. Jean
James Gamble	Albert Schoenbeck
Robert Grodzensky	Al Shannon
Herbert Ingram	Marjorie Williams
Elizabeth Kouri	Perry Wilson

Helen Winkler

CARTOONISTS

Dan Boon	Louis Rassieur
Walter Dahlgren	Alene Sanders
Peter Geist	Ted Stewart
Carroll Huffstot	Bob Millard

TYPISTS

Elsa Brandt	Eleanor Nowotny
Cecile Cartum	Grace Olsen
Viania Ireland	Grace Wiber
Florence Milholm	Mildred Winsby

PHOTOGRAPHER

Charles Lorenz

DISTRIBUTORS

Harry Babbitt	Bud Lungstras
Bill Buch	Jim Wirthlin
John Gates	Jack Mitchell
Byron Jackson	James Reese
Ken Koerner	Armin Schaumburg
Bill Pemberton	W. Weisberg



SPANISH CLUB



SPANISH CLUB

The Spanish Club meets on A Tuesdays in Room 324 for the purpose of giving students of Spanish a better knowledge of Spanish speaking countries and of the language itself. There are interesting programs consisting of games, travel talks, plays, and other forms of entertainment. A "fiesta" or party is given every term. We often give an entertainment in the auditorium.

Moderator

Miss Comfort

OFFICERS

January to June 1930

Presidente

Martha Blackmore

Vice-Presidente

Edna Moller

Secretaria

Rose Sharney

Tesorero

Herbert Schroeder

Editor del "Arco Iris"

Florence Keightley

Editor Asistente del "Arco
Iris"

Louise Schaeffer

September 1930 to January 1931

Presidente

Robert Martinez

Vice-Presidente

Martha Blackmore

Secretaria

Doris Vierheller

Tesorero

Robert Schroeder

Alquacil

Frances Fuller

Editor del "Arco Iris"

Vera Bartmann

Editor Asistente del "Arco
Iris"

Wilma Nowotny

"UKE" CLUB

Purpose: To enjoy ensemble playing and singing of popular songs.

Moderator

Miss Gerdes

OFFICERS

January to June 1930

President

Marie Michael

Secretary

Helen Rose

Treasurer

Maxine McPherson

Leader

Marion Moskop

September 1930 to January 1931

President

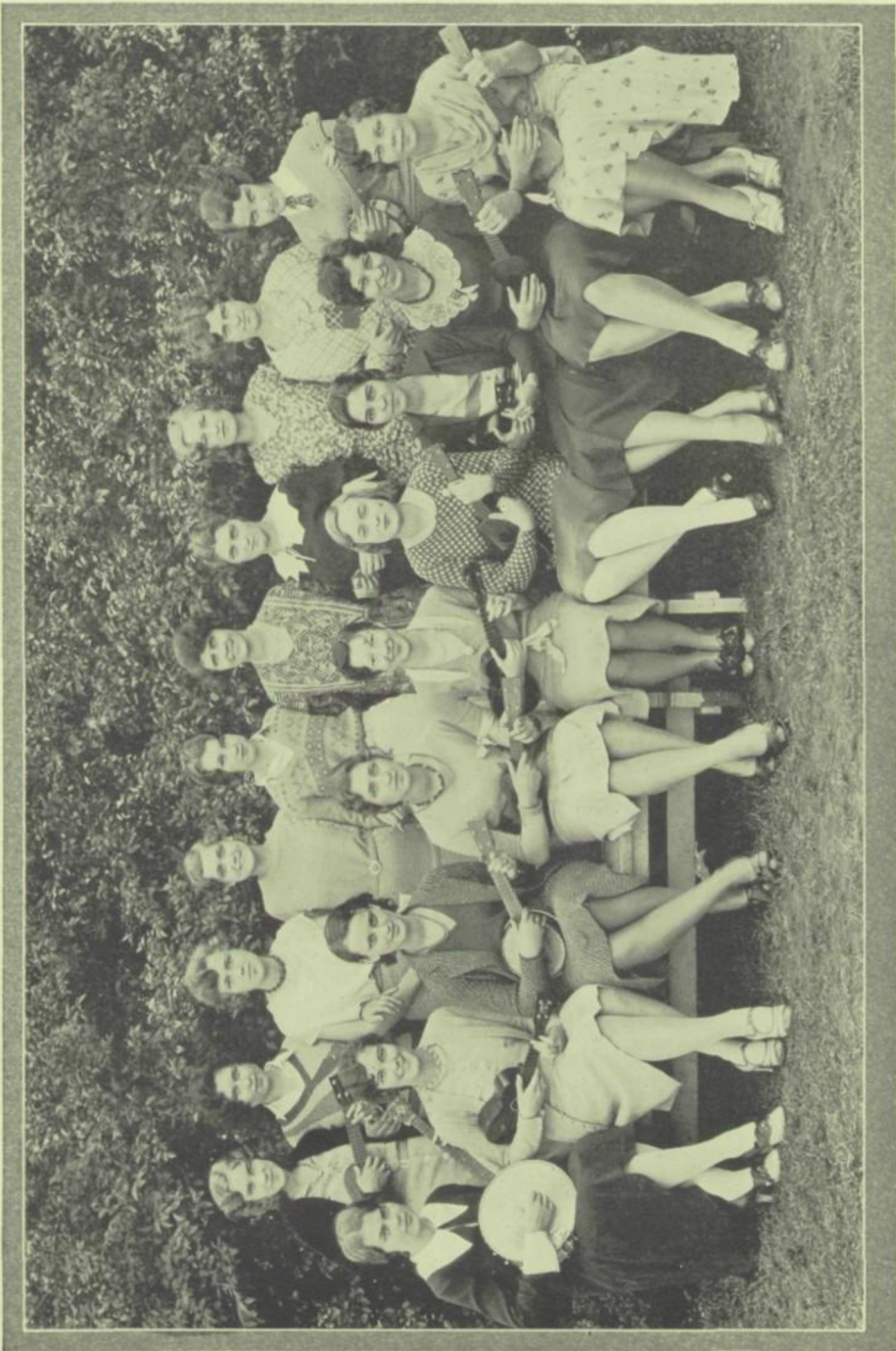
Helen Rose

Secretary and Treasurer

Anna Mae Patent

Leader

Selma Elling



UKULELE CLUB



THE SPORTSMAN'S CLUB

Purpose: To promote sportsmanship among the club members and to acquaint them with the different kinds of sport.

Moderator

Miss Whitelaw

OFFICERS

January to June 1930

President

James Sloss

Vice-President

Denton Skaggs

Secretary

Edward Meyer

Treasurer

Evans Ittner

Sergeant-at-Arms

Homer Ziegler

Librarian

Leonard Schildroth

September 1930 to January 1931

President

James Sloss

Vice-President

Denton Skaggs

Secretary

Leonard Schildroth

Treasurer

Trent Eberts

Sergeant-at-Arms

Evans Ittner

Librarian

Irby Bunding

VOCATIONS CLUB

The purpose of the Vocations Club is to give members an idea of the complexity of modern industry by making trips to business establishments or by having people come to the club meetings to tell about their work.

Moderator

Miss Simon

OFFICERS

January to June 1930

President

Arleen Thyson

Secretary

Decke Gilman

Treasurer

Frances Evans

September 1930 to January 1931

President

Mary Jane Frank

Secretary

Jeanette Mathae

Treasurer

Theda Brandenburg



SPORTSMAN'S CLUB

BWANIA

COUNCIL'S FAME

*A is for Ameiss in council well known,
He's needed for this verse, we all must own.*

*When B takes the floor everyone moans,
For Baker means bills, money, or loans.*

*Caram and Citizenship, both are for C.
Where there is one, the other must be.*

*D is for Duncan and dances, too,
For welfare is doing when others are through.*

*There's only one E, Eberts by name.
He owns the one mustache in Council's fame.*

*Of course we have fun and boys will be boys,
Furtney provides humor and—shall we say noise?*

*Now what is that name we hear called twice?
Ah, Guels is the villain; he's talking to Geist.*

*Holmes, Hollweg, Hambley, Hanser,
Right down the line we hear the answer.*

*Oh, yes, we have "I's," a cartoonist at that;
Irving's absent-minded; he's wearing his hat.*

*Now Jackon replies all in a whirl
But is that Byron—or is it a girl?*

*Ruth gets attention whenever she stands.
She's known as Kassing by most of her fans.*

*Lohman's the interest we see on the right.
Charlotte sit down; there may be a fight.*

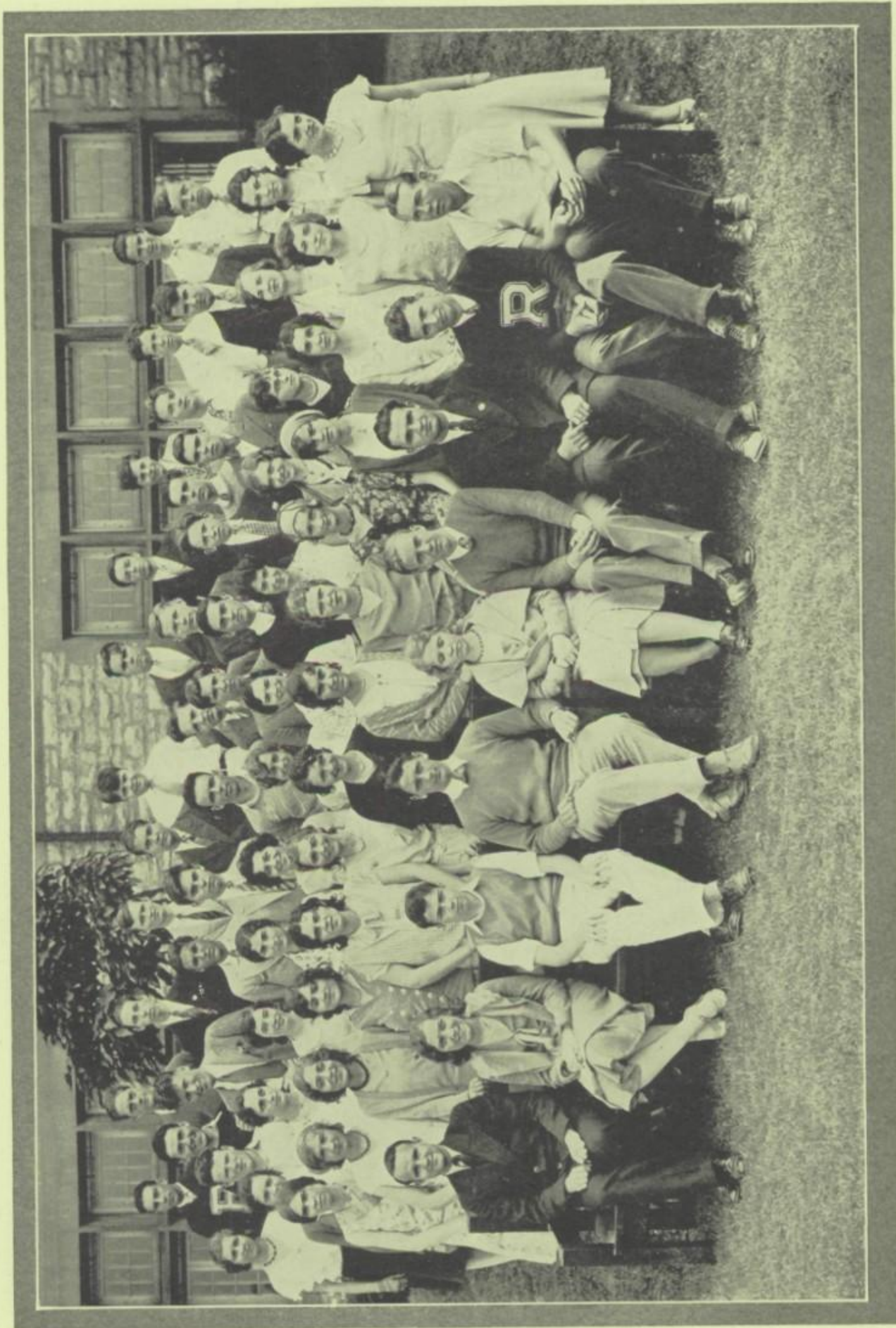
*Hear ye our mayor, McDougall is he.
Please take the floor so all can see.*

*No one is left but then again,
There's Jane toward the top, tho she's no "N."*

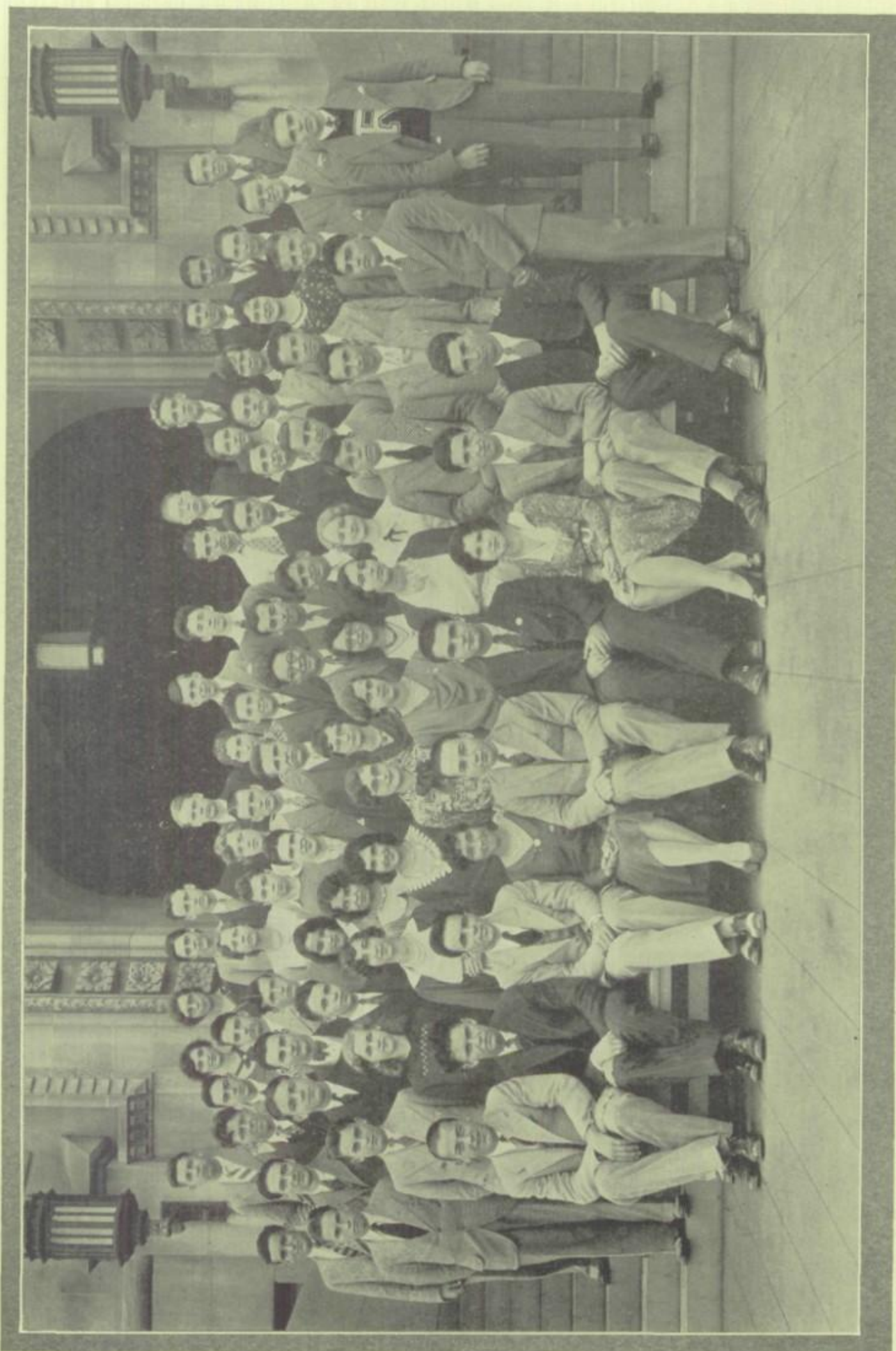
*O is for Other Folk we see here and there.
They pass the bills without giving a care.*

*Adorable Betty has taken "P's" place
So there's no verse left for this little space.*

*Q stands for questions, serious and bright;
Even the "dumb" ones are answered all right.*



STUDENT COUNCIL—MAY, 1930



STUDENT COUNCIL—SEPTEMBER, 1930

Leah
Leah
Audrey
Brown



Young Women's
Association
of the
City

Home

Love
S. P. H.
Hammann

VOCATIONS CLUB

Two Hundred Eighty-three

Stevens

Crane

BWANA

*R is for Reese—you all know him—
Maybe it's Bob or maybe it's Jim.*

*Here we see Schaefer with others of fame.
What's that she's writing—or is it a game?*

*T is Tutinsky, known better as "Tut."
He's captain of football, and nothing else but.*

*U is the uproar, whene'er the bell rings,
The period is over; the Secretary sings.*

*Victor is coming; she's been detained.
Look what she's missed; no wonder she's pained.*

*Where is his horse, Jack Weaver must go.
Well, isn't he a Rough Rider we'd all like to know?*

*X we'll omit but Y stands for "yeas."
When we adjourn, it's what everyone says.*

*Z is for Ziegler, the last one out.
We'll meet again next week, so please don't pout.*

—Helen Winkler.

VOLLEY BALL CLUB

Volley Ball teams are organized to afford recreation for girls interested in this wholesome activity. Any girl eligible to join a club is invited to come to the girls' gymnasium any Friday at three o'clock. Here she may become a member of one of the teams and participate in some very lively games.

Moderator

Miss Cromer

OFFICERS

January to June 1930

President
Secretary
Treasurer

Mable Hausmann
Nellie Walsh
Margot Voges

September 1930 to January 1931

President
Secretary
Treasurer

Nellie Walsh
Charlotte Anschuetz
Mary Mitchell



VOLLEY BALL

Two Hundred Eighty-five

Nida

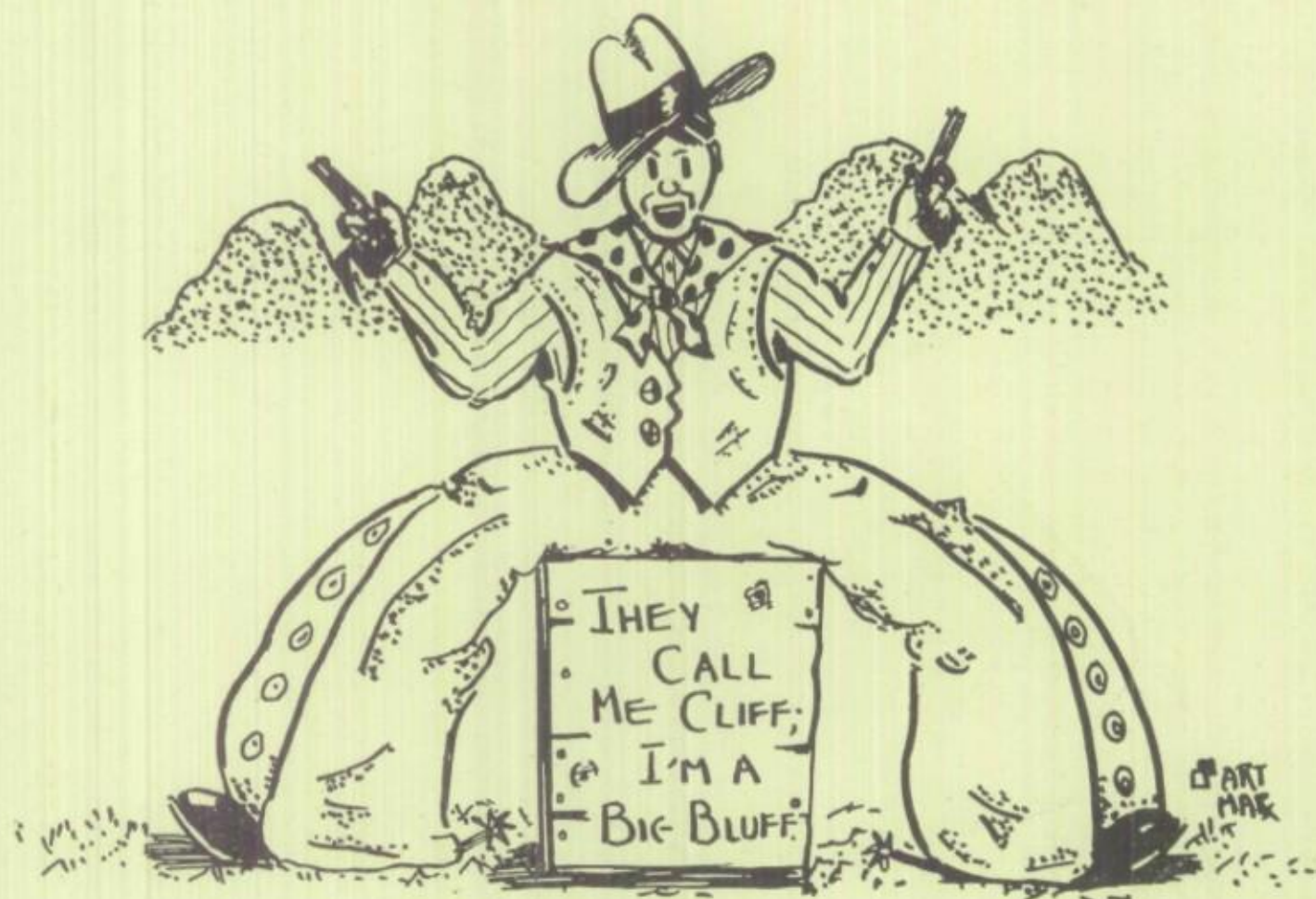
*Don't
mess out
"My friend"*



GIRLS' LUNCHROOM—ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL



BWANA



Doctor to Patient: Don't worry. Why, you're bound to recover. Statistics prove it. They show that nine out of every ten cases are fatal. Don't you see that you can't die? You're my tenth patient and the other nine died.

Hostess (trying desperately to keep the conversation going): "Did you ever hear the joke about the curio dealer who had two skulls of Columbus—one when he was a boy and the other when he was a man?"

Guest: "No, I don't think I have. What is it?"

EASILY SATISFIED

Policeman: You can't come through here, lady. This is a one-way street.

Bebe: But I only want to go one way.

Colored Lady in a Shoe Store: "Ah wants a pair ob spo't shoes."

Clerk (after showing her his whole stock of sport shoes): "Well, lady, what kind of sport shoes do you want?"

Colored Lady: "Arch spo't shoes."

Miss Dockery asked her class to write an essay on London. She was surprised to read the following in one attempt: "The people of London are noted for their stupidity."

Charles, when asked to explain, replied: "It says in the textbooks that the population of London is very dense."

Mr. De la Roche: "Terrible links, caddy, terrible."

Caddy: "Sorry, sir, these ain't links—you got off them an hour ago."

BWANA

MR. BREEZY SPEAKS

No, the cowboy isn't what he used to be. (This is not an iron-class statement, but is covered with a fair coating of tin.) In fact, he is far from it. I refer to the grandchild of the real cowboy.

Our inventions have done much for the cowboy. In the first place he does not have the appearance he used to. I refer to the ten-gallon hat and spurs. He now wears a Stetson hat and calf oxfords. (No, I am not advertising them.)

He is, of course, as handsome as ever—also, as brave and daring. Of course, he doesn't race along on his faithful pinto and pick up hats and other miscellanies; but, he does race along in his perambulating perculator and pick up the dust.

In the second place the cowboy doesn't always round up the cattle in his work clothes and on a horse. If, by chance, he has a date, he prepares his toilet first, then jumps into the family bus (which Bub has been bribed to wash for a quarter), and rounds them up; then he dashes on to his date.

Mind you, I'm not inferring that the modern cowboy isn't as bow-legged as ever, or can't rope a steer, or ride a horse as well. In fact, he is probably better because he spends his spare time in practising the above so as to apply for a position in a traveling rodeo.

In the third place the cowboys are usually better educated, too; most of them complete high school; and, if the parents are strict enough, go to college. Then, in about six months the majority leave and go in for a carefree life of farming.

And another thing, the cowboy's sweetheart does not run the risk she used to.

She doesn't risk being awakened at midnight and asked by some burly Mexicans if her sweetheart has been around, because it seems he has been unjustly accused of branding Bar B cattle with his brand.

Well, in closing, I remark that the motion picture directors who still have the vague idea that modern cowboys carry two six-shooters have my sympathy.

FINIS

ELAINE MANN

UP FROM SLANGERY

Chap—"chapman," an old name for a merchant or dealer.

Spats—"spatter-dashes," originally leggings worn to protect the legs from spattering by mud and water.

Canter—"Canterbury gallop," so named from the horses of pilgrims riding to Canterbury.

Pants—"pantaloons."

Cab—"cabriolet," a one-horse carriage.

Gin—"geneva," corrupted from the French name of the juniper berry with which it is flavored.

Radio—"radiotelegraphy" or "radio-telephony."

A NEW JAY'S BOOK REPORT ON BUNYAN'S "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS"

"The Pilgrim's Progress" seems to be one of those yarns where the hero abandons his wife and children right at the beginning, and then he sets out cavorting his way across country, stirring up riots, getting into jail and escaping, and having the most ridiculous adventures, like falling into swamps and fighting and squabbling with all the people he meets."

BWAHA

Puzzle, find the dude from New York. —



SERVICE IMPROVEMENT

"Fare, please! Fare!"

The passenger gave no heed.

"Fare, please!"

Still the passenger was oblivious.

"By the ejaculatory term, 'Fare,' " said the conductor, "I imply no reference to the state of the weather, the complexion of the admirable blond you observe in the contiguous seat, nor even to the quality of the service vouchsafed by this philanthropic corporation. I merely alluded in a manner, perhaps lacking in delicacy, but not in conciseness, to the monetary obligation set up by your presence in this car and suggest that you liquidate."

At this point the passenger emerged from his trance.

CAT-EGORY

Once upon a time a cat caught a sparrow. The clever sparrow adroitly exclaimed, "A gentleman washes before he eats." The cat, feeling the rebuke, let go the sparrow in order to wash his face, whereupon the bird flew away.

Since that day, so the story goes, the cat, though one of the neatest of creatures, eats his meal and washes afterward.

Young Knut: "I say, waitah, nevah bring me a steak like that again."

Waiter: "Why not, sir?"

Young Knut: "It simply isn't done, old thing!"

BWANA



Betty: "We've been waiting here a long time for that mother of mine."

Jimmy: "Hours, I should say."

Betty: "Oh, George, this is so sudden!"

"American chewing gum gains foothold in Japan," reads a news item. That is the chief objection to gum in this country.

YEP

Alfred: We finally found out what's wrong with our radio. It's the stuff that's broadcast.

Virginia: "I'm going to take up horse-back riding. It increases a person's social standing."

Charles: "I don't know about the social part, but it'll increase your standing without a doubt."

Judge: "Were you ever in serious trouble before?"

First Offender: "Well, yes and no. I kept a library book too long once and was fined two cents."

A Modern Mother: "Willie! You have been a naughty boy. Go to the vibrator and give yourself a good shaking."

Mr. Tsu, a prominent Chinese Y. M. C. A. worker, was lecturing in the United States. One evening a fashionable woman stepped up to him and said:

"Mr. Tsu, I hear you Chinese eat rats."

Mr. Tsu looked at her for a moment and then replied, "Madam, I hear you Americans eat hot dogs!"

The tenderfoot thought he could ride; and, in front of a lot of cowboys, mounted a pony. The pony soon threw him. A cowboy, helping him up, said: "Hello! What threw you?"

"What threw me? Why, she bucked something fearful! Didn't you see her buck?" cried the tenderfoot.

"Buck?" said the cowboy. "Rats! She only coughed."

BWANA

The man who believed in always seeing the bright side of life and peeking for the silver lining behind the cloud, and all that sort of thing, entered a restaurant and ordered a meal. The waiter, bringing him his glass, stumbled, and the water drenched him.

"Oh, sir, I'm so sorry!" the waiter exclaimed. "I beg your pardon—the water——"

"Perfectly all right," the patron broke in. "The suit was too big for me, anyway."

Famous partnerships: Ebb & Flow, Gough & Jumpinlake, Stop & Think, Nip & Tuck, A Fule & Hismunny, Teim & Teide, Sooch & Sooch, Doune & Outte, Black & Bleu, Allwul & Ayrdweid, Ruff & Reddy.



"Vestibule, you sho look swell"

The Perkins' farm extended for many acres and was the pride of the countryside. The stranger who had stopped to inquire directions asked the owner the reason for his success.

"Well," replied Perkins, "it's just a matter of getting down to essentials and back to nature, I guess. When I bought this place, I had a lot of hifalutin ideas about different fertilizers and what fodder to feed the cows and all that, and I was goin' further in debt every year. But then I put in a hot dog stand and a gas station, and the wife started the Ye Olde Wayside Tea Shoppe around the corner, and agriculture's paying fine."

Miss Jordan: "Edwin, read your composition on 'Work.'"

Edwin: "My brother's name is Bill. At home they call him Willie. He loves to hang around the house, but Willie work? —NO!"

"Your money or your life!" growled the footpad.

"Take me life," responded the Irishman. "I'm savin' the money for me old age."

BWANA

RED THE RIDER
SAYS:
MANY A MAN HAS
TO KEEP HIS WORD
BECAUSE NO
ONE WILL
TAKE IT.



Tut (having given up his seat in the street car): "I beg your pardon?"

The Girl: "I didn't speak!"

Tut: "Sorry, I'm sure. I thought you said 'Thank you!' "

When a rich Chinaman violates the law and is condemned to death, he can hire a poor

Book Agent: "You ought to buy an encyclopedia, now your boy is going to school."

The Dad: "Not on your life! Let him walk, the same as I did."

BOSSY'S BICYCLE

The News and Critic, Laconia, prints this regarding a roadside notice posted in New Hampshire: "By order of the selectmen, cows grazing by the roadside or riding bicycles on the sidewalk is hereby forbidden."

Jessie: "I wonder why it is that fat men are always good natured?"

Elsie: "Probably because it takes them so long to get mad clear through."

Hoover's former school teacher says that "Herbert always kept his mouth shut except when he wanted to say something." These teachers are so enlightening.

coolie to die for him. Many coolies make their living that way.

Walter: "The little things of life are dear to me. I love the insignificant, the plain, the simple——"

Mildred: "Yes, I've often noticed how self-satisfied you seem to be."

Barber: "Your hair needs cutting badly, sir."

Bill: "No, it doesn't. It needs to be cut nicely. You cut it badly last time."

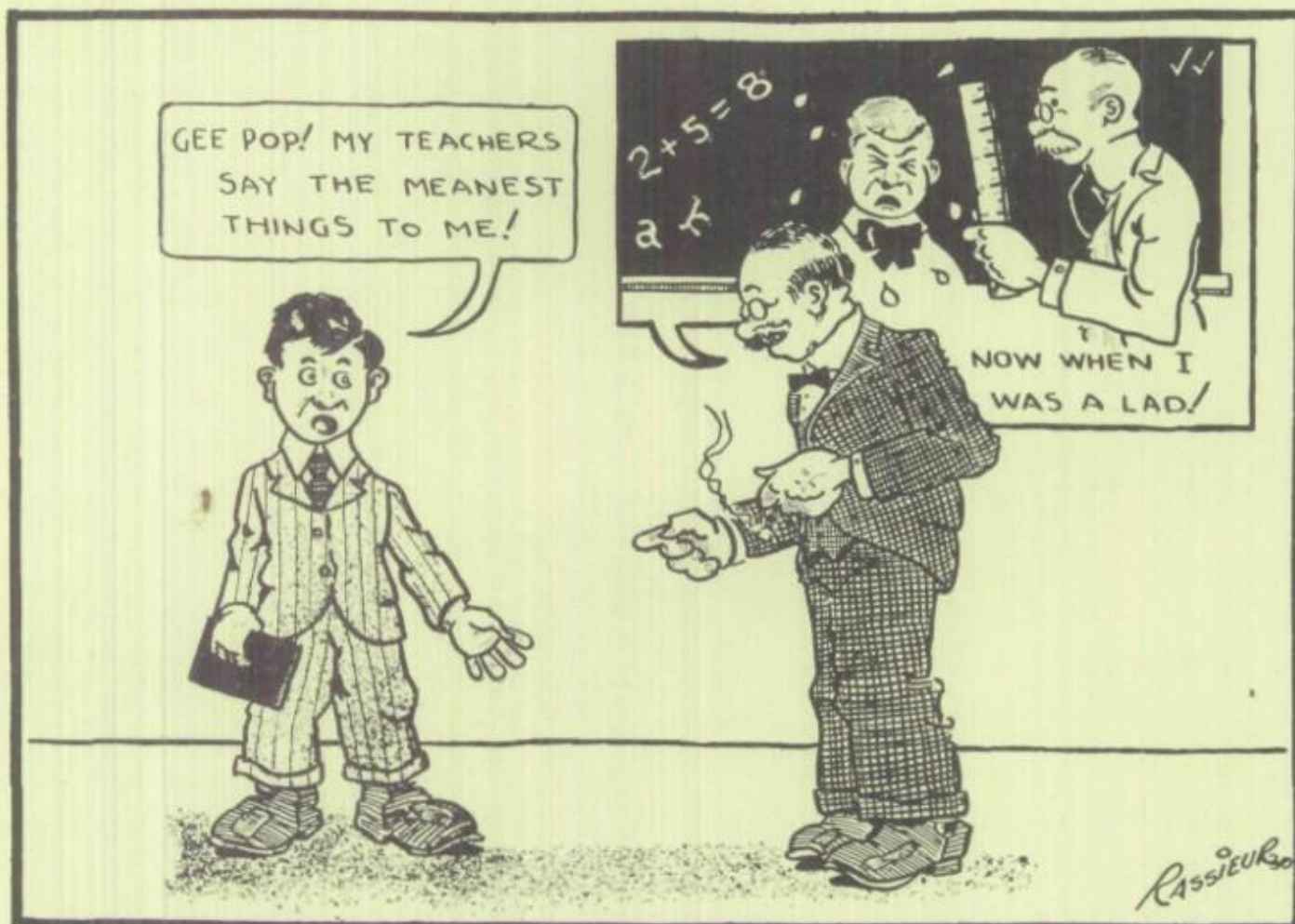
Mr. Bock: "What have you found out about the salivary glands?"

Mabel: "Not a thing. They're so secretive."

Policeman (to Mr. Parrott who nearly collided): Don't you know that you should always give half of the road to a woman driver?

Mr. Parrott: I always do, when I find out which half of the road she wants.

BWANA



"The trouble with this racket," complained the movie comedian as he ducked a layer cake and received a rice pudding square in the face, "is that you never know where your next meal is coming from."

Woman: "You seem to remember me?"

Shoe Clerk: "Sure I do! I never forget a face that I've fitted a pair of shoes on."

Einstein may be right about space eating up matter, but we suspect moths.

When all our forests are gone, we can go out and chop down the billboards.

"Step on it, George, a silly cop with a motorcycle is trying to pass us."

A German was about to make a journey to his fatherland, and, wishing to say "Good-bye" to a friend, extended his hand and said, "Vell, ef I ton't coom bach, hullo!"

One astronomer calculates the length of our universe as one billion billion billion miles. It's probably because he lives in the suburbs and missed the last train that he feels that way about it.

A GOOD DEFINITION OF THE WORD BIOGRAPHY

The Art of Biography
Is different from Geography.
Geography is about Maps,
But Biography is about Chaps.

BWANA

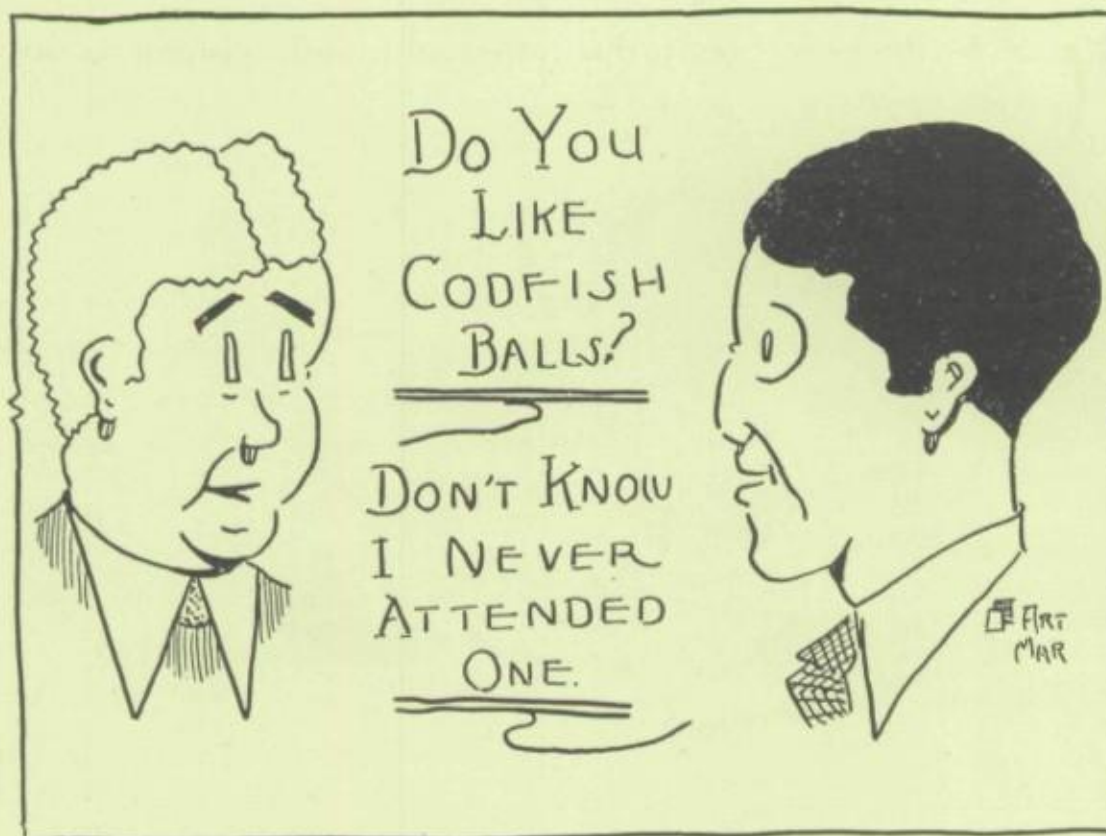
A SAMPLE OF WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE MINDS OF OUR SENIOR BOYS

"Yeah, I'm entering college in September. I guess it will take me a little while before I get to be as well known as I am around here. You see, college is different from high school; in the place where I'm going there'll be over a thousand in the freshman class alone.

"I'm going out for football first thing. I've got a swell chance of getting to be captain because a lineman has got a lot better chance than a back. When I get to be captain, then I figure I'm all set, and it's my own fault if I don't get to be president of my class. I figure the only way to do it is just to be myself and not go high-hatting anybody.

I haven't figured what club I'll make—maybe——. But I'm figuring on bids from several, maybe three or four. That's about the way I've got things doped for my freshman year, except of course I'll be playing basketball and baseball. Only I'm not figuring on captaincies there.

Then after I'm really known—maybe sophomore year—I'm going out for other activities. A guy has got to be versatile these days, so I'm going to get on the Daily. The way it works nowadays, the man who gets to be editor-in-chief of the Daily controls the college; and besides, he's sure of a job on any paper or magazine in the country when he gets out. Yeah, I've got my college career all planned. It's dumb not to."



The lawyer questioned the girl still more: "You have been a witness in court before in another suit, it seems to me?"

"Oh, yes, I recall it perfectly! Light waist, dark skirt, a sash of red, and a lovely hat to match," she said.

Teacher: Cheer up, finals are never as hard as they seem to be.

Senior: No, but they seem to be.

BWANA

A Scotchman was walking beside a lake when he heard cries of "Help! Help!" from a man struggling in the water. Rushing to the edge of the water, he saw that the man could not long keep afloat.

"What's your name?" he called out to the unfortunate.

"Jock MacPherson," he called back.

"And where d'ye work?"

"At Ferguson's iron works."

"Aw richt."

A few minutes later he arrived at the iron works.

"Ye had a man named MacPherson worked here," he told the foreman. "I want his job. He's drooned."

"Ye're too late. We jist hired the man that pushed him in."

Farmer: "Samantha, do you want me to bring anything from the city today?"

His Wife: "Yes, you might bring the recipe for that traffic jam I see advertised in the paper so much."

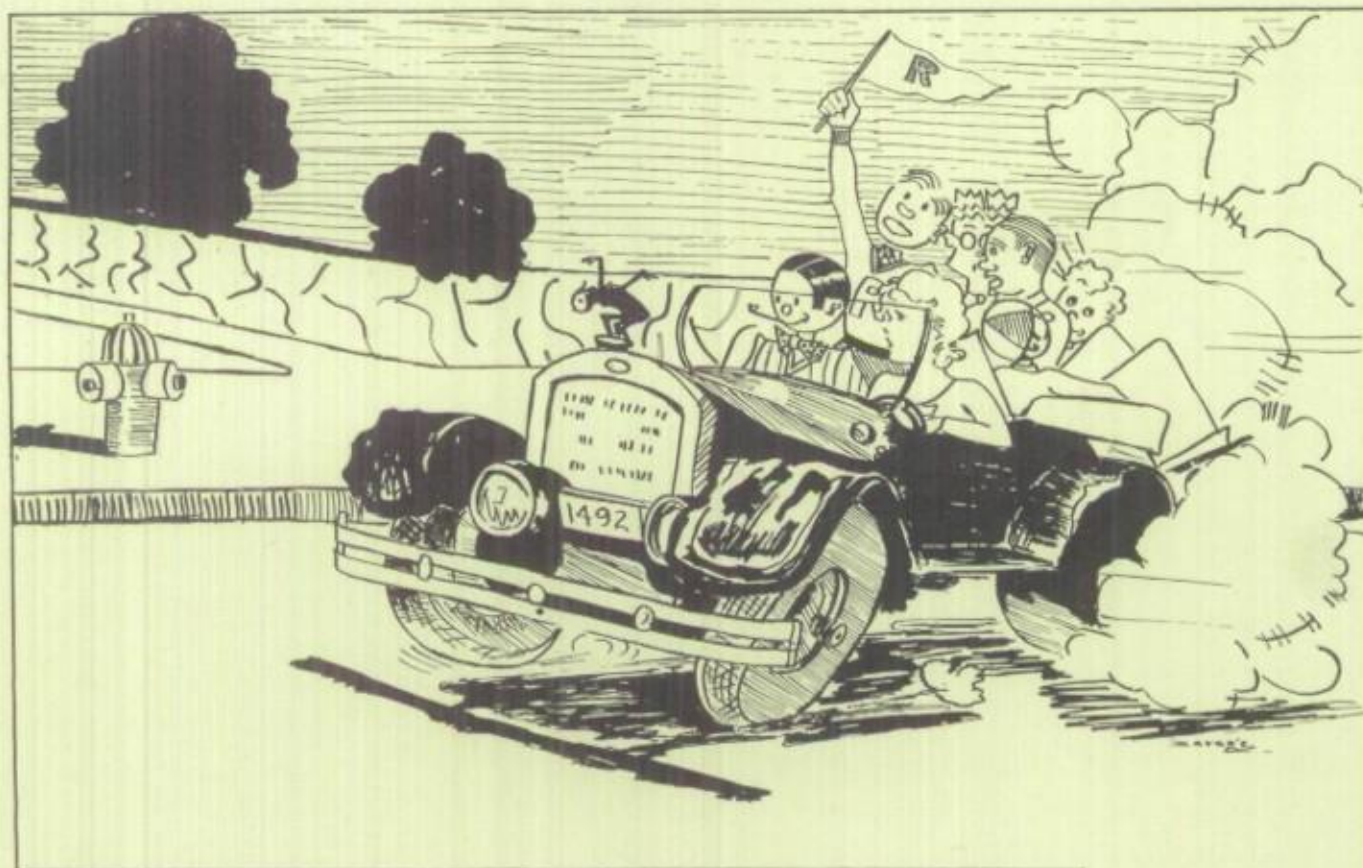
A man with a donkey for sale, hearing that a friend wanted to buy one, sent in the following, written on a postal card:

"Dear B——

"If you are looking for an A1 donkey, don't forget me."

"Has you made all arrangement for your marriage, Mandy?"

"Well, not quite all, Dinah. I'se got to buy a trooso, an' rent a house an' get my husband a job, an' get some regular washin' work to do. An' when them's done ah kin name the happy day."



All Her Eggs In A Basket

BWAHA

An amateur humorist sent a batch of jokes to a magazine, and they were returned as no good, but when he threw them into the stove, they just roared.

A little bird sat on a tree
And hopped from limb to limb,
And kept his beady eye on me
The while I looked at him.
I stood and watched him, much amused,
Until a thought occurred—
It might be very possible
That I amused the bird.

A polite motorist passing through a Western village, wishing to show proper respect for the village ordinances, accosted a street corner policeman.

"What is the speed law here, please?"
"Ain't got none," replied the cop:
"You fellers cain't get through here any too fast fer us."

If the sun only shines tonight, the campus will be dry for practice tomorrow.

WHY WORRY

Why worry about school? You have two alternatives—your teacher is either hard or easy. If he's easy, you don't need to worry; if he's hard, you have two alternatives—he gives you either good grades or poor ones. If he gives you good grades, you don't need to worry; if he gives you poor grades you have two alternatives—he either lets you out of the final or makes you take it. If he let's you out, you have nothing to worry about; if he makes you take it, you have two alternatives—you either pass it or flunk it. If you pass it, there's no NEED to worry; if you flunk it, there's no USE to worry. WHY WORRY?

THE PERFECT STENOGR

"Now, Miss Blogg," boomed Jasper M. Whurtle, president of the Whurtle Whirlwind Laundry Company, to his new stenographer, "I want you to understand that when I dictate a letter I want it written as dictated and not the way you think it should be. I fired three stenogs for revising my letters, see? All right—take a letter."

The next morning, Mr. O. J. Squizz, of the Squizz Flexible Soap Company, received the following:

"Mr. O. K. or A. J. something, look it up, Squizz,
President of the Squizz (what a name) Flexible Soap Co., the gyps.
Dear Mr. Squizz, hmmm:

You're a fine business man! No, start over. He's a crook, but I can't insult him or the fellow will sue me. The last shipment of soap sent us was of inferior quality and I want you to understand, no scratch out I want you to understand. Ah, unless you can ship, no furnish us with our regular soap, you needn't ship us no more period or whatever the grammar is.

Paragraph. The soap you sent us wasn't fit to wash the dishes no make that dog with comma let alone the laundry comma and we're sending it back period. Yours truly. Read that over, no never mind, I won't waste any more time on that egg. Sign my name

"How to keep that girlish complexion" is described by a beauty specialist. Hide it so that younger sisters can not use it, we presume.

Instructor: "My boy, your work has fallen down, and if you are going to pick it up, you'll have to step on it."

BWANAS

Instalment Collector: "See here, you're several instalments behind on your piano."

Betty: "Well, the company advises, 'Pay as you play.'"

Collector: "What's that go to do with it?"

Modest Betty: "I play very poorly."

An old colored woman came to the Governor of Tennessee:

"Marse Govenah, I want my Sam pahdoned," said she.

"Where is he, auntie?"

"In de penitentiary."

"What for?"

"Stealin' a ham."

"Is he a good nigger, auntie?"

"Lawdy, no suh. He's a pow'ful wo'th-less niggah."

"Then why do you want him pardoned?"

"'Cause, yo' honah, we's plum out of ham ag'in."

TO A PIE

Thy crispy crust,
Thy browned meringue,
All in all,
Of thee I sing.
Oh, that sweet all-filling savor,
Plus that pleasant ging'ry flavor!
All my stomach hasn't room
You delicious pie—to consume.

LENORE MORLEY
Term 2

Izzy: I've had a hard life. At the age of eighteen I was left an orphan.

Dizzy: What did you do with it?

"The doctor will see you inside," said the nurse as she helped him onto the operating table.

'Arry 'Awkins (just over): "'Ow is it the sky is so much clearer in New York than hit is in Lunnon?"

Night Hawk: "Oh, we have sky scrapers in New York."



BWANA

WELL-KNOWN ROOSEVELTIANS

So They Say

Larry McD.: "The epidemic of tree-sitting recalls to mind that ancient wise-crack about all the sap not being on the inside of a tree."

Jack W.: "Some high school boys are so generous they'd share their dad's last nickel with a friend."

Helen W.: "It's the little things in life that tell," said Helen as she pulled her kid brother from under the sofa."

Carroll H.: "Henry Ford ought to make good presidential timber. He can af-Ford it; he has the makings of another Lincoln, and, besides, he has carried half of the country already."

Virginia B.: "The world is full of a number of things, and it sometimes seems as if they are all piled on my desk."

Nathan T.: "Flattery is the best cure for stiff neck. There are but few heads it won't turn."

Ramona D.: "A street-walker thinks the auto drivers really ought to give the pedestrians a chance. 'Tain't necessary—he takes one every time he gets out."

Robert M.: "I should like to know why it is that wrong telephone numbers are never busy."

Kenneth D.: "All Lockers Will Be Locked Tomorrow."

Frank B.: "There is no recorded instance of a monkey's evolving into a man, but who has not observed the ease with which a man can make a monkey of himself?"

Phil S.: "Pride goeth before destruction. So doth sixty miles an hour."

Jack B.: "I wonder if they have most of the radio broadcasting stations on top of tall buildings so nobody can throw bricks at the performers."

Walter D.: "One sure way to get the last word in an argument is to say, 'All right!' "

Herb I.: "The only thing that seems to get less results than reduction diets is beauty treatments."

Fred S.: "It's hard to dislike a fellow who likes you, isn't it? Well, there's your peace plan."

Martha B.: "The words usually associated with suffering are 'ouch' and 'that reminds me.' "

Herbert M.: "One should pity the blind, but it is hard to do if the rascal is an umpire."

Helen B.: "If you must strike a man from behind, slap him on the back."

Jo F.: "No matter what happens, there is always someone who knew it would."

AND SO, TOODLE-OO!

A Japanese compositor was riding down town in a street car one morning. He was engrossed in his morning paper and paid little attention to the other passengers.

A fresh-looking young man, who sat next to him, and who had been eyeing him all along, suddenly asked:

"What sort of a 'nese' are you, anyway; a Chinese or a Japanese?"

The little Jap quickly retorted:

"What sort of a 'key' are you, anyway; a monkey, a donkey, or a Yankee?"

The fresh young man left the train.

BWANA

"Mary Had a Little Lamb."

FRENCH

Le petite Marie had le june muttong,
Zee wool was blanchée as ze snow,
And everywhere la belle Marie went
La june muttong was sure to go.

CHINESE

Wun gal named Moll had lamb,
Fleacee all samee whitee snow,
Evly place Moll gal walkee
Ba ba hopee long too.

DEUTSCHE

Dot Mary haf got ein leedle schaf,
Mit hairs shust like some wool,
And all der blace dat gal did vent,
Dat schaf go like ein fool.

IRISH

Begorra, Mary had a little shape,
And the wool was white entirely,
And whenever Mary would stir her
sthumps
The young shape would follow her
complatly!

During one of his lecture trips, Mark Twain arrived at a small English town. He went into a barber shop to get a shave.

"You are a stranger here?" asked the barber.

"Yes," Mark Twain replied. "This is the first time I have been here."

"You chose a good time to come," the barber continued. "Mark Twain is going to lecture tonight. You'll go, I suppose?"

"Oh, I guess so!"

"Have you bought your ticket?"

"Not yet."

"But everything is sold out. You'll have to stand."

"How very annoying!" Mark Twain exclaimed, with a sigh. "I never saw such luck! I always have to stand when that fellow lectures."

Mistress: "Can you explain why it is, Mary, that every time I come into this kitchen I find you reading?"

New Maid: "It must be those rubber heels of yours, mum."



ADX





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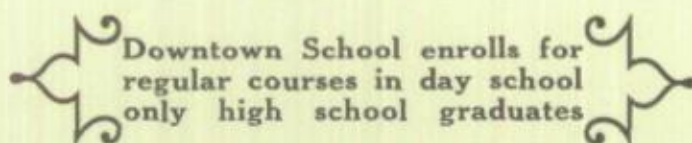
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Picture No. 8 is Miss Battle.

Algernon (reading joke): "Fancy this, Percy. A chap here thinks that a football coach has four wheels."

Percy: "Haw, Haw! And how many wheels has the bally thing?"

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Picture No. 7 is Mr. De la Roche.

On his tour of the district, an inspector of city high schools came before a class of girls. He wrote upon the blackboard. "LXXX." Then peering over the rims of his spectacles at a good-looking girl in the first row, he asked: "Young lady, I'd like to have you tell me what that means." "Love and kisses," the girl replied.

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Picture No. 9a is Miss Laura Solfronk.
Picture No. 9b is Miss Olga Solfronk.

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Picture No. 3 is Miss Gerdes.

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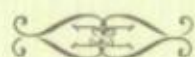
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(It would serve him right if the operator gave him the wrong number.)

Picture No. 2 is Miss Remnitz.

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Mike: "But why?"

Pat: "Becuz in a collision, there yez
are, but in an explosion, where are yez?"

Picture No. 11 is Miss Comfort.

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"Yes," said Prentice, faintly.

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Picture No. 1 is Miss Jordan.

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With all the club dues I've gotto pay,
PAID!

(The new jays)

I would I were on yonder hill,
A-basking in the sun;
With all the work I've got to do,
DONE!

Picture No. 4 is Miss Mier.

PRospect 0218

PRospect 0219

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Corner Compton

Picture No. 6 is Miss Schlutius.

Picture No. 12 is Miss Thiesen.

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PRospect 2176

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CEntral 8177

Picture No. 10 is Miss Reese.

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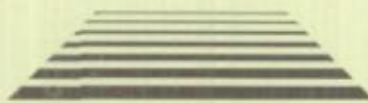
When the guest was just leaving his hotel to hurry to the station, he noticed that he had forgotten something. He said to the page boy: "Run up quickly to room 456 and just see if my umbrella is there. I think it's to the left of the washstand. But hurry up."

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Picture No. 5 is Miss Mills.

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